The Outlook

Vol. 66 December 1, 1900 No. 14

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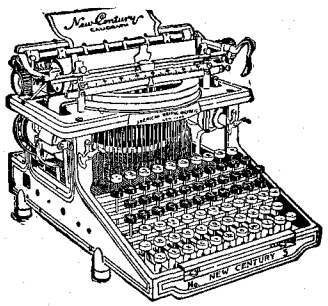

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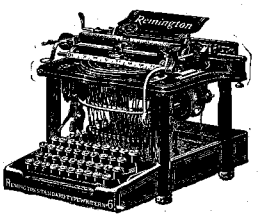

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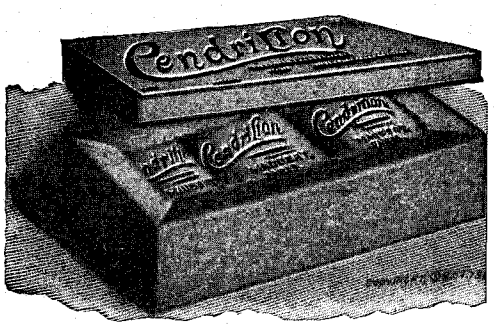

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Mr. Kruger in France Last week France saw a renewal of the enthusiasm which General Boulanger once awakened. The venerable Boer President from the moment of his landing in France became not only the idol and hero of the emotional French, but even more an occasion for venting the hereditary anti-English feeling of the French people. So far, both civilians and soldiers have conducted themselves with praiseworthy restraint, abstaining from conduct liable to involve the present Ministry in difficulties. Fortunately for it, and for England too, the shouts of "Vive Kruger!" have drowned the cries of "A bas l'Angleterre!" (Down with England). However, the enthusiasm shown wherever Mr. Kruger has been in France does not count for much in comparison with the emphatic declarations of conservative French papers that France can now do nothing for the Boers. Yet Mr. Kruger still asks for overt acts. He has announced that "We will never surrender. We will fight to the end." If the French had a readier sense of humor, such a declaration from a leader who has run away from the field of battle with his money in his bags would surely give rise to some grotesque cartoons; but just now the French are in no mood for the humorous side of their hero. He declares that ever since the Jameson raid of 1895–96 he had not only favored but demanded an arbitration tribunal for the settlement of all difficulties between England and the Transvaal, but the British Government had always refused it: this by way of argument for present mediation by France. But France can no more afford to mediate now than at any time during the war. Nor is the position of France in any wise affected by the recent Peace Conference at The Hague. The mediation and arbitration principles there agreed upon do not apply. In the current number of that attractive new magazine, "The Monthly Review," Professor de Martens (Privy Councilor to the Czar and a foremost figure at The Hague) has this to say: "The Peace Conference had nothing to do with the conflict between England and the Transvaal, and could have nothing to do with it unless the scope of the resolutions had been essentially enlarged. . . . The resolutions of an international conference are binding only on those Powers that have taken part in it. The Transvaal did not take any part in the deliberations of the Hague Conference." The fundamental question involved in the Boer war is whether the Transvaal was a sovereign State or, in some degree, a dependency. To have granted mediation or arbitration would have been for England practically to concede that the Transvaal was right on the question at issue.

❀

The German Parliament If week before last was notable for the most remarkable speech yet made by a German Emperor in opening the Reichstag, or Parliament, last week was equally notable for the most vigorous criticisms yet made in that body on the monarch's policy. These criticisms came from the Radicals and from the Socialists, the spokesmen being, respectively, Herren Richter and Bebel. Herr Richter insisted that the Reichstag's rights ought to be more clearly defined and secured before the courts, in case of another breach of the Constitution by the Kaiser. He expressed his regret at such impulsive speeches as that of the Kaiser at Bremerhaven, and said that an understanding should first have been reached between the monarch and his Ministers, asserting that all that was objectionable would thus have been avoided. Count von Bülow, Imperial Chancellor, admitted that appropriations had been

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made and troops sent without the Reichstag's consent; but, with regard to the Emperor's words, he protested that "the speech at Bremerhaven was extemporaneous, delivered at a time when it was assumed that all the Europeans in Peking had been murdered. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the Kaiser should have spoken as a soldier and not as a diplomat." After the Emperor's speech opening Parliament, Herr Bebel had demanded of the Chancellor a formal declaration as to whether German troops in China had received orders to spare no one, as the Kaiser had commanded at Wilhelmshaven. Not eliciting a reply, Herr Bebel read letters from German soldiers in which the writers asserted that every one, including women and children, had been slaughtered in a certain engagement near Tientsin. Count von Bülow was obliged again to review his master's speeches. The Wilhelmshaven address, he pointed out, was delivered immediately after the receipt of the news of Baron von Ketteler's murder. "It would be incomprehensible," the Chancellor asserted, "if so serious a crime did not make the Emperor's blood flow faster." This discussion indicates that William II. may be an instrument in the hands of Providence for democratizing, against his will, the German people and emboldening their representatives in the Reichstag.

❀

China Last week the representatives of the Powers at Peking agreed upon the terms of a preliminary treaty with China. It is believed that the main points are in substantial agreement with the principal items of the recent French note to the Powers. The agreement is not improbably due to the appeal sent earlier in the week to all the Powers by Secretary Hay. Suggestions had already been made that, unless a practical result were immediately reached at Peking, the seat of negotiations would better be removed to Washington or some European capital, and that negotiations would be better carried on by persons other than those whose personal experiences during the siege must bias their judgment and lead to the demand for terms harsher than China could fulfill. General Tung's forces in northwestern China apparently have the Chinese Emperor practically at their mercy. Prince Tuan has left the Imperial Court at Singan to recruit for General Tung and to prepare a stronghold in case of an attack from the allies. The British Admiral Seymour is now visiting the Yangtse Viceroys at Nanking and Hankau, with the object of inducing them to consent to the presence of English troops in their dominions. The granting of this request would undoubtedly lead to a renewal of Russian demands in the north, and the partition of China might thus be brought one step nearer. Recent reports confirm the first rumors of wholesale and outrageous murder of non-combatants by Russian Cossacks. Coincident with the news of the grave illness which has attacked one who has been called the Peace Czar—an illness which has made necessary his temporary withdrawal from work—comes the announcement that, contrary to her promised policy, Russia now refuses to withdraw her troops from the province of Chili, or even to hand over the Tientsin-Niuchang railway to the allies. It is significant of probable change that the railway tickets are now printed, not in Chinese, but in Russian. At Chifu, Shanghai, Fuchau, and the other large treaty ports on the coast greater security to life and property is now assured, and many missionaries who have taken refuge there are impatient to be again at their work, despite the unsettled state of the interior.

❀

Turkey and the United States Last week the Porte definitely rejected the request for an exequatur for a United States Consul at Harpoot (Kharput). This refusal is regarded by the United States Legation at Constantinople as a violation of treaty rights. Consequently Dr. Norton, appointed by President McKinley to establish a consulate at Kharput, has been directed to proceed to his post. Dr. Norton has been in Constantinople for some months, awaiting his exequatur. The claim of the United States in his case is based upon a clause in the Turco-American Treaty of 1830 which reads: "The United States may appoint their citizens to be Consuls and Vice-Consuls at the commercial places in the dominions of the Sublime Porte where it shall be

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found needful to superintend the affairs of commerce." The Sultan claims (and it is difficult to prove the contrary) that there is no commerce at the place in question—the same objection made to the establishment of a consulate at Erzrum. Furthermore, he claims that his final permission in the case of Erzrum was obtained under an implied understanding that the United States Government would abandon its claim to a consulate at the other place. While it is admitted at Washingon that there may have been foundation for this understanding, it is said that the British Government has since established a consulate where one is now refused to us, and, under the favored-nation clause of the Turco-American treaty, our Government claims the same privileges as those accorded to Great Britain. The visit of the battleship Kentucky to Smyrna may relate to this question as well as to the larger one of missionary indemnity.

❀

The Hawaiian Election The results of the recent election in Hawaii, if correctly reported, afford a new illustration, if one were needed, that it is a political mistake to attempt to base the initiation of a new State on universal suffrage, regardless of the character and development of the people who constitute the community. In the Republic of Hawaii a limited property qualification was attached to the suffrage. The Congressional Committee recommended that this qualification be retained. The recommendation was overruled by Congress, which extended the suffrage to all residents who could read and write either Hawaiian or English. The result has been the election of a Legislature reported to be in favor of annulling the annexation to the United States and restoring the native monarchy, and a delegate to the United States who is said to have won his election by pledging himself to favor this policy of a restoration of Hawaiian monarchical rule. Such a restoration is, of course, so highly improbable that the policy need not be regarded seriously; but what is serious is the introduction into Hawaii of a race conflict analogous to that in the Southern States, with an imminent peril that, unless the constitutional qualifications of suffrage are changed, the Hawaiian vote will be on one side, the white vote on the other, and the men of thrift and property will be compelled to choose between the rule of unscrupulous demagogues leading an irresponsible people on the one hand, and, on the other, measures indefensible except on the ground that self-preservation is the first law of nature, to protect themselves from such a result.

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The Parting of the Ways It may, indeed, be said that if the native Hawaiians did not desire annexation, the United States should not have conceded it to the Republic of Hawaii. If this be true, then the vote of the native Hawaiians should have been taken on the question of annexation before Hawaii was annexed. But we can conceive no argument for a policy which allowed a minority composed of the property-owners and the income-earners—for both classes were included under the old property qualifications—to determine that Hawaii should be a Republic under American sovereignty, and then allowed a majority, composed largely of the idle, the incompetent, and the thriftless, to elect in that Republic a Legislature in favor of a return to the old-time native monarchy. The truth is that the Republican party is trying to ride two horses which are going in divergent if not opposite directions, and that is always an impossible circus feat. The Republican party of the reconstruction period committed itself to the policy of universal suffrage—one man one vote, regardless of the character of the man; the Republican party of the expansion period stands in Porto Rico and the Philippines on the principle that in the formation of a government the smaller number of wisest and best men must frame the government and administer it until the less capable have acquired capacity to take their place in the administration of the government. The first policy holds that the declaration that all men are created equal means equal in political authority as well as in natural rights; the second qualifies this clause by the one which follows it in the Declaration of Independence, and interprets it to mean equal in their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Republican party must

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choose which of these principles it adopts, and, adopting it, must carry it out consistently. It is one of the anomalies of the present political situation that the Democratic party, which unanimously adopts the second principle in the Southern States, stands upon the first principle in the new possessions, while the Republican party, which practically adopts the second principle in the new possessions, as yet lacks either clearness of apprehension or courage of conviction to recognize its application in the Southern States.

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The Cuban Constitutional Convention

Substantial progress has been made by the Constitutional Convention during the past week. The Convention has finally effected a permanent organization by the choice of Señor Mendes Capote as its President. Señor Capote held the office of Secretary of State in the Cuban Cabinet instituted by General Brooke. He is attached to the Cuban party known as Republican, and his selection by the vote of seventeen to eleven indicates a political superiority of that party over the Nationalists which was hardly expected. These two parties represented in the Convention are, it will be remembered, united in their desire for Cuban national independence. The disputes about the election of delegates appear to have been settled, and, although the delegates still seem confused as to what their course should be in recommending or attempting to establish relations between the proposed Cuban Republic and the United States, it is almost certain that this question will be left until after the adoption of the Cuban Constitution. With the election of officers and the adoption of an elaborate code of rules, the Convention is now presumably prepared to take up the various drafts of constitutions (entire or partial) to be presented by the delegates for the consideration, first, of what may be called a sifting committee, then for the Convention itself, and finally for the approval of the United States and the Cuban people. There has been some radical and wild talk by two or three of the delegates; but the general disposition shown is that of calmness and deliberation. It has been decided that the meetings of the Convention shall be open to the public.

The Rise in Prices

The Bureau of Economic Research, whose thorough and impartial work we have previously had occasion to commend, has now issued two carefully prepared bulletins comparing prices during the present decade with those which prevailed during the eighties. The prices of sixty-six staple commodities—all the important ones of which there is a standard grade—were investigated for every year since 1879, their average price during the eighties was represented by the figure 100, and their price in each particular year compared therewith by percentages. In this way the tables are made singularly clear. The most interesting figures are those showing the changes during the last four years. These are as follows for the various groups presented:

	Average Price 1879-89.	Price Sept. 1896.	Price Sept. 1900.
I. Live stock (Cattle, hogs, and sheep.)	100	72	97
II. Slaughter products (Beef, tallow, pork, etc.)	100	76	95
III. Dairy products (Butter, eggs, milk, and cheese.)	100	77	92
IV. Breadstuffs (Wheat, corn, etc.)	100	58	79
V. Plants and fibers (Potatoes, beans, cotton, etc.)	100	64	93
VI. Metals (Pig iron, copper, etc.)	100	69	85
VII. Minerals and lumber (Coal, yellow pine, etc.)	100	90	101
VIII. Iron manufactures (Bar iron, steel rails, etc.)	100	55	56
IX. Mineral manufactures (Coal, brick, etc.)	100	78	94
X. Manufactured farm products (Print cloth, leather, etc.)	100	66	84

In nearly all grades, it will be observed, there has been a marked rise in prices during the past four years, the greatest increase appearing in the agricultural products.

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The Average Advance

Among these the average advance has been nearly one-third, showing that the gains of farmers during the recent period of rising prices were as phenomenal as were their losses during the previous four years of falling prices. In either period the impossibility of changing the supply of farm products to meet the changing demand probably accounts for the violent fluctuations in prices. Taking all the products together, and weighing each according to the amount produced in this

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country, the "Bulletin" shows that the general level of prices has changed as follows:

	Average Price 1879-89.	Price Sept. 1896.	Price Sept. 1900.
66 staple articles..	100	71	88

These results for the United States correspond closely with those obtained by both Sauerbeck and the London "Economist" for England, and those obtained by Conrad for Germany. In all these countries during the past four years there has been a general advance in prices amounting to over twenty per cent.; $1,200 will not today buy as much food, clothing, furniture, and building materials as would $1,000 in 1896. Certain charges strongly influenced by custom, such as car-fares, fees, and even rents, have changed relatively little, but in general the purchasing power of money has fallen about fifteen per cent. Whether or not wages have risen that amount cannot yet be determined. Commissioner Wright's figures, published in these columns last month, would indicate that wages have not risen half as much as prices, but, as his figures indicated also that wages did not fall half as much as prices during the four years of hard times, they can hardly be accepted as reliable. Nobody who has observed industrial conditions believes that wage-earners are worse off than in 1896, or that they were then better off than in 1892, before the world-wide fall in prices set in.

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The Popular Vote As the official returns for the recent election continue to come in, it becomes more and more evident that a relatively smaller vote was polled this year than four years ago. In most of the Southern States, and in some of the uncontested Northern States, such as Maine and Oregon, there was a positive decline in the total vote, while in still others that were warmly contested, such as Ohio and Illinois, the increase over the vote of four years ago was less than three per cent. This increase, of course, was less than the increase in the population. Take the country over, the aggregate increase in the vote was hardly one hundred thousand. Mr. McKinley's vote is almost exactly what it was in 1896. Mr. Bryan's vote is a trifle less than the aggregate he received in 1896, though a trifle more than he then received on the Democratic and Fusion tickets. About one-half of the anti-Fusion Populists, who in 1896 voted for Bryan and Watson, cast their votes this year for Barker and Donnelly. We are informed by one of the leaders of this wing of the Populist party that many of its supporters voted this year for Mr. McKinley, "not to indorse his policies, but to kill Fusion." The Prohibition vote, though nearly double that polled in 1896, does not seem to be quite as large as it was in 1892. The only party which made decided gains was the Socialist. The aggregate vote of the Socialists this year was approximately one hundred and forty thousand, or just four times their vote in 1896. The entire increase, however, has come through the newly organized Social Democratic wing, which polled over one hundred thousand votes for Mr. Debs, as against barely thirty thousand polled by the Socialist Labor wing for Mr. Malloney. The results for all parties put in tabular form stand approximately as follows:

	1896.	1900.
Republican.....	7,101,000	7,100,000
Gold Democratic.....	134,000	
Democratic and Fusion Populist.....	6,373,000	6,400,000
Anti-Fusion Populist....	130,000	70,000
Prohibition.....	144,000	250,000
Socialist.....	37,000	140,000

These returns are, of course, subject to further corrections, but as the official figures thus far received have not, in the aggregate, changed the pluralities we reported the week after the election, no further change of importance is anticipated. Mr. McKinley's plurality remains approximately seven hundred thousand, and his majority over all other candidates may be safely estimated at two hundred thousand.

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The Vote in Woman Suffrage States A correspondent asks us to state the results of the recent election in the woman suffrage States, and particularly to report how generally the women voted, and what party they were inclined to favor. The reports at hand do not enable us to answer the last question with entire certainty. A Cheyenne despatch to the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" claims that two-thirds of the women in Wyoming voted the

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Republican ticket, but the reports received from Colorado indicate that most of the active woman suffragists were anti-imperialists, and that the Fusion party received practically as large a share of the women's vote as of the men's. The fact that two of the four woman suffrage States, Wyoming and Utah, gave Republican majorities, and that the other two, Colorado and Idaho, gave Fusion majorities, indicates that this year, as in the past, the chief effect of woman suffrage was to increase the voting power of men with families, since nearly all married women voted with their husbands and nearly all unmarried women voted with their fathers. As to the question how generally the women voted, the reports from all States show that they voted almost as uniformly as the men. A despatch from Wyoming stating that the women cast at least 7,000 votes of 23,000 polled indicates no exception to this rule, for the census of 1890 showed that in Wyoming women constituted less than one-third of the adult population. As to the general effect of woman suffrage upon the character of the campaign, we have seen no report half so interesting as that of Secretary Long, who during the campaign was visiting his daughters, both of whom are voters in Colorado. Secretary Long, it should be remarked, was an advocate of woman suffrage before his visit, and what he saw merely confirmed his prepossessions. As reported in the Boston "Journal," his observations were as follows:

> Prior to the election there was no undue excitement; the great mass of women, like the great mass of men, were about their ordinary business. There were some women, as there were a great many men, who were talking politics and acting on committees for securing the registration of voters. On election day I was at the polls at one of the wards where there were more than a thousand votes registered, and where 899 actually voted. Nothing could be more orderly or better conducted. Men and women lined up in the usual fashion, taking their turn at the ballot-box, and after depositing their votes went about their business. A few women and a few men—perhaps more than women—were active in bringing voters to the polls. But there was nothing to jar the most sensitive spectator. On the contrary, it was the exercise in a becoming way and in a fine spirit of the interest which every citizen, man or woman, ought to feel in such an important event as a Presidential election. The tendency is to elevate and broaden and not to degrade or impair.

The State Police Bill The Republican party in New York State will make a great mistake if it passes Senator Platt's State Police Bill. We say this without waiting to see what the terms of the bill are; that is not necessary; for Mr. T. C. Platt's son, in a temperate letter to the New York "Evening Post," has made perfectly clear what its object is to be. That object is to take the police of New York City out of the control of Tammany by putting them under the control of a State Board; and the argument for the bill is that only in this way will it be possible to take from Tammany the political power exercised through the police both by overawing and by favoritism, and that unless this power is taken from Tammany it will be difficult if not impossible to defeat it in the municipal election next fall. The answer to this argument is very simple and very conclusive. In order to defeat Tammany it is absolutely necessary to unite all the anti-Tammany forces in one movement. If a Republican Legislature passes a bill the object and effect of which are to take the police of the city out of the control of municipal authorities and put them under the control of State authorities, it will alienate a large Democratic and Independent vote and make political union impossible. There are a great many men in New York who will never vote to ratify a transference of the police from a Democratic to a Republican organization. They will prefer to endure the ills they know than fly to ills they know not of. They will have more hope of reforming Tammany from within than of reforming the city by transferring its control from Croker to Platt, or from a Democratic city to a Republican State organization. No doubt many up-country members regard the prejudices in New York City against Mr. Platt as irrational and baseless. Nevertheless they exist; and the wise politician recognizes in popular prejudices a political force and reckons with them. If the Republican Legislature wishes to fasten the control of Tammany on the city for another term, it can do nothing more likely to secure that result than passing a bill, no matter how framed, the object and effect of which are to transfer the police of the city from the control of a municipal to the control of a State Board. To do this would be to sacrifice

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the principle of home rule without gaining impartial enforcement of the election laws.

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The New York Anti-Trust Law Ineffective

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York has handed down a decision which restrains the Attorney-General from compelling the officers of the Ice Trust to appear before the referee appointed to take testimony. The Court, with the support of all but two of its judges, holds that the New York statute authorizes action "to restrain and prevent" the consummation of trust agreements, but authorizes no action "to vacate, annul, or set aside" such agreements. Therefore, says the Court, although the papers in the case go to show that, through the power granted the American Ice Company "to own the stock of other corporations," the company has created a practical monopoly and increased prices to whatever figures it thought profitable, nevertheless the statute does not provide the remedy sought. The Court concludes by saying that, inasmuch as the statute is "in the highest degree inquisitorial," its enforcement must be "confined strictly within the limits of objects its wording points out." One judge, in a separate opinion, declares that a State law cannot adequately protect the officers of a trust when it compels them to testify in a suit against themselves, for their testimony may be made the basis of a subsequent suit in the Federal Courts. Although the rest of the Court did not specifically sustain this objection, the drift of the decision seemed to sustain the view that even a more effective State law would need further support from Federal legislation. Nevertheless, State legislation requiring manufacturing corporations to throw their books open to public examination in the same way that banking and insurance corporations are now required to do is clearly within the rights of the State, and so is legislation denying to corporations the right to purchase the stock of competitors with the object or effect of creating a monopoly. The courts have for generations firmly declared against private monopolies, and they will continue to outlaw the old foe in its new form.

The New York State Conference of Charities and Correction

The prevailing note at Albany last week was optimistic. The admirable review of the progress of charitable action during the past half-century by Mr. Frederic Almy, of Buffalo, set the tune, and though at times there were minor strains, as a whole a jubilant tone characterized the two days' meetings of the first State Conference of Charities and Correction. It was really surprising to see how much has been accomplished in the way of care for all sorts of distressed humanity, and how extremely modern many of the best methods are. One of the most modern is the settlement work in its various phases, with its opportunity to study social problems at first hand and with sympathy. Mr. James B. Reynolds made the life and work most attractive as he delineated the methods of the New York University Settlement with which he is connected as head worker. It was enough to make the prevalent spirit a hopeful one to come in close contact with young men like Mr. Almy, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Folks, and Mr. Devine, of New York, Mr. Glenn, of Baltimore, Mr. Hebberd, of Albany, and many others, who have hardly yet reached middle life, devoting their strength and abilities to the cause of humanity. It gave renewed courage to those who have long borne the burden of the day—men like Mr. W. R. Stewart and Mr. Letchworth. It is not strange, then, that the first New York Conference opened with a cheerful atmosphere. There is another side to the shield, and it was fearlessly held up that all might see. Though New York has made such excellent provision for epileptics at Craig Colony, there are nearly nine hundred more applicants for admission than can be received. Though the imbecile and feeble-minded have excellent care in several State institutions, yet it is not considered wise to advertise this fact, lest the thousands who might apply for places for the unhappy children who are hidden from sight in private houses should overwhelm the superintendents with the task of writing, "We have no room." Yet every day that the State turns a deaf ear to such appeals she is hastening the day when the need for succor and protection will be multiplied, who can say how many fold? In penal matters the unsat-

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isfactory facts were numerous, the most crying needs being for a reformatory for youthful misdemeanants, for a children's court, for probation agents, and for work for all classes of offenders. There seems to have been a reversal of custom. In old times a man was condemned to prison with hard labor, and the insane person was sent to the idle quiet of an asylum. Now the report reads that in one of the largest State prisons the men average but one hour a day at work, while in the State hospital for the insane eighty per cent. are happily and usefully employed. The convict may well envy the harmless lunatic this boon of busy hands. This first State Conference of Charities and Correction has not only collected a large array of facts relating to all the subjects that come within its ken, but it has interwoven the interests and sympathies of the men and women who attended it as nothing else could do. About four hundred accepted the invitation to take part in the gathering, and the full sessions, held in the beautiful Senate Chamber, testified to the earnestness of the officers, trustees, managers, matrons, superintendents, and physicians who had come from all over the State to study these subjects together. It was a happy union of practical men and women with those who are more familiar with the academic side—lawyers, judges, college professors, and clergy.

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The New York State Conference of Religion

The first public meeting held by this recently organized body justified the hopes of its promoters. The large attendance at each of its seven sessions in this city, November 20–22, has encouraged its General Committee to announce another such meeting here in 1902. For 1901 the Executive Committee is authorized to arrange a meeting in any other city in the State where a sufficient desire for it may be expressed. This Conference of Religion (not "Religions," as many miscall it) is characterized by the practical aims in which it seeks to unite men of a religious spirit. Its basis in the unity of the religious spirit was illustrated by its specially prepared "Book of Common Worship." The venerable Dr. Gottheil, recently minister of Temple Emanu-El, joining in worship with Christian brethren in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Communion, and Dr. Harris, minister of Temple Israel, conducting religious service from the Presbyterian pulpit of the Brick Church, evinced that common worship is the natural product of the one spirit of religion. In commenting upon the omission of the Christian formula ("for Christ's sake," or the like) from some of the collects in the book, Dr. Newton pointed out that this was no surrender, but a return to primitive Christian practice as exhibited in the early liturgies. "We pray in Jesus' name or spirit," said he, "when, in looking around on all other worshipers, we agree with Jesus: 'Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother.'" Quoting the same passage, Dr. Josiah Strong, in expressing the "Message of the Conference to the Churches," said: "You can make no broader basis of religious fellowship, and I dare not make any narrower." On the other hand, Dr. Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, speaking from a Jewish point of view, showed amid applause that not communism but community was the ideal. Variety has rights as well as unity. Differences are not to be obliterated. We have to pray apart as well as together, so as to give full utterance to our individuality. In an address of great beauty and depth of thought and feeling, the Rev. W. C. Gannett, of Rochester, author of so many spiritual hymns, exhibited the immanence of God as meaning the consubstantiality of God and man, and the incarnation as the humanizing of the one Divine Life. Among the "Unorganized Religious Forces," the Rev. C. F. Dole, of Boston, found some inside the churches, as well as outside, clinging to an individualistic religion, unconscious that all members of the church must be its ministers. This narrow conception of the religious life, as reflected in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Dr. Strong pronounced "radically unchristian." A touching testimony to the ethical and spiritual uplift of the Conference was borne in the remark at its end of one minister to another: "I feel that I must begin my life anew."

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Practical Topics

This religious uplift expended itself mainly in a practical interest for a religious education, economics, and civics. As to the first, Professor Schmidt, of Cornell, protested

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against the "truncated history" which the schools teach about the Cæsars, Alexanders, and Napoleons, leaving out the Christs and the Buddhas. The Rev. C. F. Dole showed that the schools teach much religion, unlabeled as such, in the best reading-books, but Professor Schmidt would not have religion come in only "at the back door." Dr. Whiton pointed out that every coin which bears the legend, "In God We Trust," required an explanation to children of the meaning of those words as well as of the "E Pluribus Unum," the thirteen stars, and the eagle bearing arrows and olive branch. Judge Baldwin, of Yale, believed that social righteousness on the basis of Christ's teaching may be a leading Sunday-school subject in the twentieth century. After the New Testament, he relied for ethical teaching on biography first, with poetry as a close second. President Taylor, of Vassar, held that the iron lost out of the blood of this "ungirt generation" must be restored by insisting on the majesty of duty, respect for law as law, and the single standard in morals, which brands the man who steals a State as a thief, the same as him who steals a pocketbook. Economics and civics came to the front in addresses by Drs. Wines, of Washington, Gates, of Iowa College, Raymond, of Wesleyan University, Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, Professor Thomas C. Hall, of Union Seminary, Mr. Edwin Markham, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Gladden, whose paper was read in his absence. They held that our democracy is imperiled by plutocracy; that the most dangerous men are not those known in law as criminals, but those business men whose intelligence is prostituted to greed, perpetrators of corporate crimes not yet taken hold of by law, buyers and sellers of franchises. Against the practical atheism apparent in political theory and practice the Church must rouse the public conscience to acknowledging a divine moral order as the basis of the State. The spirit of fraternity is the condition of stable liberty, but monopoly is the denial of fraternity. "The water in watered stock," said Mr. Crosby, "is the sweat of a brother's brow." The test of our economic theories, said Professor Hall, is their congruity with the spirit of holy brotherhood, on which is conditioned our seeing the kingdom of God. Plain speaking was not stinted. "How can the moral consciousness be roused?" said President Raymond. "Take a concrete case, and appeal to the people. Here is the Standard Oil Company, with $100,000,000 capital, $48,000,000 dividends, and raising the price of oil." "The Unused Power of the Churches in Politics," the leading subject of the closing session, was presented by Comptroller Coler, of New York, who urged the well-to-do to get together with the poorer in a practically helpful, neighborly way, and by the Rev. A. W. Wishart, of Trenton, who presented the purification of political life as the political aspect of human redemption, demanding a more social conception of the Gospel, in which "one former is equal to a thousand reformers." Since the stirring anti-slavery days no more inspiring Conference has been held in New York. Its proceedings, of which only the scantiest outline can be given here, will be published in full, probably by January. For these, and for the Book of Common Worship, application may be made to the General Secretary, the Rev. Leighton Williams, 312 West Fifty-fourth Street.

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Andover Theological Seminary Most of our readers will remember, at least vaguely, the theological difficulties in which, a few years ago, Andover Theological Seminary found itself involved. It had an antiquated creed in which, literally interpreted, very few theologians of our time believe—probably none in the Congregational denomination; but every professor was required to subscribe to this creed every five years; and a Board of Visitors was appointed whose duty it was, among other things, to secure this subscription. When, a few years ago, certain men in the Congregational denomination initiated a prosecution of five of the professors because their teaching did not conform to this creed, the trouble began. Professor Thayer declined to renew his subscription and resigned. The prosecution came to nothing; but the fact that a party in the denomination insisted that the subscription was to be taken seriously, not to say literally, made not only subscription in-

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creasingly difficult, but the incongruity between the old creed and the modern teaching increasingly apparent. This moral incongruity injured the reputation of the Seminary; as older professors died or resigned, it was more difficult to find men to take their places; pupils also fell off, until at length the possibility of continuing the Seminary on the ancient foundation was seriously questioned. The Trustees and Visitors have at length cut the Gordian knot. The Trustees presented a memorial to the Visitors stating the difficulties involved in subscription, and raising the question whether the provisions requiring subscription are not "in their nature directory merely, as distinguished from a requisite necessary to the validity of the tenure of the office held by a professor upon said foundation," and whether, therefore, subscription might not be dispensed with, provided the Visitors approved the professor. The Visitors accepted this view of the case, and have decided that "the provision in the Statutes as to the repetition of the creed at every successive period of five years by a professor is directory, and not essential, provided the professor continues to approve himself a man of sound orthodox principles agreeably to said creed as in said Statutes provided." This does not *in terms* apply to a professor newly elected; but it does apply *in principle*, and we may assume would be applied in such case. If it is asked why this distinction between the directory and the essential was not earlier discovered, the answer may well be that if the attempt had been made to apply it at the time of the heated theological controversy, the attempt would have been resisted and the tangle only increased. Now probably all parties in the Congregational Church will be glad that a way has been found to sever the bonds which threatened not only the liberty but the life of the Seminary. It will now be, not for the professor, but for the Visitors, to determine what construction is to be given to the creed as a symbol of orthodoxy, and it may be assumed that they will give to it a free, not a literal, construction. Under this ruling Professor Hincks was reappointed last week, without creed subscription, to the chair of Biblical Theology which he has ably filled for seventeen years. It is to be hoped that the next step in the development of the Seminary may be accomplished as quietly and successfully—its removal from Andover Hill to Cambridge, where its students can have the advantages of a great university while they are pursuing their theological studies.

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Missionary Enterprise in China

The comment upon missions in China in the just-published volume by Dr. Pott is illuminative. Dr. Pott is President of St. John's (Episcopal) College, Shanghai. He points out that though to us religion is supremely important, it is not so in China; that the Chinese are not a religious people; that while they respect Confucius's teachings, they condemn image-worship, as do Christians. But though missionaries cannot be accused of intentionally attacking the Confucian code of ethics, Christianity antagonizes the Chinese ancestral worship, a practice which keeps the people turned toward the past, while Christianity turns the thoughts from the past toward the future. In this respect the influence of Christianity is revolutionary in China, as it is also in calling upon its converts to exalt God's will above that of the Emperor. But Dr. Pott is convinced that unless there had been other more active causes, the recent massacre of Christians would not have occurred. Indeed, says he, among many non-Christian Chinamen Christianity is regarded with favor. At least, they appreciate the benefits derived from the schools, hospitals, and other charitable institutions established by missionaries. To a second charge, namely, that Christianity is unpopular in China because it depends upon the secular arm, Dr. Pott admits that Roman Catholic missionaries, at least, must plead guilty. They have urged officials to decide all cases of litigation in favor of their converts; hence, many Chinamen have been attracted to Roman Catholicism, hoping to obtain assistance in lawsuits. Nor, adds Dr. Pott, have Protestants been guiltless of such meddling, but in their case "the interference has been attempted only when they believed that the cause was a just one, and has been sometimes justified by the palpable injustice of the Chinese courts." In the opinion of The Outlook, the Roman Catholics would also say this. Dr. Pott

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repels the insinuation that missionaries clamor for a gunboat on slight provocation, and says that it has been only after violent outrages. "They take up their residence in the interior of China, relying upon treaty rights. When massacres take place, it is the duty of the missionary to ask for reparation." To a third charge, namely, that the missionary arrogates to himself the prerogatives of the Chinese officials, Dr. Pott again admits that, as regards Roman Catholics, the charge is just. "The idea of being a society possessed of temporal power has always been cherished by the Roman Church." The missionary would probably willingly plead guilty, says Dr. Pott, to the fourth charge, that he disseminates teachings leading to rebellion. "He is proud to be a leader in the great movement of enlightening the Chinese. He establishes schools and colleges, and teaches in them what constitutes true civilization." If the missionary has been the founder of reform in China, must he now desist from his efforts? He ought to receive, not adverse criticism, but gratitude from the whole human race. In the last analysis, however, Dr. Pott declares that missionaries have been attacked not so much because they were propagators of the Christian religion as because they were foreigners. Therefore missionary enterprise cannot, he says, be held responsible for the recent troubles.

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Dr. Gilman's Resignation The announcement of Dr. Gilman's purpose to resign the presidency of the Johns Hopkins University at the end of the current academic year brings to attention once more one of the most fruitful educational careers in the history of the country. Through no fault of his own, Dr. Gilman has had to work under great disadvantages during the past few years, owing to the shrinkage of the financial resources of the University, but he has set his mark permanently on American education. He came to Baltimore from California, with a considerable academic experience behind him, and a clear knowledge of the responsibilities and opportunities of the President of an American university. The shaping of the new institution at Baltimore was placed largely in his hands; and it is due to his clear reading of his opportunity and his knowledge of the proper functions of a university that the Johns Hopkins so rapidly rose to a first place among the institutions for higher learning in the United States. Dr. Gilman did not begin by making a large investment in buildings; the University was very modestly housed. He began by collecting a group of scholars and teachers of the first rank, by creating a system of fellowships which served the twofold purpose of enabling picked students to become investigators, and of diffusing through the University, by the presence of such a body of students, a spirit of serious and thorough work. By reason of its teaching force, its publications, the fruitfulness of the research of its professors, and the great promise and early achievement of its students, the Johns Hopkins University rapidly became known to the whole educational world—far better known in Europe than most American institutions. Through many difficulties and under many limitations Dr. Gilman has steadily pushed on the work which he undertook in a spirit of devotion to the highest interests of education. It is too early to estimate his work, but not too early to recognize the fact that it has been of the highest and most enduring character—a contribution to the development of the higher life of the country which will not soon be forgotten.

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The Death of Sir Arthur Sullivan Sir Arthur Sullivan, who died in London on Thursday of last week, was probably the most widely known and most popular English-speaking musical composer of the time. He was born in London in 1842, and was the son of an Irish military bandmaster. He showed at an early age a marked talent for music, and before he was ten years of age it is said he had learned to play with creditable skill every wind instrument in his father's band. He became a choir-boy, studying harmony and composition during his term of service. He afterwards studied in Germany, but was never reconciled to or much influenced by the spirit of the modern German school of music. One of his fellow-students at Leipsic was the Norwegian Edward Grieg—a far greater genius than Sullivan. Grieg's songs will last beyond the time when Sir Arthur's

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"Lost Chord" is forgotten; but the "Lost Chord" has doubtless been sung twenty-five times while Grieg's "The Old Mother" or his "Young Birch-Tree" has been sung once. Sir Arthur Sullivan has written many popular songs, and some church music that has been widely sung—such as his setting of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" but his fame and popularity rest upon his operettas, of which he brought out successfully more than a dozen. Of these, "Pinafore," which ran for seven hundred nights in England at its first production, had an enormous popular success twenty years ago, and "Patience" and "The Mikado" were almost equally as well liked by the play-going public. "The Yeomen of the Guard" is undoubtedly his best work musically, as it was the most serious dramatic work of his famous colleague, W. S. Gilbert; it is said to have been the composer's own favorite among his operettas. Oxford and Cambridge both conferred on him the degree of Mus. Doc., and he was undoubtedly the most eminent and most highly honored musician in England. This may fairly be said, without any disparagement of his great gifts, to be an indication of the fact, often noted by students of music, that the Anglo-Saxon has so far developed little genius for the creation of the higher forms of music. Certainly in Germany, and perhaps in France, Russia, and Italy, Sir Arthur, while achieving great popular reputation, would have been ranked by the *cognoscenti* as a minor composer.

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Music The season of 1900–1 bids fair to be a profitable one to lovers of music. In the metropolis there are four principal announcements. Attracting most attention is the announcement of the opera, which is to be presented in Italian, French, and German, under Mr. Maurice Grau's direction. The season will begin December 18 and last fifteen consecutive weeks, during which sixty performances will be given at the Metropolitan Opera-House. There will be no supplementary season. The new works to be presented are "La Bohême," "La Tosca," "Salammbo," "Hérodiade," and "Le Cid." Oratorio is a less popular form of vocal music than opera, but its influence not only in the world of art but also in that of religion is immeasurable. Nearly thirty years ago the Oratorio Society of New York was founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. It is now conducted by his distinguished son, Mr. Frank Damrosch. On Saturday night of last week the Society gave Bach's Mass in B minor. We are glad to note that in December there will be two performances of Handel's immortal "Messiah," and that in April Dvorák's "Requiem Mass" will be presented. In the domain of instrumental music there are two societies which have done much to develop taste and appreciation. The Philharmonic Society of New York City is now over half a century old. Its performances are conducted by Mr. Emil Paur, and this winter they will be sixteen in number, including the public rehearsals. Among new works to be given are Josef Suk's Symphony in E, Richard Strauss's "Hero's Life," Weingartner's "Symphony in G Major," and Taneïew's "Overture de l'Orestie." The Boston Symphony Orchestra is now twenty years old. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke is again its conductor. Its concerts are given, not only in Boston, but also in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Hartford, Providence, Fall River, and Cambridge. It is fortunate that many people in many places have a chance to hear such music as was presented at the first concerts in New York, when the programmes included works by Beethoven, Berlioz, Weber, Wagner, Raff, Massenet, Goldmark, Dvorák, and Dohnányi. The performances given by the three societies above mentioned take place at Carnegie Hall.

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The Peary Expedition Last week the first direct news was received from Lieutanant Peary, the Arctic explorer, that has reached this country for about two years. The letter to Mrs. Peary, just received, is dated on March 31 of the present year, and was written at Fort Conger, Lady Franklin Bay. Mr. Peary at that date was well, and in better condition for exploration than he had been for years. He was to go at once up the northeastern Greenland coast, and, if that expedition was as successful as he hoped, intended to come south and meet the ship which is now awaiting him at Etah on the

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Greenland coast. Mrs. Peary is now in Greenland awaiting the return of Lieutenant Peary, or his messenger from the far north. We hope to give the readers of The Outlook before long one or more special articles from the pen of Mrs. Peary, describing the achievements of the Peary expedition toward the North Pole.

The Chinese Problem

The Chinese problem is a very perplexing one; it is easy for partisan journals to make it an occasion for partisan attack; it is easy for honest-minded critics to make it an occasion for keen criticism in detail; but it is not so easy for the fair-minded historian of current events to say what the principles of justice require of the so-called Christian nations in the present juncture.

Provoked partly by ill-disguised endeavors of conquest by European Powers thinly veiled under the euphemism "spheres of influence," partly by the rude contempt of native prejudices by representatives of Western commercial and industrial interests, partly by a reform movement initiated by an Emperor quick to perceive the advantages of Western civilization but neither wise to develop nor strong to carry through the reforms he initiated, partly by unscrupulous politicians led by an unscrupulous Dowager Empress, partly possibly by religious prejudices against the representatives of Christianity (though it is evident that this was least of all), an insane native Chinese movement was initiated against all foreigners, all representatives of foreign nations, and all Chinese who had sympathized with them. The passions once let loose knew no restraints. The crazed Boxers were as ready to destroy Chinese as foreign property, and to loot their friends as their enemies. In their frenzy they attacked all the representatives of the foreign powers at the capital, murdered two and would have murdered all, set fire to their own ancient and sacred library in a vain endeavor to burn the "foreign devils" out of their protection, were led by officers of the government, aided by soldiers of the regular army, encouraged by the Dowager Empress, and, where they had a free hand, burned, ravished, tortured, and slew with a ferocity indescribable and unimaginable.

The first duty of the foreign governments in such a case was to rescue their representatives: this they have done; and as far as possible, their citizens also and the Chinese who sympathized with them.

The second duty was to demand the punishment of the leaders of the mobs which ravaged, plundered, and murdered the innocent and unoffending. This the foreign Powers are demanding. But as the chief offender of all is the Dowager Empress, it is difficult to secure any adequate penalty. It is true that the Dowager Empress is probably as ready, if necessary, to surrender her subordinates and accomplices as Charles I. was to surrender Stafford to his enemies. Absolutists have never been famous for loyalty to their subordinates. It is the nature of absolutism to demand much loyalty and yield none. But it is certain that the Empress will do this only if necessary, that she will make a pretense serve in lieu of reality or a nominal punishment in lieu of a real one if she can, and only in case she cannot otherwise escape herself will she really permit the punishment of her accessories in crime. For both she and they have been guilty of crime against the laws of nations, against the laws of humanity, against the laws of their own sacred books. For this crime there is no justification, no palliation. It deserves and demands condign punishment. The sentiment that would forget the crime and remit the punishment is as little Christian as the sentiment which would demand revenge.

The third duty is to secure some adequate guarantees for the protection of person and property in China in the future. To secure this is very difficult. A guarantee from the Dowager Empress would be worth about as much as a guarantee from Jezebel to the prophets of Jehovah, or from Catherine de Médicis to the Huguenots of France. The ideal thing would be to depose the Dowager Empress, imprison her, put the Emperor on the throne, and give him the aid of foreign counselors and the support of foreign armies. But the ideal is apparently the impossible. The Emperor is practically the prisoner of the Dowager; and the Dowager is in flight where European armies cannot catch her. The

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deposition of the Dowager would mean war; and war against such a nation as China, though it is heterogeneous and ungoverned, is not to be lightly undertaken. Newspaper critics object to demands which disregard, set aside, or trench upon the sovereignty of China. But it is difficult to see how it is possible to secure adequate protection for persons and property in China, under treaties which she has made, without disregarding or trenching upon her sovereignty.

It is on the second and third grounds that plans for the dismemberment of China are defended. It is said, and with force, that the least punishment which can be meted out to China is to make her pay the expenses incurred in rescuing foreigners from the anti-foreign mob; and if these expenses are so great that she can reimburse them only by giving territory, she has only her crafty and criminal Government to blame. It is said, and with force, that the only way in which the persons and property of foreigners in China can be protected in the future is by bringing those provinces in which foreigners reside under foreign control. Thus both the necessity of punishment for past offenses and the necessity of protecting against future offenses are made to do duty in defending the partition of China.

If the Christian Powers were really Christian, there would be much to be said for this plan. If different provinces of China could be put under the guardianship of different Powers, each one bent on furnishing the best possible government, each governing solely for the benefit of the governed, China might make more progress and reach in less time a larger degree of prosperity and happiness than in any other way. But the Christian Powers are by no means really Christian. If the persons and property of foreigners were thus protected, it is very doubtful whether equal protection would be afforded to the persons and property of the Chinese, except perhaps in the English provinces. Not even there would the prejudices of the Chinese be regarded. The "foreign devils" would be regarded as more devils than before. The work of Christian missions would become almost impossible. If the attempted partition did not lead to immediate and terrible war, it would almost inevitably lead to deepening distrust and hostility between Occidental and Oriental, and would almost as certainly lead to perpetual jealousy and strife, if not to open conflicts, between the Powers. It would certainly impede instead of promoting the regeneration of China; it would probably substitute therefor China's spoliation.

Our country, therefore, does wisely to draw back. It has done its share in rescuing the foreigners at Peking. It has rightly insisted on the punishment of the ringleaders in the awful scenes of carnage and rapine which have devastated parts of China during the past few months. But we trust that it is correctly reported as refusing to share with other Powers in demanding either such penalties or such guarantees as would inevitably involve even a partial dismemberment of the Empire. The United States will be right in saying, as it is apparently authentically reported as saying, that it prefers to go without an indemnity and pay out of its own treasury the cost of its expedition than to be reimbursed at the cost of joining with the Powers in demands which, however plausibly defended, come under the suspicion of being a means of international brigandage.

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The Great Books of the Century

The group of writers whose selection of the ten most influential books of the century appears in this issue of The Outlook is in a high degree representative and authoritative. Of these gentlemen five are heads of colleges and men of wide culture and notable vigor of thought. Dr. Fairbairn, the head of Mansfield College, Oxford, is one of the foremost Englishmen of the time in the fields of philosophy and theology. Dr. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, is not only one of the most impressive preachers of the day, but is a thinker whose work in the reconstruction of religious thought and in the restating of religious truth in terms of modern knowledge and experience has become of prime importance in the higher life of the country. Dr. Hale is perhaps as widely known as any contributor to this consensus of expert opinion; a man who has endeared himself to his fellow-men by reason not

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only of his charming gifts of expression, but by a gift of helpfulness which has given cheerfulness, courage, and brotherliness a kind of national organization; a man also of lifelong familiarity with the best in thought and life. Colonel Higginson represents the older generation of American writers, and has amply sustained the traditions of ripe culture and wide interests which have become part of the service of American letters to American life. Dr. van Dyke, among the younger writers, stands pre-eminently for knowledge of the best in thought and art, and for a notable gift of exposition in one field and of creative power in the other. Mr. Bryce, the most intelligent and sympathetic critic America has ever had, not excepting De Tocqueville, is exceptionally well qualified to select from the books of the century those which have most deeply influenced its thought and life.

It will be seen from this brief survey that the group of opinions which The Outlook gives its readers this week has not been secured as a mere gratification of curiosity, or an attempt to make interesting journalistic use of the last days of a century which has set its mark on every human activity. These opinions have been sought because the answers to the questions submitted to these scholars, preachers, thinkers, and men of letters are of high importance in characterizing the spirit and achievement of the century, and in bringing to light its deepest and most significant movements. A list of the books which have most deeply influenced an epoch is a record of its spiritual history; such books show us not only the obvious activities of a period of time, but the ideas, convictions, faiths, passions, and hopes which have inspired and sustained those activities.

The careful reading of these opinions dissipates the notion, so widely prevalent, that the nineteenth century has lived most deeply in scientific interests and in material energy. Of these it has had its full share, and they have contributed not a little to the immense liberation of spirit and power which it has effected in many departments of life; but the century has lived most deeply in those spiritual interests which have been the sources and seats of the higher life of the race in every age—religion, philosophy, literature, science. Goethe, Hegel, and Darwin hold the foremost places in this consensus of judgment: the poet, the philosopher, and the scientist. Close behind come Wordsworth, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, among men of letters.

The most influential book of the century, taking into consideration the reconstruction it has compelled and actually wrought in every field of knowledge and thought, is Darwin's "Origin of Species;" which is likely to remain the classic exposition of that conception of the world, as a product of growth, which has given new vitality, order, intelligibility, and hope to human life; that sublime idea of which one of the most thoughtful religious teachers of our time has said that it came to light just in time to save many of the finest spirits from despair. Goethe's "Faust" is commonly classed with "Prometheus Bound," the Book of Job, "Hamlet," and Calderon's "Wonder-Working Magician," as one of the great skeptical dramas of literature; its exposition of the disintegrating power of the spirit of denial is unrivaled in literature, but the drama is essentially one of reconstruction; it finds its solution of the problem of life in active service of humanity. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which appeared in the middle of the century, when material progress was at its earlier flood-tide and the immense fruitfulness of scientific investigation had bred a certain arrogant indifference to religion, is likely to remain, not only one of the foremost poems of the century, but one of those human documents—pages from the unwritten life of the soul—to which the historians of the future will turn with eager interest as disclosures of that which lay deepest in the heart of the century.

The range of books named in these lists is too wide to make any detailed tabulation valuable or significant. Two impressive facts become clear, however, from any study of these lists: the books selected are almost without exception books of spiritual liberation and of the enlargement of human interests and privileges. The men of letters whose works appear in these lists are those who might have said, with Heine, "Lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity." Goethe, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle,

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Heine, Ruskin, Hugo, Emerson, Browning, Coleridge, Tolstoï, belong with the noble company of those who, in the arts, have striven to set men free and to put them in possession of the larger life. In this great company belong also Darwin, Hegel, Mazzini, Kant, Helmholtz, Schleiermacher, and Spencer. In different fields, with diverse aims and with tools of many kinds, these thinkers, investigators, and writers have helped to let men out into a freer and a vaster world. If books of distinctly religious aim are few in these lists, it is because the religious spirit has begun to penetrate all human activities and to heal that ancient and atheistic schism which has broken man's life into fragments by separating what has been mistakenly called the secular from that which has been recognized as the religious. To the one indivisible life of the spirit of man, serving its Maker best by complete development of all its faculties and joyous possession of the whole field of interest, occupation, knowledge, and happiness which He has opened to it, all the great poets, thinkers, and scientists have contributed; and in their works the true character and the controlling interests of the nineteenth century are to be found.

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True Self-Confidence

There is something pathetic in the inability which prevents a great many men from believing in the best that is in them. There seems to be, if not an active, at least a passive, consciousness of infirmity and weakness which brings with it, for most men, not only spiritual modesty, but a self-distrust which stands in the way of their highest growth. This consciousness of weakness and infirmity is itself one of the signs of the kinship of the human race with God; for the sense of imperfection always carries with it the conception of perfection. No man can realize how far he falls short of the mark unless he sees the mark clearly. Deep in the heart of the human race there is a profound belief in the higher possibilities of its spiritual development, and this belief is evidenced by the shrinking which prevents a great many men from taking that faith to themselves. This diffidence or self-distrust, however valuable as an element of growth, if it becomes dominant, is destructive of the power of growth. Faith may be accompanied by great consciousness of weakness, but it ought to bear its fruit in unlimited belief in the power to overcome weakness. Hosts of people miss the best things in life because they do not sufficiently strive for them. They believe abstractly in the possibility of obtaining them, but they do not believe that they are individually capable of their achievement; they see the stars clearly, but through self-distrust they are unable to follow Emerson's maxim and hitch their wagons to these shining points. This is not the mood of those who think or feel or do great things. Men rise above themselves—that is to say, become inspired—by putting aside their weakness and trusting to their strength, verifying those noble lines of Lowell:

> Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
> And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

As the earth is a great battery of force which men are just learning how to use, and which is to add immeasurably to the working power of the world as it becomes utilized, so the universe is filled with tides of spiritual vitality, upon which men can draw, and will draw, when they come to believe in and realize that these sources of strength are open to them. If humanity, as a whole, would believe practically in its ability to live the highest life and to do the greatest things to-morrow, society would be regenerated, and there would come an age of creativeness the like of which the world has never known. For creativeness is largely a matter of attitude. God comes to those who wait; great thoughts are in the air for those who are open-minded; noble impulses crowd the highways for those who are ready to receive and act upon them. Life is commonplace very largely because men do not put themselves in the way of becoming poets and creators. They are willing to remain mechanical when they might have the spirit and the soul of the artist; they are content to imitate when they might fashion their own souls with their own hands. Not all men can be great, but every man can enter into the atmosphere of greatness and gain its vision; it is simply a question of believing in the best things and in our power to attain them.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been staying with some friends in a Southern town where a "rummage sale" for the benefit of a local charity has been going merrily on. The Spectator must confess to an entire ignorance, previous to his visit, as to what a rummage sale might be, although he has since been informed that these sales are sweeping over the United States like a cyclone, carrying all before them, and sometimes striking three a week in the same town. During a reasonably long life, the Spectator asserts with confidence, he has bought tickets for and spent money at about every kind of charitable entertainment hitherto known—fairs, strawberry festivals, kirmesses, tableaux, candy, doll, bag, and apron sales, theatricals, pink teas, pound parties, and the rest. But this rummage sale was a surprise even to his veteran mind. It towers high in his memory above all other charitable affairs by its supreme cheapness, its immense popularity, its disproportionate receipts, and its extreme picturesqueness. It combines the Old Curiosity Shop and Rag Fair. And, like all creations of genius, it is simple—so thoroughly so that one wonders why nobody ever thought of it before.

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Every rummage sale is bound to be a success, in the first place, because it appeals to two of the most fundamental instincts of the human heart—the instinct for hoarding useless articles and the primal passion for bargains. The managers of such a sale appeal to all their friends to give them "some of the old things you have put away in the attic." Now, everybody has something put away in the attic, or hanging in the back of a closet, or down at the bottom of a trunk, that he or she knows in his or her secret heart of hearts will never be used. It is, of course, not to be expected that people, however charitably inclined, will give all their useless things to the rummage sale, for that would be asking too much from human nature; but perhaps a third of them will be relinquished with a warm glow of conscious generosity in the giving. Thus, day after day, the Spectator saw a wagon driving up and down the streets of the town, with a white sheet on its side marked "Collecting for the Rummage Sale," and every day there was something queerer in it than the last. In this way a truly unique collection became the property of the managers—autoharps, art squares, accordions, alphabetical blocks, artificial flowers, bagpipes, busts, bicycles, books, baby-jumpers, bonnets, canary-cages, coats, chairs, clocks, chafing-dishes, decanters, dog-baskets, dresses, door-knobs, dress-suits, engravings, egg-beaters, furniture, fiddles, forks, glass, gloves, gas-stoves, ginger-jars, hunting-boots, hour-glasses, hoes, and so on down the alphabet, until a second-hand department store was slowly evolved out of the apparent chaos, with the managers and their friends as saleswomen, and the appeal to the second great human instinct—that of bargaining—began.

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It is evident that none of this cherished rubbish, so carefully gathered, can be sold at full prices, but as it costs the managers absolutely nothing, any price pays. Therefore at a rummage sale there are bargains like to none upon the earth. Any one can come into it with only three cents, and yet find boundless capabilities of buying in his purse. In this Southern town the colored people flocked to the rooms where the sale was held, and supplied themselves with long-coveted articles such as musical instruments, high silk hats, dress-suits, gay millinery, and tan shoes, to their hearts' content. One small colored boy had four cents to spend. He strolled about for hours, looked at the old shoes, hung over a mouse-trap for a while, considered some penny pictures, and half decided upon a cracked blue vase, but finally expended his all upon half a dozen numbers of an illustrated magazine.

❀

The bagpipes were sold off the moment the sale began, and were inquired for eagerly afterward by many comers. Indeed, the out-of-the-way articles soon disappeared, except in the picture line. There were two large walnut-framed engravings there of the vintage, say, of 1850 or thereabouts, which were mysteries indeed. One represented a sort of Hall of Fame, in which perhaps a hundred men and women were grouped, all absolutely unfamiliar at first sight, but labeled

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"Our American Authors." By patient effort a faint resemblance to Holmes, Poe, and Cooper might be traced in three of the strange forms, but there the hardiest conjecture ceased. As a puzzle picture it was a success. The other engraving was equally enigmatical, for it represented the trial of some bewigged and melancholy individual in a large Gothic hall crowded with apparently distinguished personages, only nobody knew who they were. Failing to sell it as "The Trial of Louis the Sixteenth," the managers then called it, in despair, "The Trial of Lord Russell," and then the Spectator heard it offered as "The Trial of Charles the First," the price getting lower and lower, but no takers. It finally went to a colored lady at the auction that ended the sale, and she may now be representing it to her friends as the trial of Jefferson Davis, for all anybody knows.

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As has been said, the sale pleased everybody; or, as one bright woman put it, "it was like the quality of mercy, twice blessed, which blesseth him that gives and him that takes." There were some awkward happenings, however, as when one woman shopper held up a pair of infant's socks and asked the seller, in a sepulchral whisper, "Is them diseased?" and another, after eying a jacket marked "$1.75" hanging behind the counter for ladies' wraps, asked the one in charge how much it was. "Why, one dollar seventy-five," responded the seller; then, with a quick "sizing up" of the apparent customer, "but you can have it for one dollar and a quarter." The woman drew herself up with an indescribably withering glance. "Well, if I had known you were going to sell it for so little, I would never have sent it here!" she cried. Tableau!

❀

Another woman, having purchased a hat, a cape, a dress, and a pair of shoes for her daughter, laboriously explained to the various saleswomen that she "wouldn't think of letting her child wear cast-off clothing; no, indeed—she was only buying them for souveneers!" A stout German woman, dressed in bright blue, pricing a crape bonnet with a most imposing veil, was told gently by the seller, "This is a mourning bonnet, you know, and you are not in mourning." "No," was the answer, with a conscious pride of accent, "but I expect to be!" and she sailed off with the bonnet, leaving amazed conjecture behind her. Bonnets and wraps went off with astonishing rapidity, and it was not safe to leave one's own wraps behind any of the counters. One girl, having carelessly left her new tailor-made jacket behind one counter while she stepped over for a moment to speak to a friend at another, looked across just in time to see it pinned up among the others, marked, "Only $2.00," and she had some difficulty in rescuing it from an eager buyer.

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The colored people asked for all sorts of things. One man wanted Cæsar's "De Bello Gallici" in the original, another wished for Macaulay's Essays, and dozens wanted dictionaries. Cook-books and hymn-books went off like hot cakes, and all the little colored children hunted for penwipers to take to school, and even cried when the supply gave out. There were eager buyers for carpets and curtains, and though "nearly all the bric-à-brac was bric-a-broke," as one lady put it, it sold readily. Some of it was queer indeed—Rogers's groups chipped to the quick, cracked lamp-shades, headless statuettes, broken vases—but there was always some dusky buyer to carry it off in triumph. The Spectator has since heard a rummage sale called, in contempt, an "eyesore exchange" and a "rubbish sale," but for his part he considers it rather an unrivaled stroke of genius. For half the community to give gladly what costs them nothing, and for the other half to buy it joyfully at half or quarter price, and thus to clear two thousand dollars with only fifteen dollars of expenses, and everybody pleased all around, buyers and sellers, is a remarkable record, and the Spectator only wonders that the country is not given up entirely to rummage sales day in and day out. Like the inhabitants of the New Hebrides, who, according to the undergraduate who was being examined in political economy, "gain a prosperous livelihood by washing one another's clothing," the inhabitants of every town can now support any number of charities by selling one another's clothes instead.

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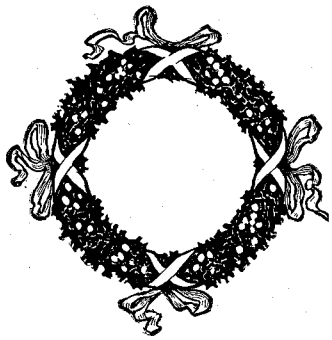
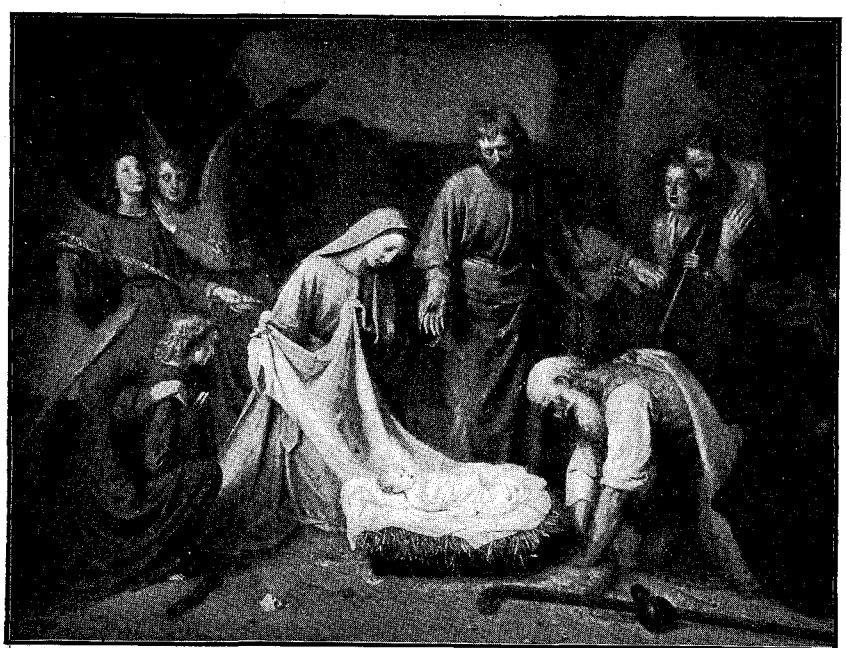
AVE JESU



A Christmas Carol

BY THE DEAN OF ELY, THE VERY REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS, D.D. WITH MUSIC BY THE ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER OF YORK MINSTER, T. TERTIUS NOBLE



BY H. J. SINKEL THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

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AVE JESU!

A Christmas Carol. Written by Dean Stubbs in the late Bishop Phillips Brooks's old study in Trinity Rectory, Boston.

I.

When King Jesu, Lord of angels, all the angels in the skies,
Son of Mary, came to earth, to Bethlehem town, in baby-wise,
Oh, the little stars sang down to Him,
And the moon she gave a crown to Him,
And the snow a silver carpet for His throne;
And the oxen by the manger
Did homage to the Stranger,
As to King who claimeth fealty from His own;
And there whispered then the wind to Him,
As one who would be kind to Him,
Making music, angel music, from on high;
For the "Gloria in Excelsis,"
Song sweeter than all else is,
Came echoing down the spaces from the glory of the sky.

Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu!
Hark! the chorus of the voices of the sky!

II.

And my Lady, O sweet Mary, maiden graced with mother joy,
Queen of Heaven, of the heaven in the blue eyes of her Boy,
Oh, so softly did she sing to Him
Her low sweet lullaby to Him,
As he crooned upon the cradle of her knee;
And she told of how the hill-men
Did leave their silly sheep when
They heard the angels singing "Gloria Domine!"
And how three kings came riding
To Herod's court for tiding
Of the Prince whose birth was greeted by a star;
For they knew the sign of kings,
Being wise in mystic things,
And did come to do Him worship from the Orient land afar.

Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu!
Hail the Child who reigns a King beneath the star!

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MUSIC BY T. TERTIUS NOBLE, THE ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER OF YORK MINSTER

Brightly. *Trebles only. mf*

1. When King Je - su, Lord of an-gels, all the

mf

an - gels in the skies, Son of Ma - ry, came to earth, to Bethl'hem town, in ba-by-

wise; Oh, the lit - tle stars sang down to Him, And the moon she gave a

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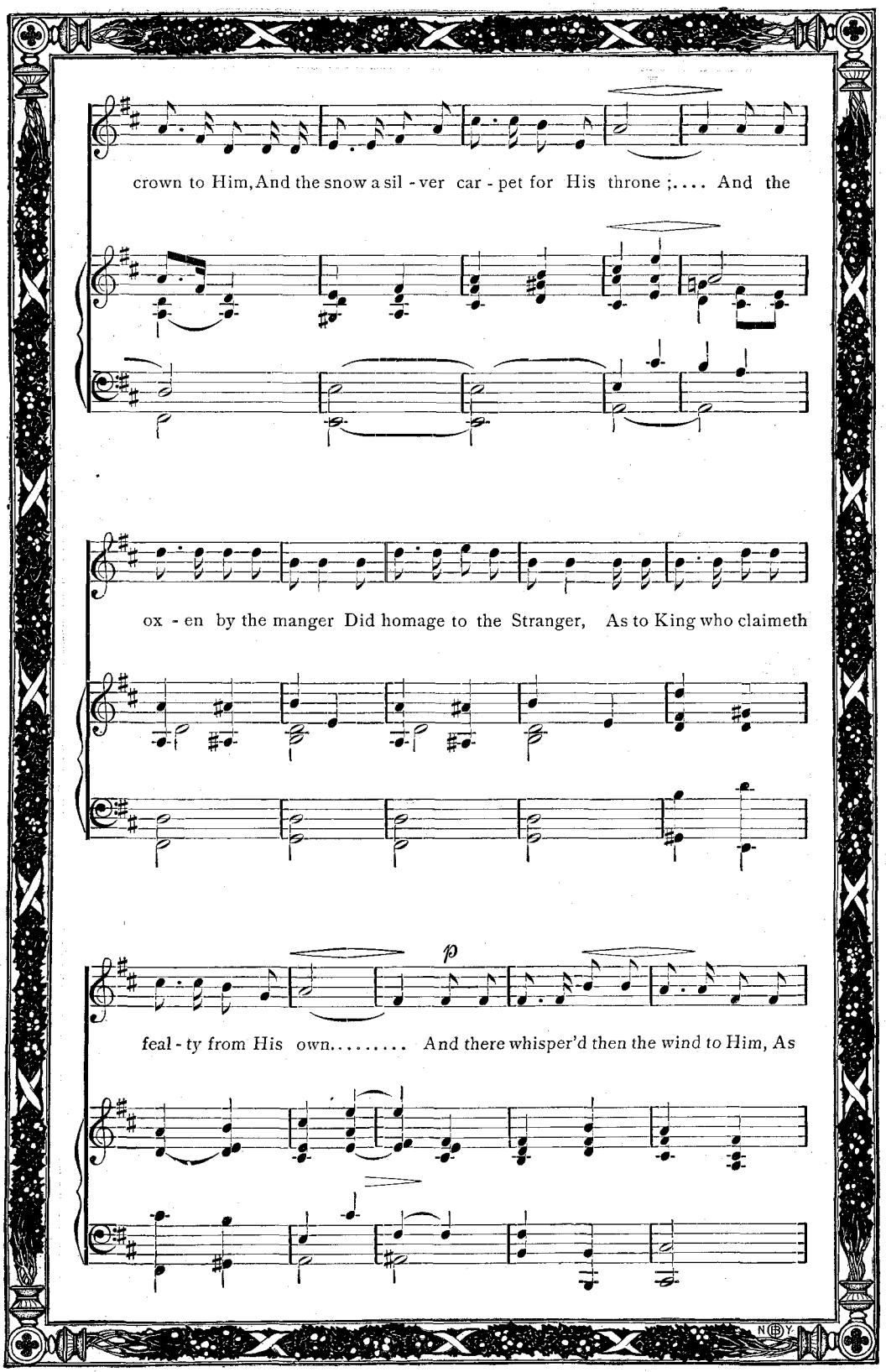

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cres.

one who would be kind to Him, Making mu - sic, an - gel mu-sic from on

cres.

f

high ;.... For the "Gloria in Ex-cel-sis," Song sweeter than all else is, Came

cres. *f* *Rall.*

ech - oing down the spa-ces from the glo - ry of the sky.....

cres. *f* *Rall.*

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CHORUS. *a tempo.*

SOPRANO.

ff

ALTO.

A - - - - - - - - ve, A - - ve Je - su!

TENOR AND BASS.

A - ve Je - su! A - ve Je - su! A - - ve Je - su!

ff a tempo.

Hark!.... the cho - rus of the voi - ces of..... the sky!

Hark!.... the cho - rus of the voi - ces of..... the sky!

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The GREATEST BOOKS OF THE CENTURY

OPINIONS BY

JAMES BRYCE
HENRY VAN DYKE
ARTHUR T. HADLEY
T. W. HIGGINSON
W. DE WITT HYDE
EDWARD E. HALE
GEORGE A. GORDON
A. M. FAIRBAIRN
WILLIAM J. TUCKER
G. STANLEY HALL

At the request of the editors of The Outlook to name the ten books of the century ending this month which have most influenced its thought and activities, the following opinions have been prepared by men selected for their eminence in literature and education. We comment editorially elsewhere on this attempt to formulate criticism of the century's literature.

FROM JAMES BRYCE

Author of "The American Commonwealth"

IT is difficult to name any ten books as having been specially and conspicuously influential in forming or guiding opinion during the century now coming to its end; and difficult for these two reasons: In the first place, some of the greatest thinkers and writers who have done most to mold the minds of their contemporaries have done so by their writings as a whole, and not by any one particular book which can be singled out from the rest. And, secondly, is the criterion of selection to be the direct and immediate influence of a book upon those who read it within the few years after its appearance, or are we to take into account its perhaps more enduring though less prompt and palpable effect upon the next or a subsequent generation? Different conclusions will have to be reached, different judgments passed, according to whether the former or the latter criterion is adopted. In the selection which I am going to make I shall try to strike a balance, or rather to arrange a compromise, between these criteria.

The book which I put first, and which probably everybody would put at least among the first, is *Darwin's Origin of Species*, a treatise which has done more to turn the current of speculative thought in general, as well as to cast light on the most difficult problems of natural history, than any other within the last hundred years.

The next two writers who seem to have counted for most in forming men's minds and stimulating thought are *Goethe* and *Hegel*. It is hard to select from among their writings the two books which have gone furthest; and in the case of Hegel, oral teaching was almost as important as published writings. However, one may name *Goethe's Faust* and *Hegel's History of Philosophy* as perhaps the most widely known and widely influential.

Wordsworth's poetry has done more than any other to inspire the growing love of nature and appreciation of natural beauty which belong to this century; and out of his poems one may take *The Excursion* as pre-eminent in doing this work.

In a different sphere, *Mazzini's* writings, and particularly his *Duties of Man*, told powerfully on thought during the forty

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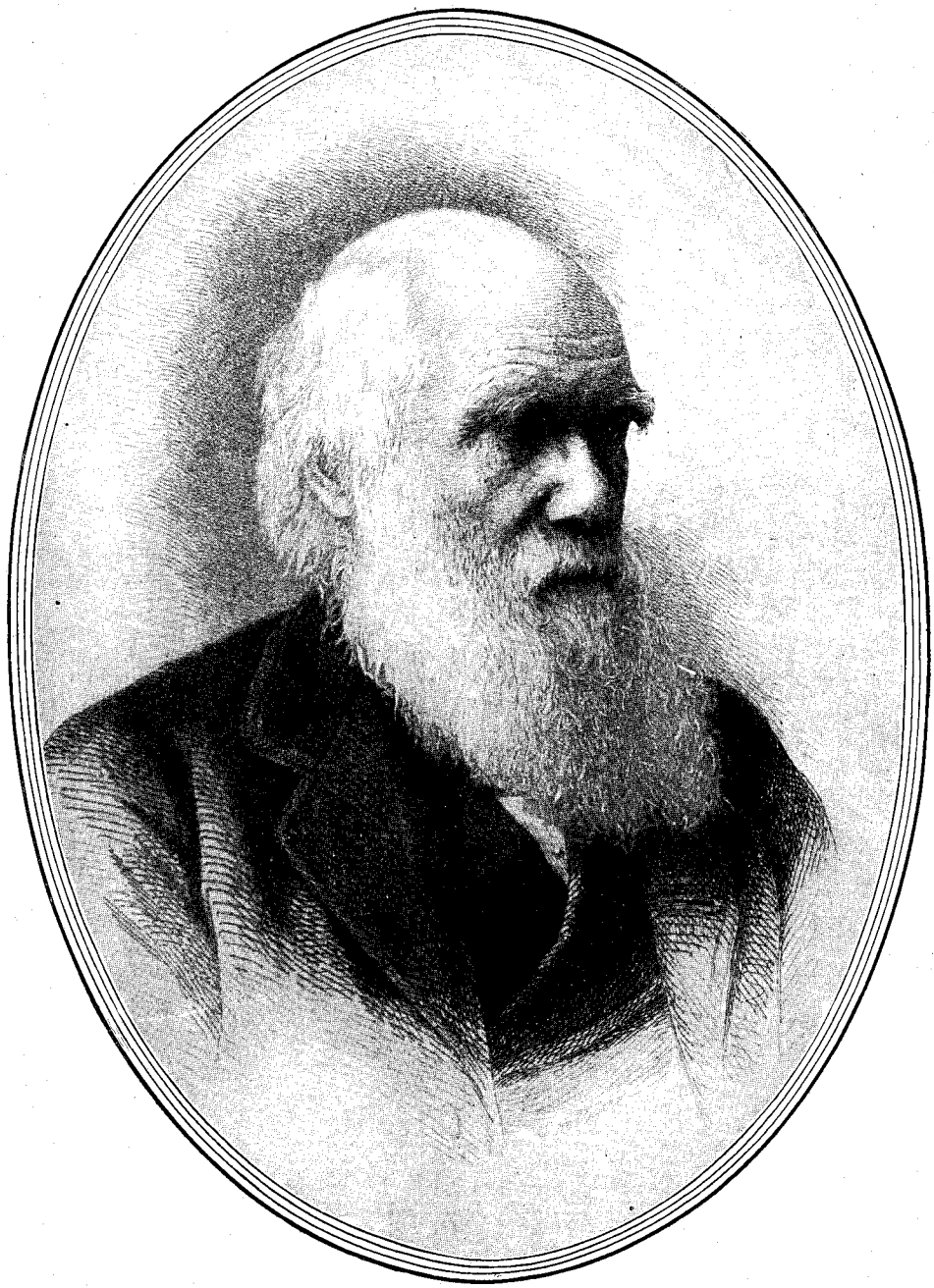

CHARLES DARWIN
From an etching by S. Hollyer.

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years which followed the beginning of his literary career.

Karl Marx's treatise called *Das Kapital* became, soon after its publication, a sort of Bible for the Socialists of Continental Europe. Its force is not spent, nor can we tell as yet how far its doctrines may continue to work.

The Roman Catholic revival which succeeded the revolutionary movement of the end of last century found one of its ablest and most uncompromising theorists in *De Maistre*. His book *Le Pape* is perhaps the best embodiment of his doctrines. Now almost forgotten, it played an important part in its time in propagating a set of views which have had much currency in Italy as well as in France, and have contributed to the Catholic reaction in England also.

Tocqueville's Democracy in America produced an immense effect upon students of the political and social sciences when it appeared, and that effect may be traced in English writers like John Stuart Mill and Bagehot, as well as on Tocqueville's own countrymen. So much of it has passed into our common thought that we are apt to forget how much we owe to it.

Malthus (if I may include a book publlshed in 1798 but one that in reality belongs to this century's history) appealed to an even smaller circle of readers than Tocqueville. But his book on *Population* marks an epoch in the science of political economy, and had a memorable influence not only upon economic students everywhere, but upon legislation in England.

Prose fiction has been more widely and powerfully employed as a means of enforcing theories regarding man's nature and social relations in this century than it ever was before; so perhaps some book belonging to that class ought to be included in such a list as is asked for. Among the great writers of fiction the first place probably belongs either to *Victor Hugo* or to *Count Lyof Tolstoï;* and if any one book is to be selected as specially conspicuous for the influence it has had on men's thoughts and emotions, *Hugo's Les Misérables* would seem to have the strongest claim, though as respects fertility of invention, or exuberance of humor, or fineness of treatment, other writers, including Dickens and Thackeray, may have reached as high a level.

It may seem strange that among the books just enumerated there should be none of Carlyle's, or Emerson's, or Ruskin's. Apart, however, from the difficulty of choosing a single work in the case of writers who have been effective by quantity as well as by quality, it is to be observed that none of these three exerted any potent influence outside the language in which he wrote. There are other writers besides the three famous ones I have named who seem to be excluded by this consideration.

I doubt whether any book in this century (except the "Origin of Species") has exercised so great an influence as was exercised in the eighteenth century by the "Esprit des Lois," the "Contrat Social," the "Wealth of Nations," and the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft."

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

For English and American readers I think the list of men authors is quite easily made. So far as their names go, I should think that the ten writers who have most affected the thought and living of the last hundred years are *Goethe*, *Walter Scott*, *Victor Hugo*, *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, *De Tocqueville*, *Darwin*, *Renan*, and, with less certainty, I think I should add *John Ruskin*, *Alfred Tennyson*, and *James Bryce*.

To come to special books is more difficult.

1. Probably Goethe's *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Elective Affinities*, and the *Morphology* have affected his time more than his other publications, some of which he thought more serious. The man, for better, for worse, has made a mark on the century. One is glad to see that the century is rubbing the mark out, but, all the same, the mark was there.

2. I like to remember that I bought the *Origin of Species*, in the first edition, in London, in 1859. I knew as well then as I know now that the book ought to be written, and it has rightly achieved its own reputation.

3. No one in England would accept De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* as one of the central books. All the same, I think it is. I think it revealed us to ourselves, and I think the study of it has done no end of good in Europe.

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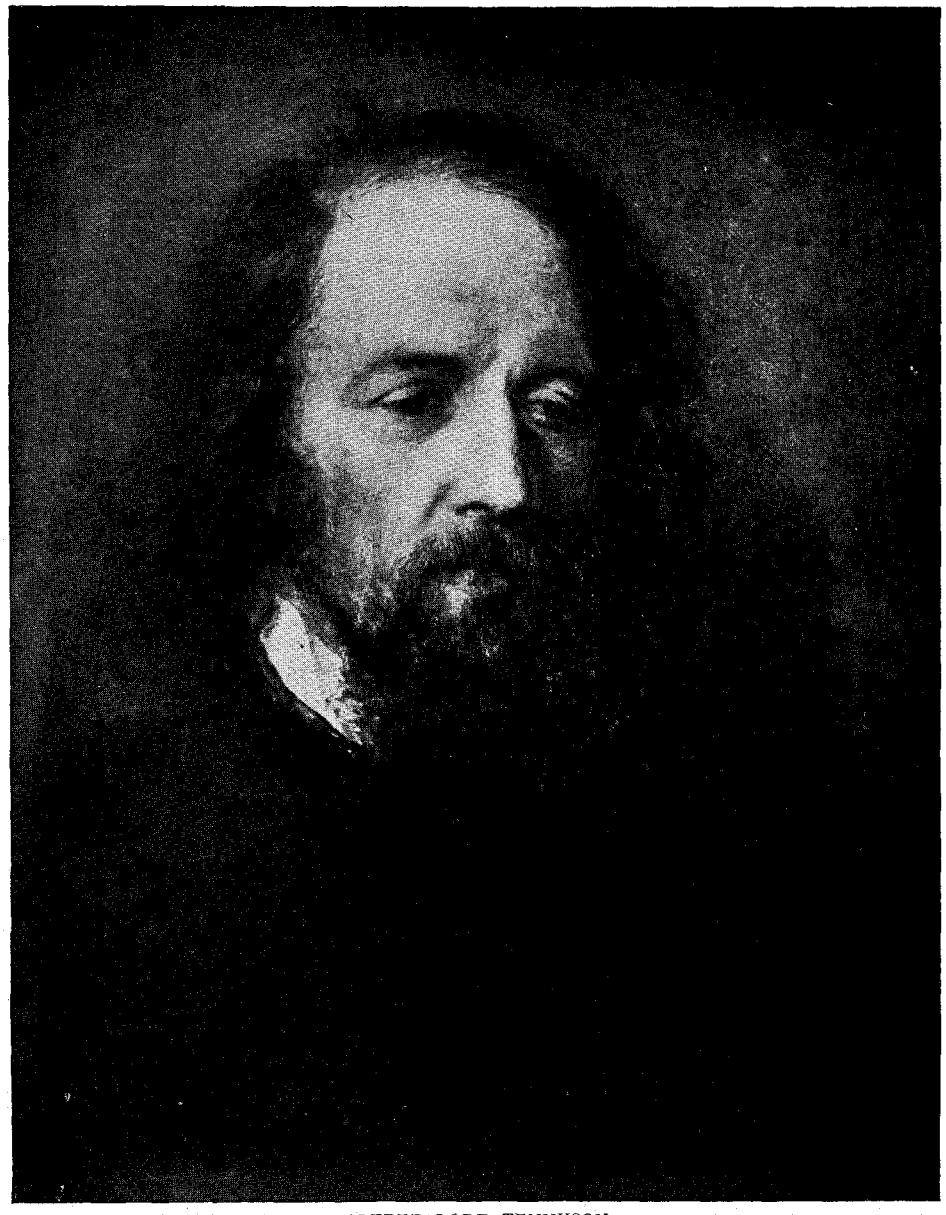

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
From the painting by Watts

4. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* may be classed with it. This, however, is still before us. Mr. Bryce himself says somewhere in it that he has never met any European writer except one Swiss schoolmaster who understood the Constitution of the United States. I have never read the Swiss schoolmaster's book, so that I think Bryce is the only person, on the other side of the water, who really understands and comprehends about America. He knows a great deal more about America than half our statesmen do.

5. John Ruskin undoubtedly outlived his reputation. I still think his book on the *Modern Painters* sent young men and young women out from their houses into the open air and made them read clouds, trees, vapors, and mountains as they had not read them before.

6. Emerson, so far as preaching goes, is the preacher to the English and Ameri-

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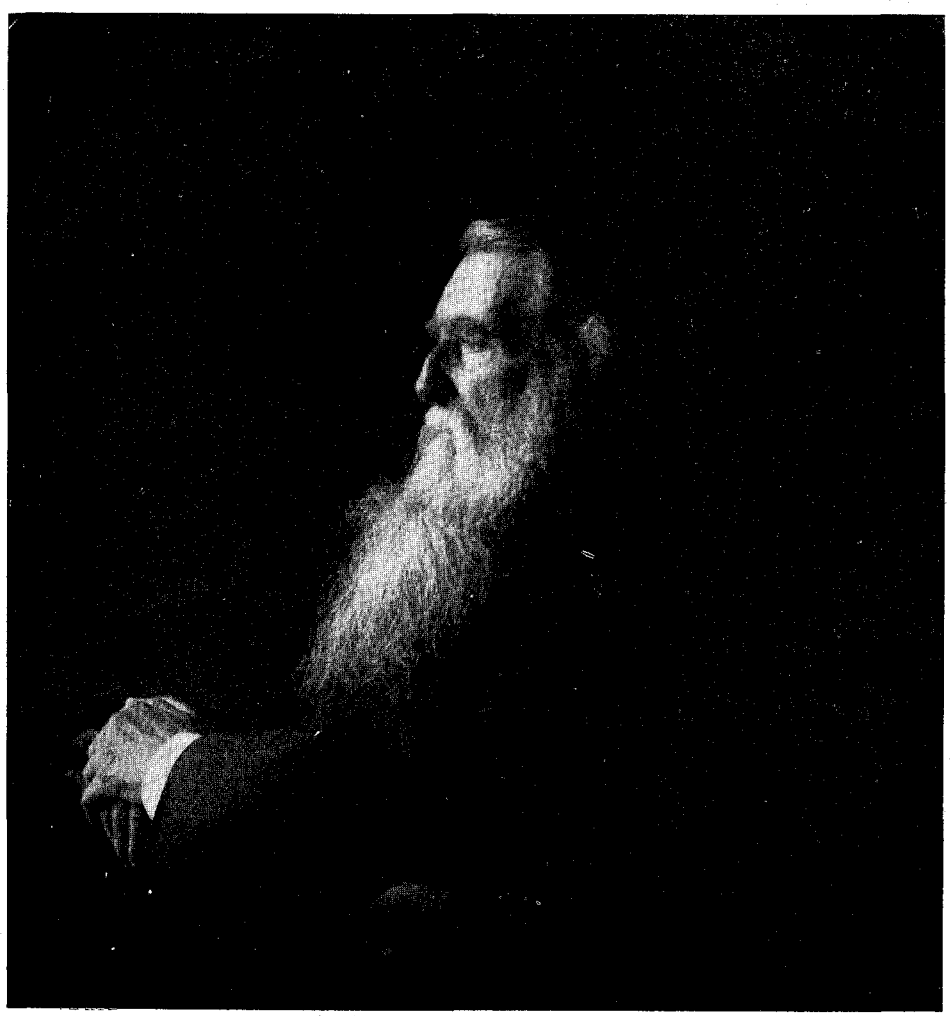
can world to-day. I do not claim for him that he invented the doctrine of the immanent presence of God. This is the central doctrine of the New Testament. But I do say that we owe to him an immense advance in the religion of our time.

7. Now, as to Scott and Victor Hugo. It is the fashion just now to talk of Scott as if he were only a scene-painter or a stage mechanic. This is sheer nonsense. In an age which knew nothing of history, Scott made dead people live and move and have a being. In an age which cared nothing for history, he made men work out the traditions of four or five centuries. He wrote better poetry than most people of his time, and the literature and thought of England, France, and Germany are to-day vastly larger because he wrote novels.

8. Of Victor Hugo, in a mitigated way, I might say the same thing. For myself, I do not read Victor Hugo; but people do read him in France and in Germany, and I think he made a good many dead men take up their bed and walk.

9. The value of Alfred Tennyson's book, *In Memoriam*, will be stated in different ways by different people. For me, I am very sorry that his son has ever written his father's life. I think he has lifted him down two or three steps on the pyramid on which he had a right to stand. Fanny Kemble once said to me that she was glad she did not know more of the



JOHN RUSKIN
From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

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personal life of William Shakespeare, and I think she was right. At all events, Hallam Tennyson has made a sad botch of it. He seems to have said to himself, "I have a thousand pages and my father lived eighty-two years. Eighty-two into one thousand goes twelve and nineteen-hundredths times. Go to, I will write twelve and nineteen-hundredths pages about each year of his life." He has thus succeeded in making his father, I do not say very human, but very earthy, for which I sorry. All the same, the "In Memoriam" exists, a tribute, heart-wrung, from a great poet on the death too early of a dear friend. Wherever the book is, and wherever anybody reads it, it lifts that somebody from the world and the things of the world, and I suppose that is to do what poets are meant to do.

10. As to Renan, I do not say that his *Life of Jesus* is the most important book in the uplifting of the Gospel study in this century. But it is the book which has awakened the most thought and is most widely known.

FROM HENRY VAN DYKE

Professor of English Literature at Princeton

In naming ten among the books of the nineteenth century which seem to me to have been most influential, I wish to make my answer under certain conditions.

First, it is an impromptu reply to the question of the editors of The Outlook. It cannot be a carefully prepared literary estimate of a hundred years of books, with arguments and statistics to support it. It is simply the report of a personal impression, and therefore the unconscious confession of a point of view.

Second, it is confined to books written in English.

Third, it takes account of books, not by the standard of perfection, nor by the test of popularity, but by the measure of influence. I speak of books which have been forces in the intellectual and moral life of the century. Among such books I would name the following ten:

1. *Lyrical Ballads*, with *Wordsworth's* preface of 1800, which marked the beginning of a new era of simplicity, sincerity, humanity, and liberty in English poetry.

2. *Waverley*, the novel in which *Scott* showed the noble possibilities of fiction, raising it to the dignity of a fine art, and making it minister, in the broadest sense, to the enrichment and elevation of life.

3. *Aids to Reflection*, in which *Coleridge* brought philosophy to the illumination of religion, and strengthened faith, not by suppressing thought, but by deepening it.

4. *Sartor Resartus*, in which *Thomas Carlyle* sounded the battle-cry of his long and great warfare against the idolatry of shams.

5. *Emerson's Essays*, in which he led the young and brave-hearted up to the mountain-tops of truth and beauty and freedom, and bade them live by their visions, not by their misgivings.

6. *Ruskin's Modern Painters*, in which he spoke the "Open, sesame!" to a new treasury not only of art, but also of books, and of nature, and of human life.

7. *A System of Logic*, in which *John Stuart Mill* gave to the surviving elements of utilitarianism their most clear and reasonable statement, and provided arms for a succeeding generation of agnostics.

8. *Sir William Hamilton's* edition of the *Works of Reid*, in which the loftiest philosophy of idealism was defended and expounded on the basis of "common sense," and a new impulse was given to those "who would live in the spirit."

9. *The Origin of Species*, in which *Charles Darwin* gave lucidity and coherence to the conception of a progressive and continuous creation, which has changed the face of the modern scientific world.

10. *In Memoriam*, in which *Tennyson* expressed the victory of spiritual faith over honest doubt, and set to music the creed of immortal love.

FROM THE REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D.

Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston

The ten books of nineteenth-century production which, upon the whole, seem to me to have been the most influential are as follows, the reason for the opinion being in each case annexed:

1. *Goethe's Faust*, as the supreme artistic expression of the agnostic mood, of the ever-recurring tragedy of love, and of love's redemptive power.

2. *Hegel's Logic*, for its unequaled influence in philosophy, theology, history, and criticism.

3. *Carlyle's French Revolution*, for its exhibition of moral law operating through

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

the endless confusions of a vast historic crisis.

4. *Tennyson's In Memoriam*, as the century's most comprehensive and impressive utterance of doubt and faith concerning life after death.

5. *Darwin's Origin of Species*, as achieving a revolution of human opinion on its subject, and as preparing the way for a new conception of the physical advent of man.

6. *Comte's Social Philosophy*, under the influence of his positivism, as inspiring the religion of humanity.

7. *Webster's Speeches*, as a mine of political wisdom, and a record of determinative intellectual power in national life.

8. *Emerson's Essays*, as a protest against blind tradition and as an expression of high spiritual insight.

9. *Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as the epic of an outraged race; as an appeal to the conscience, first of America and then of the civilized world; as an invocation of humanity against inhumanity.

10. *T. H. Green's Introduction to Hume*, as the first complete answer in English to

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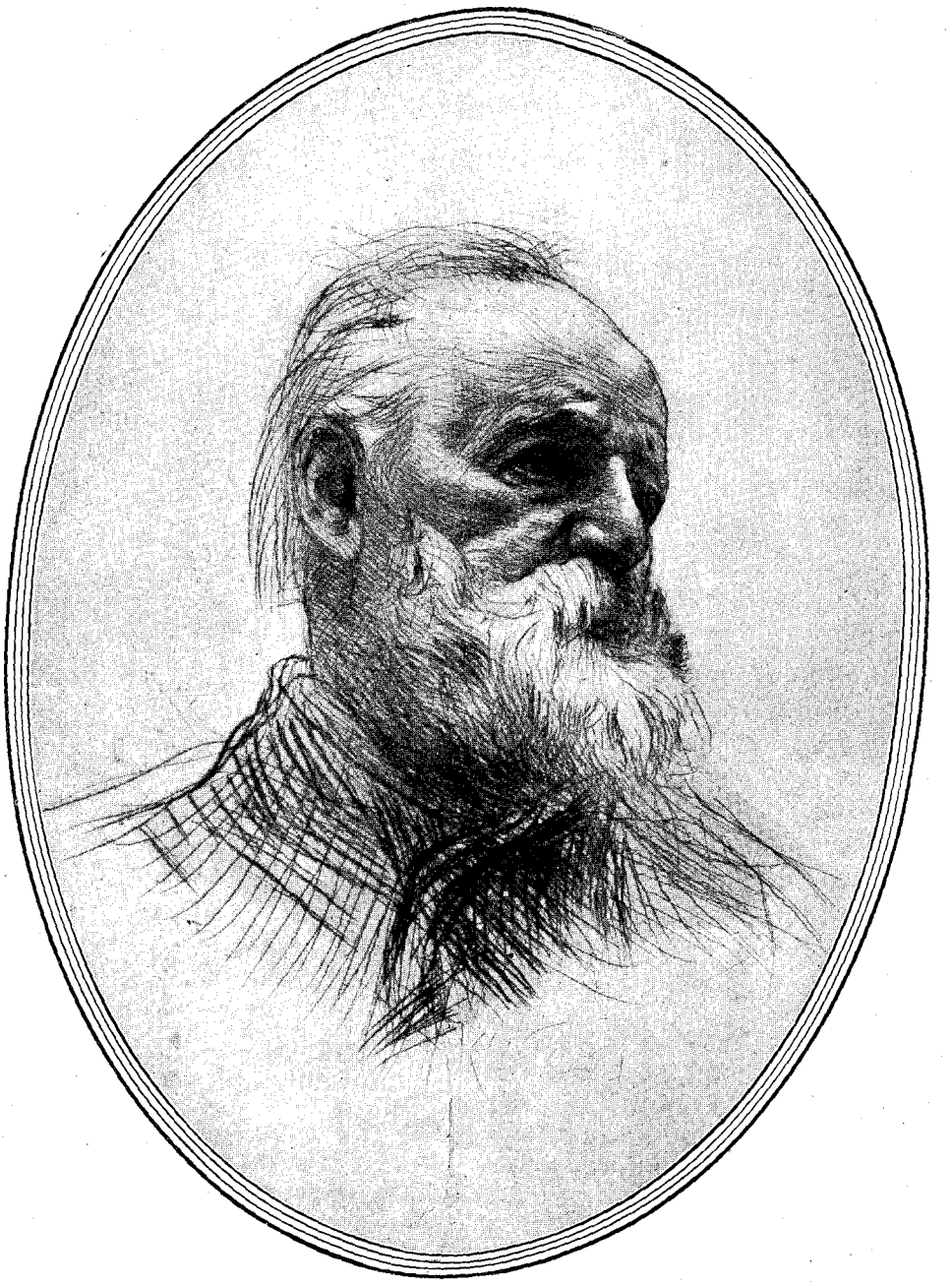

VICTOR HUGO
From an etching

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empiricism, as honestly accomplishing the defeat of the fundamental enemy of theism, social ethics, and personality.

The books that determine the direction of human life and affairs seem to me to be the really influential books, whether they are read by the many or the few. They constitute the century's watershed; because they are here, life takes this direction and not that, seeks this goal rather than another.

FROM ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

The books chosen in answer to this question must be selected for their results rather than for their merits. They should be the ones which have had the largest measurable effect on the world's thought and civilization.

A standard of this kind shuts out a number of works which have high artistic value, but whose influence has been somewhat intangible. The poems of Wordsworth and Browning, the novels of Scott and Thackeray, of George Eliot, and perhaps even of Balzac, fall under this head. Few people would deny that "Middlemarch" was a greater work of art than "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a historic power which "Middlemarch" did not and could not possess.

Our standard also shuts out those books whose influence was fragmentary—books which only contributed a small part in a larger general movement. The name of Tyndall is identified with the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the name of Flaubert with the development of modern realistic fiction; but there is no one work either of Tyndall or of Flaubert which accomplished enough, in itself and by itself, to claim a place in our list.

We are compelled also to discriminate against those writers whose influence lay in a direction counter to the general trend of the century, and was neutralized by the logic of events. Neither Victor Hugo in fiction, nor Newman in theology, nor Marx and George in political economy, have had the power which they might have obtained if they had been working on the lines of progress instead of athwart them.

Finally, we must exclude the books of men like d'Annunzio and even Tolstoï, because their work is too recent for us to obtain a proper measure of its influence.

My list, as thus restricted, would fall into two groups, one of which belongs to the period from 1804 to 1824, and the other to the period from 1849 to 1863. The first group consists of *Napoleon's Civil Code*, *Goethe's Faust*, *Hegel's Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences*, *Schopenhauer's World as Will*, and *Froebel's Education of Man*. The second group includes *Sainte-Beuve's Mondays*, *Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Spencer's Principles of Psychology*, *Darwin's Origin of Species*, and *Renan's Life of Jesus*.

The absolutely sure names in this list are Goethe and Darwin; the most doubtful ones seem to me to be Sainte-Beuve and Renan, whose influence, though widespread and profound, was essentially transitory. Much is to be said for the substitution, in place of either, of *Balzac's Comédie Humaine*.

FROM A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D.

Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford

Your question as to what I regard as the ten most influential books of the century is not so easily answered as it might seem *prima facie* to be. For an influential book is not necessarily great; it may be little more than timely. A great book may not be in its own century at all influential, but may have to educate a constituency for itself. It may be said of the very greatest books in literature that they were not appreciated by their own age, in certain cases seem hardly to have touched it, though they have made after ages atone for the original neglect. It would be much easier to give the ten most influential men; still more easy to give the ten most influential ideas.

I. In philosophy: The most influential book here did not really rise in the nineteenth, but in the eighteenth century. For it is not open to question that the book which has most profoundly influenced all schools of philosophical thought is *Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason*. The question it stated, discussed, and attempted to answer has governed all the philosophical movement of our century.

But if we confine ourselves to books not simply potent within the century, but produced in it, I would select:

(*a*) *Hegel's Wissenschaft der Logik*.

This book, by the place it gave to thought, the mode in which it interpreted

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our ultimate problems, the bold fashion in which it dared to apply its argument to our fundamental ideas and to the whole field of human knowledge, may, especially when taken in combination with the *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, on the one hand, and the *Encyklopädie*, on the other, will be described as the inaugurator of a great constructive and critical era in thought.

(*b*) From a very different side I would place *Comte's Cours de Philosophie Positive*. In this book the whole course of French and English empirical speculation in philosophy and in politics took shape, and it opened before the eye of empirical philosophy a region of existence it had not hitherto recognized and that yet it needed to explain.

II. In science: Two ideas may be described as the great contribution of our century towards the interpretation of nature. First, the idea of the unity of force and the correlation of forces; secondly, the idea of the order of the succession of biological forms and the method of their origin, or the principle of evolution in organic life. So many have been concerned in the statement of the first idea that it is hard to select a single book as clearly entitled to the place of honor or distinction; but, as a convenient and lucid statement of the idea, I would select *Sir William Grove's Correlation of the Physical Forces*.

The second idea has its distinguished representative in *Charles Darwin's Origin of Species*. The supremacy of this work no one can question; it stands in its own order alone, a book immediately influential and worthy of all the honor which has ever been paid to it.

III. In history: Here two books seem to me incontestably foremost.

(*a*) The younger *Champollion's De l'écriture hiératique des anciens Egyptiens*, together with the *Lettre à M. Dacier*. This book meant the recovery of an entire ancient world; from it scientific archæology may be said to start; and if we consider what has been accomplished not only in recovering the history of ancient Egypt but of Assyria and Babylonia, of Greece and the Levant, we shall see what an easy first, in point of influence, Champollion's work is.

(*b*) I would place alongside it *Niebuhr's Römische Geschichte*. It first applied critical methods to familiar and famous history; modern criticism of sources, interpretation, and construction of events may be said to have begun with Niebuhr.

IV. In literature: Here, so far especially as English literature is concerned, *Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads* (for though the first edition appeared two years before our century began, the second edition appeared with the century) takes the first place. It signifies the return to nature; it stands for the whole poetic development of the century.

(*b*) *Scott's Waverley*, which has the great distinction of being not simply a factor in literature, but in religion. For Scott not only powerfully influenced the romantic movement in Europe as a whole, but he was pre-eminently the factor that determined the mental attitude to the Middle Ages and to the mediæval Church of the Oxford men. The movement which stands associated with the names of Pusey and Newman owes historically its origin to Scott.

V. In religion: Here the book that is again an easy first is the book that was the most hated of the century, and perhaps in some respects not quite unworthy of hate—*Strauss's Leben Jesu*. It was influential more by what it compelled to be done than by what it did; but the attempt to apply historical method and criticism to the facts, the beliefs, and the persons of the early Christian faith, which has so marked our century, really began its active critical and fruitful life with the work of Strauss.

For the rest, I would be inclined to divide my homage between (1) *Schleiermacher*, who did so much to rehabilitate religion as distinguished from philosophy, and (2) *Thomas Chalmers*, who had the courage to apply Christianity to our serious industrial and commercial problems, and also to give the most splendid illustration our century contains of the inability of civil law to regulate and to command the life with which God has inspired his Church.

But I should like to add two names, the one for his intense and imperious plea for the moral authority of God, as well as the duty and the ability of man, *Thomas Carlyle;* the other for the literary grace which enabled him to revivify a moribund ecclesiasticism, *John Henry Newman*.

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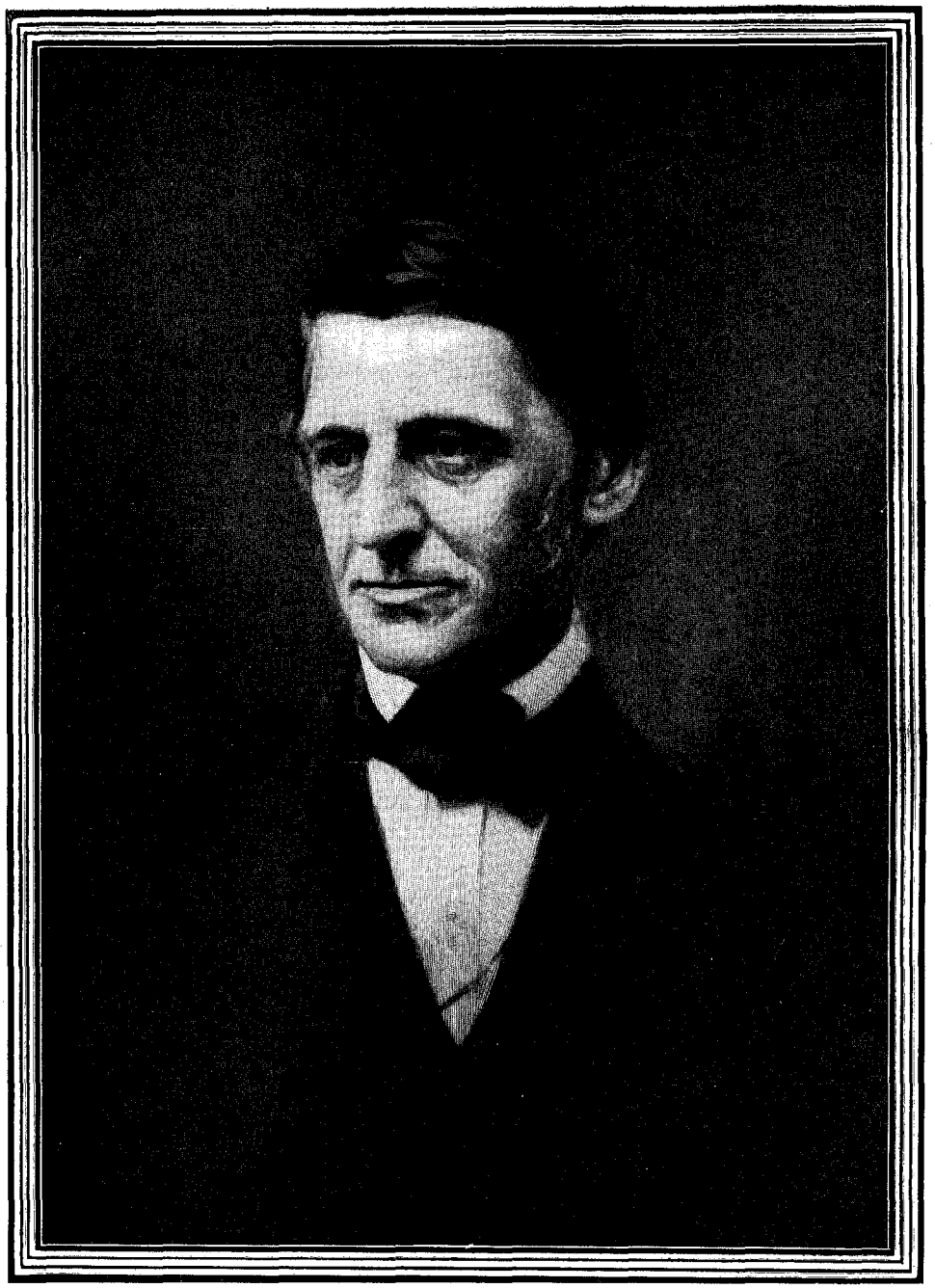

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From a painting by Alfred E. Smith, after an old daguerreotype. Copyright by Foster Brothers, Boston.

FROM G. STANLEY HALL

President of Clark University

I am glad your request is for "ten books which I think have been *among* the most influential of the century."

1. I should place first *Darwin's Origin of Species*, which in a way implied his later *Descent of Man*, because the whole evolutionary movement took its rise from these more than from any others.

2. *Hegel's Logic* deserves a place, because in it culminated the thought of a

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man who dominated all academic departments during the second quarter of the century, and its influence is still potent in England and America.

3. *Strauss's Life of Jesus*, so far as it drew the conclusions of the Tübingen school and stirred religious and theological thought profoundly, should be included in an inventory of influences, although the merits of the book itself would not justify a place in this list.

4. *Horace Mann's Educational Reports* are the fountain-head of a reform that gave us the graded school system, as it now exists, although his views are now somewhat outgrown.

5. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was another of the most effective books of the century.

6. As a specialist, who may be pardoned for what is perhaps an overvaluation of things in his ken, I should place *Helmholtz's* work on *Auditory Sensation*. This analyzed what had hitherto been thought to be an undecomposable element of the human soul, by methods the logical perfection of which has rarely been equaled and is worthy of a man to whom a colleague, himself eminent, paid perhaps the greatest compliment which one savant could render another in saying that during his best years almost his every serious thought was a new contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

7. With some hesitation I would add *Carlyle's French Revolution*, which has not only so stirred the soul of two generations of readers, but, taken in connection with his style and the subject, brought out the dynamic power that directs human history and makes it so different from the record of man's plans.

8. *Goethe's Faust* is a work that looms up, as I read it year by year, as a monumental landmark.

9. If influential books may be stretched to include all a man's works, I should place *Wagner* in this list, because he re-edited the myths which constitute the best part of the ethnic Bible of his race and brought them home to the heart by the charm of a new musical method.

10. Lastly, I would add *Ibsen* as the dramatist of the future who, I think, has done more than any man now living to exalt the work of the artist, who creates, over that of the professor, who merely knows, and whose influence is likely to silence those who expound the doctrine of art for art's sake in a way to exclude it from ethics, where man's supreme interests lie.

I find many other names, *Niebuhr*, *Theodore Parker*, *Humboldt's Cosmos*, *Schleiermacher*, *Emerson*, *Lyell's Geology*, *Les Misérables*, *Dickens*, *Herbert Spencer*, and others, which have claims to which the above are preferred only with the greatest hesitancy.

FROM WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

President of Bowdoin College

The eighteenth century stood on its rights, declared its independence, and reveled in revolution. In order to do these things the more conveniently, it suspended God from the world, either in the rationalistic relation of conclusion to premiss, or in the mechanical relation of cause to effect, or in the pantheistic relation of whole to insignificant part. The nineteenth century substitutes concrete relationships for abstract rights; reciprocity for independence; evolution for revolution. As the principle of all these evolving reciprocal relationships, it recognizes the presence in the world of One Conscious Spirit, related to each particular object and event and to each individual mind as the body is related to its constituent members, as the character and life-history of a man are related to his separate thoughts and deeds. The books of the century have been influential in proportion as they have borne witness to this central thought. In the first ten I should place:

1. *Hegel's Logic*, which taught that all that is derives its being from the Conscious Mind in whom "all thinking things, all objects of all thought," inhere.

2. *Comte's Positive Philosophy*, which turned men's thought from speculation about extraneous causes of social conditions to a study of the conditions themselves.

3. *Lyell's Principles of Geology*, which explained the configuration of the earth by forces now in operation, thus bringing inorganic matter within the realm of rational law.

4. *Darwin's Origin of Species*, which banished special creation and enthroned Immanent Reason supreme throughout the cosmic process.

5. *Spencer's* many-volumed *Synthetic*

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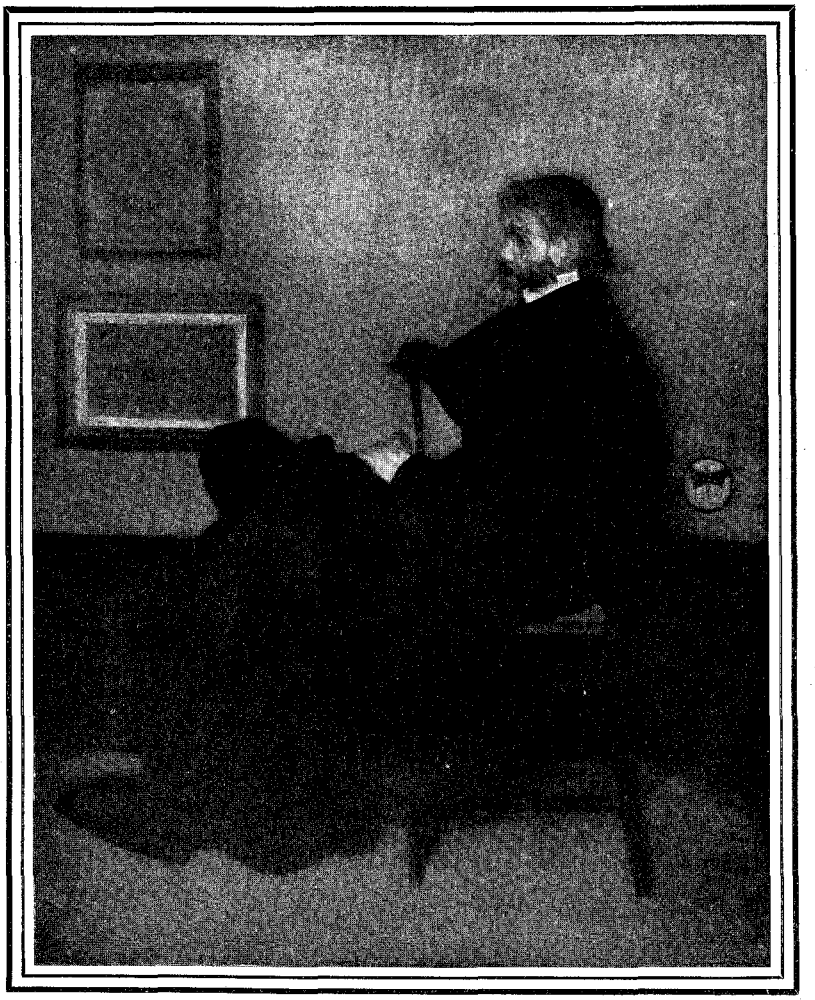

THOMAS CARLYLE

From the portrait by Whistler.

Philosophy, which, though on dubious metaphysical foundations, has reared a formula applicable to every province of matter and every problem of mind, thus fulfilling with marvelous richness of detail Hegel's prophetic outline of a universe reduced to the unity of one comprehensive Idea.

6. *Carlyle's Sartor Resartus*, which smashed the shams of hereditary custom and convention, setting up present worth and power to do the duty of the hour as the genuine heroism and the true nobility.

7. *Emerson's Essays*, which renounced allegiance to all external claims of gods and men and institutions, save such as win the spontaneous sanction of the Universal Spirit which dwells in each individual breast.

8. *Ruskin's Modern Painters*, teaching with stern ethical sincerity, as the recently erected tablet in Westminster Abbey says of him, "to hold in loving reverence the poor man and his work, the great man and his work, and God and his work."

9. *Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which made the wrongs of the oppressed so vivid, and the brotherhood of the lowliest so real, that no sacrifice was too great to pay for their release.

10. *Browning's Poems*, which teach to the influential few who read them the infinite significance of every concrete situation; that in a world which is through and through organic "there is no last nor

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first," each life being, in its own way and from its own point of view, the "center of the universe."

These books are all earthen vessels, and criticism has already shattered most of them into ten thousand fragments. Yet a common spirit speaks through all. Wherever the faithful historian pores over musty volumes in minute research; wherever the patient scientist watches for the uncertain outcome of elaborate research; wherever the tireless reformer struggles to correct the evils and secure the blessings of democracy; wherever the ardent socialist dreams of a just economic order here on earth; wherever the honest workingman offers the product of his faithful toil as a tribute to the God who made him, and the service of his fellows; wherever the sincere artist "draws the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are;" wherever the earnest preacher proclaims a glory of God to be wrought out chiefly through the perfection of man—there is present the spirit of these writers, the spirit of the century.

FROM WILLIAM J. TUCKER

President of Dartmouth College

One cannot go far in attempting to answer the question as to the ten influential books of the century without becoming involved in secondary questions. Shall we estimate a book by its absolute merit, or by its influence? and if by its influence, shall we reckon chiefly its effect upon other writers or upon the public; or, again, shall we interpret influence by its intellectual and moral stimulus or by its practical results? The "Scarlet Letter" is a book of supreme power, but it cannot show results so direct and tangible as those which followed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Niebuhr and Grote were influential with historians, Macaulay with the readers of history.

The question is further complicated by the fact that many authors of great influence have not put themselves into any one book. I should say in general that books of distinction like "The Wealth of Nations," "The Critique of Pure Reason," "Paradise Lost," and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were more characteristic of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than of our own. The century has produced no religious classic, perhaps for the reason that it has been a century of high religious enterprise. A good many of our influential writers fall out of the present list for the want of this distinction of the one book—Coleridge, Emerson, George Eliot, and most of the poets. Browning has more disciples than Tennyson, but no one of his poems dwells in the hearts of men like "In Memoriam." One would not like to say that Thackeray had been a greater influence than Dickens, but "Vanity Fair" has made a name for itself beyond any one of Dickens's serious novels.

Assuming that the question applies to books rather than to authors, and that the influential book, if it does not at once affect the public mind, must be able to reach through the few to the many, I name the following books, though I should not be willing to defend the list at all points against competitors. A change in the angle of vision would vary somewhat the result: *Faust*, *Hegel's Philosophy of Religion*, *Les Misérables*, *The Origin of Species*, *Strauss's Life of Jesus*, *Sartor Resartus*, *Spencer's Social Statics*, *In Memoriam*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

FROM THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

When, in the year 1819, the Comte de Saint-Simon was tried and barely acquitted on the charge of having asserted in a pamphlet that the deaths of authors, artists, and artisans were more important to the community than those of kings and bishops, he set an example which we must perhaps follow; and we must look in literature or art or science for the leading figures of the last hundred years. As a literary man, I naturally begin with literature.

Setting aside Goethe, who belongs rather to the previous century, I think that one must go back to *Scott* (1) as the leading influence of the first half of the nineteenth century. If one were to suggest Byron, for instance, there is the fact that Byron himself called Scott the most wonderful writer of the day, and pointed to his novels as "a new literature in themselves." Scott taught us the vast range of fiction; the breadth, even if not the depth, of it; and that ideal characters are as substantial to the imagination as real ones. He charmed all mankind, and Coleridge, who was probably more the antipodes of Scott

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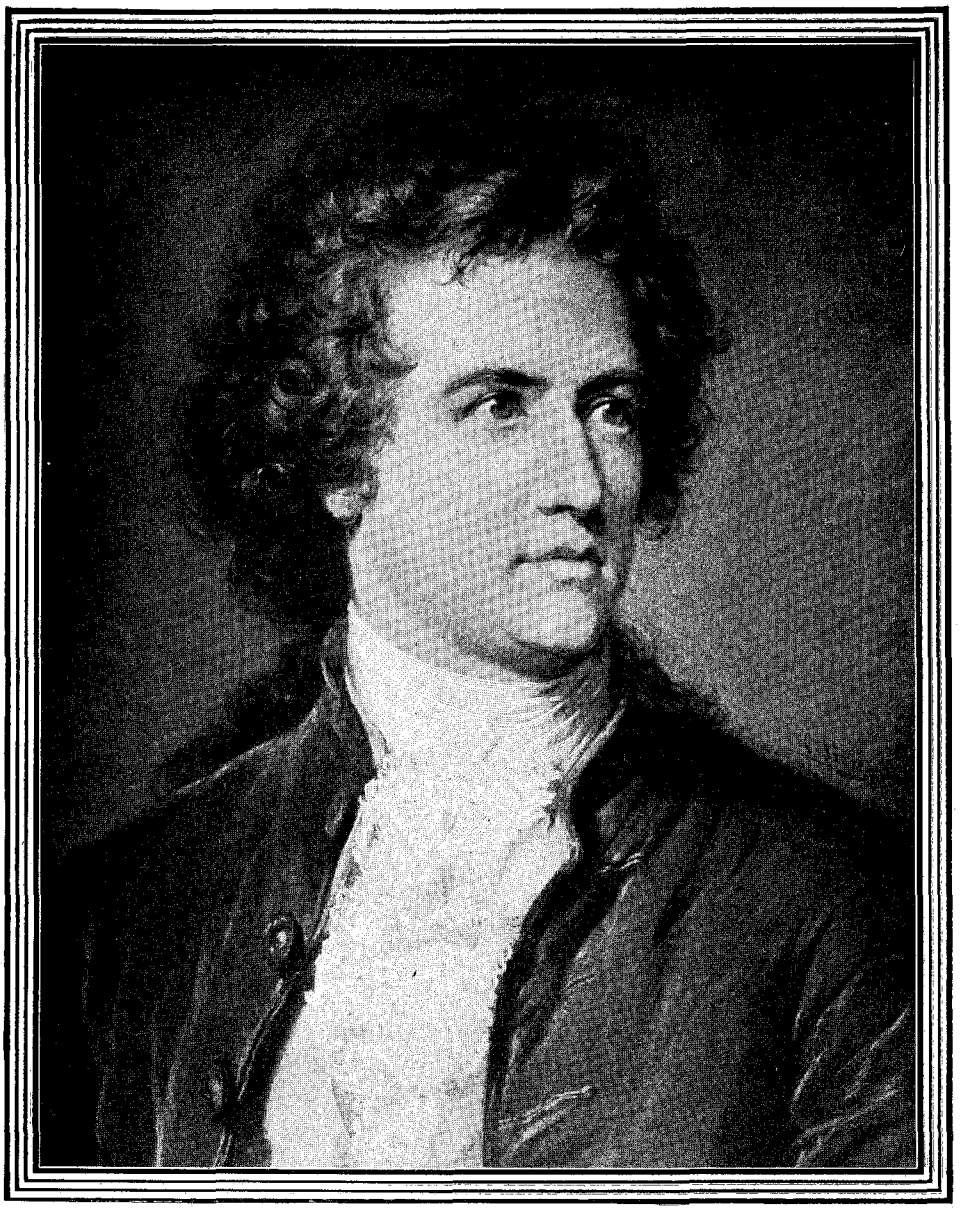

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

From a painting by C. Jäger.

than any man in England, found Scott's novels the only books he could read in illness.

Yet when we turn to *Heine* (2) we come to the man above all others who has influenced, more than any English writer, the modern style in literature. He alone proved it possible to be French and German in one, to mingle the brilliancy of one nation with the penetrating thought of the other. One may grow tired of Scott, although never for a long period, but one may read Heine over and over indefinitely, whether in German or in the admirable translations of Leland, and find unabated attraction in his mere style. In this work he shares with Scott the scepter of the first half-century.

Turning now to poetry, we see that *Wordsworth* (3), whom Southey patronized and Byron ridiculed, was creative in the best sense, because he created his

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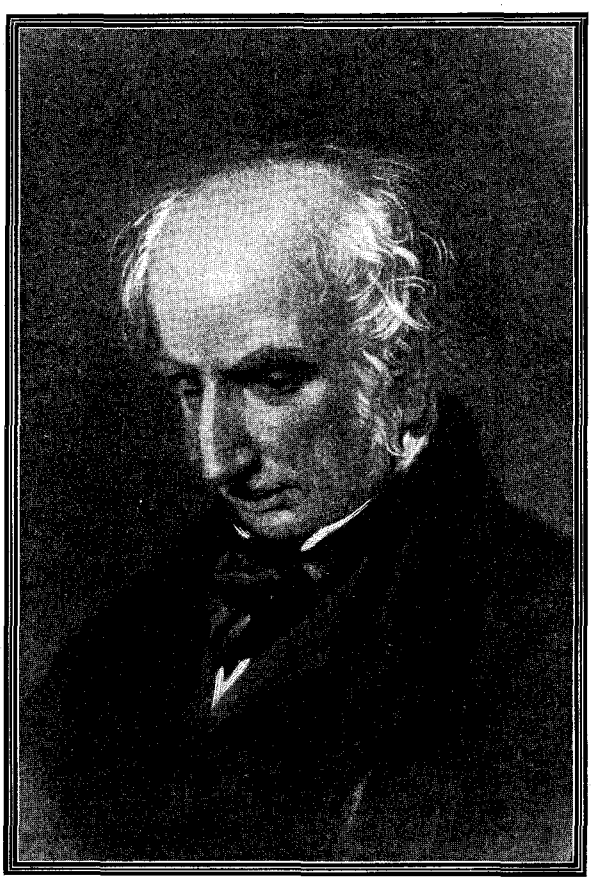
own fame. His range was limited; he thought that Goethe's writings could not live because they were "not holy," and he pronounced Burns's "Scots Wha Hae" to be "wash" and "stuff." Nevertheless, he led his age, and modified the standard of English poetry for all coming time. Next to him, were the list to be larger, I should place Shelley.

When we turn to the abstract philosophers, we must dismiss Kant, like Goethe, as belonging rather to the previous century, and name by preference *Hegel* (4), the last of the great quartet of German metaphysicians, and the one whose leadership has at any rate been most influential over minds in this country. Turning finally to those who have dealt with social questions, it seems to me that *Robert Owen* (5), as the direct source of the modern co-operative method, must be named in preference to those who, like Saint-Simon, first launched Socialism into the air.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
From a painting.

Passing now into the second half of the century, the name of *Darwin* (6) of course leads all others, and nearest to him comes *Emerson* (7), not merely from depth of thought, but from the extraordinary way in which his influence has permeated literature, so that one may pick up a book that seems wholly remote from him in tone and theme and still find him unexpectedly quoted. Neither Carlyle nor Ruskin is in this respect now to be compared with him.

Fiction has now largely taken possession of literature, and if the ultimate aim of fiction is, as it should be, to create the characters which come closest to nature, the first rank must be given to *Tolstoï* (8). In the case of other literary artists we are grateful if we find in a novel one single character which seems alive; and even those who, like Jane Austen, are especially gifted with this vitalizing power, too often lavish it on very commonplace subjects, whereas when Tolstoï unlocks a human heart, the process, though often painful, is always profoundly instructive.

I should place *Hawthorne* (9) next to him, or in one aspect above him, as working in a higher atmosphere through the construction of types and figures which, though never actually human, take an unequaled hold on the imagination; and I should close with *Browning* (10), as surpassing all other poets in wealth and in range, and as equaling the highest, sometimes, in melody. In general, as to this last, Tennyson surpasses Browning, yet seems thin by comparison, and does not, so far as my own experience goes, retain so inexhaustibly his interest for the reader.

To sum up, my list of the leading intellectual influences for the last century would be as follows: for the first half of the century, *Scott*, *Heine*, *Wordsworth*, *Hegel*, and *Owen*; for the second half, *Darwin*, *Emerson*, *Tolstoï*, *Hawthorne*, and *Browning*.

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The SEASON'S BOOKS

THE MOST IMPORTANT WORKS IN FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, AND ART

THE NOTABLE NOVELS

THE extraordinary circulation secured by a small group of novels in recent years has attracted wide attention and furnished occasion for much ingenious speculation. There has been the usual divergence of opinion with regard to its significance. It has been interpreted by those of hopeful temper as a sign of a rapidly widening constituency of readers interested in good work, and by those of a pessimistic turn of mind as further proof of a decaying interest in serious literature and a growing desire for mere amusement. The quality of the novels which have secured great popularity ought to count for something in reaching a conclusion in this matter, and it is certainly not wholly discouraging that several hundred thousand people care for stories of the grade of "The Choir Invisible," "The Reign of Law," "Hugh Wynne," and "Unleavened Bread," to say nothing of such carefully sketched pictures of earlier manners as "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel." These novels vary greatly in literary value; some of them belong to literature and some do not; but they are all wholesome, and each has some quality which explains its popularity.

That the novel is more widely read than ever is certain, whatever else may be in doubt; and it is equally certain that it is written more numerously. The novels of the season are notable, however, not only for their volume but for their excellence. If no work of the first magnitude is to be found among them, the average of skill is high and the tone wholesome. This is especially true of the stories from American hands. The record of the year has been of distinct performance and great promise. The writers already well established have fully sustained their reputation, and in several cases there has been a notable advance upon previous achievement. Judge Grant's "Unleavened Bread" revealed a strength, an insight, and a depth of feeling of which his earlier stories gave little promise. He had written much and well in a light vein, but the touch of passionate earnestness in his latest novel was a surprise to his readers. "Unleavened Bread" is one of the strongest and most significant pieces of fiction which has appeared in this country. Among the newer novelists a first place has been taken by Mr. Booth Tarkington, whose "Gentleman from Indiana," although not without faults, was a very delightful piece of work. In "Monsieur Beaucaire" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) Mr. Tarkington has disclosed charming skill in portraiture and in narrative. The tale has the grace, dignity, and reckless gallantry of the period which it describes. These two stories are full of promise.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is one of the contemporary story-writers whose name is likely to have a long life. His Uncle Remus tales will be read with avidity when the rich and original material upon which he drew has entirely disappeared. The group of short tales of the detective

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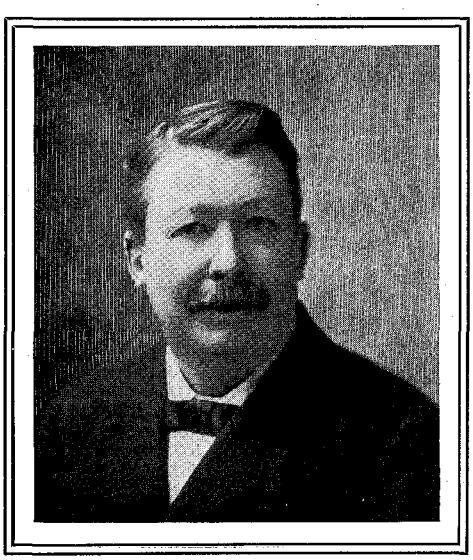
EDEN PHILPOTTS

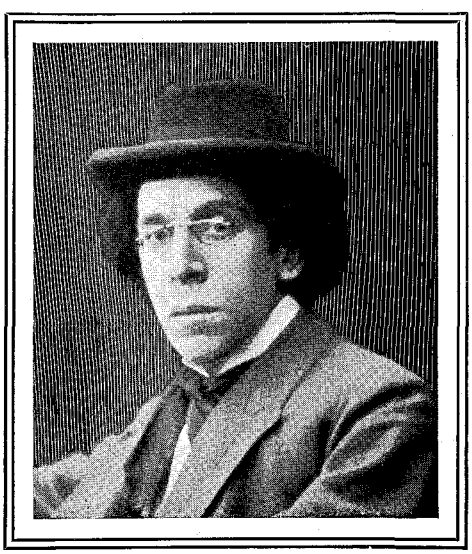
ROBERT HERRICK

side of Confederate activity during the Civil War which Mr. Harris has brought together under the title "On the Wings of Circumstance" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) will not take rank with his best work, for they are ingenious and adroit rather than original; but they are well told, genuinely interesting, and they throw side-lights on a phase of the Civil War with which Northern readers are unfamiliar. The portrait of Mr. Lincoln in the most important of the stories has a touch of tenderness beneath its humor which will not escape attention.

The wealth of material for fiction in the South is inexhaustible, and the present generation of Southern novelists have not been slow to make good use of their advantages. Miss Glasgow's story of the old and new South, "The Voice of the People" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which sketches the rise of the self-made man against the background of old Williamsburg society, is a very interesting study of one set of contemporary social conditions in the South, and Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt's "The House Behind the Cedars" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) of



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



ISRAEL ZANGWILL

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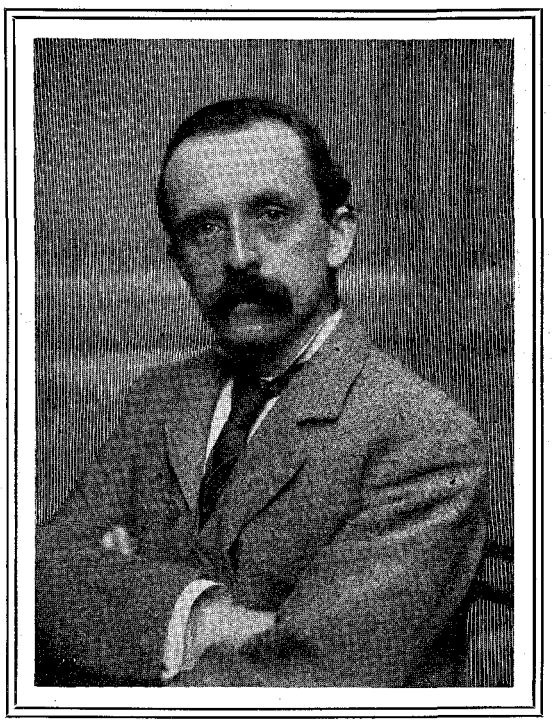
another and very different set. Miss Glasgow described the rise of a poor white boy without social position; Mr. Chesnutt describes the attempt of a brother and sister who have negro blood in their veins to escape from the iron grasp of race prejudice and inherited social antipathy. The drop of black blood is invisible in face, form, or manners, but the seeds of tragedy are in it. The story, although told quietly and dispassionately, is painful in its frank disclosure of fundamental facts. It lacks the fresh originality of "The Conjure Woman," which was a distinct addition to our literature, and it has not the convincing quality of "The Wife of His Youth;" it is carefully worked out, however, and it has a very deep pathos.

In "The Web of Life" (The Macmillan Company) Mr. Robert Herrick makes a distinct advance in graphic power on his earlier stories. The strength of the novel is not evenly distributed, but it is there in unusual degree. Chicago has been for some time past and is likely to be for some time to come the storm-center of the industrial struggle. The forces of capital and labor are on a great scale; there is a dangerously large foreign population; the contrasts of condition between the well-to-do and the struggling are very sharp; while the energy and intensity of life in the great city tend to give dramatic form to the trials of strength between organized labor and capital. Mr. Herrick interprets this struggle with the sensitiveness of a man trained in the best intellectual and social conditions. He feels the sordidness and squalor of the life of the very poor in a great modern city, and describes them with ruthless fidelity to detail, heightening the dramatic interest of his story by the lurid background against which it is set. The story is not convincing in many ways; neither the hero nor the woman whom he ultimately marries moves us; the chief figure in the story is the misguided and unhappy but devoted woman who sacrifices her reputation and surrenders herself to a man who fails to comprehend the simple and passionate devotion of a nature which knows no law and has no interests in life but love. The story is painful in its realism and is only for mature readers.



J. M. BARRIE

Mr. Crawford's cosmopolitan interests and knowledge find further illustration in his latest novel, "In the Palace of the King" (The Macmillan Company). This story of old Madrid is a romance of the kind which the author of "Saracinesca" tells with unfailing skill and spirit; for Mr. Crawford's failures have been confined to his studies of contemporary life. He has written many novels; so many, in fact, that his remarkable gifts have been obscured at times by the mass of his productiveness. He has notable qualities as a writer of fiction: inventiveness on the scale of Balzac, Dickens, and Thackeray; skill in characterization; keen sense of dramatic values; and, at his best, a picturesque and effective style. His knowledge of the world is extraordinary, and he has the faculty of using it for atmospheric effect. "In the Palace of the King" is an admirable piece of story-telling—dramatic, picturesque, and deeply interesting.

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts brings into fiction much of the sensitive imagination and

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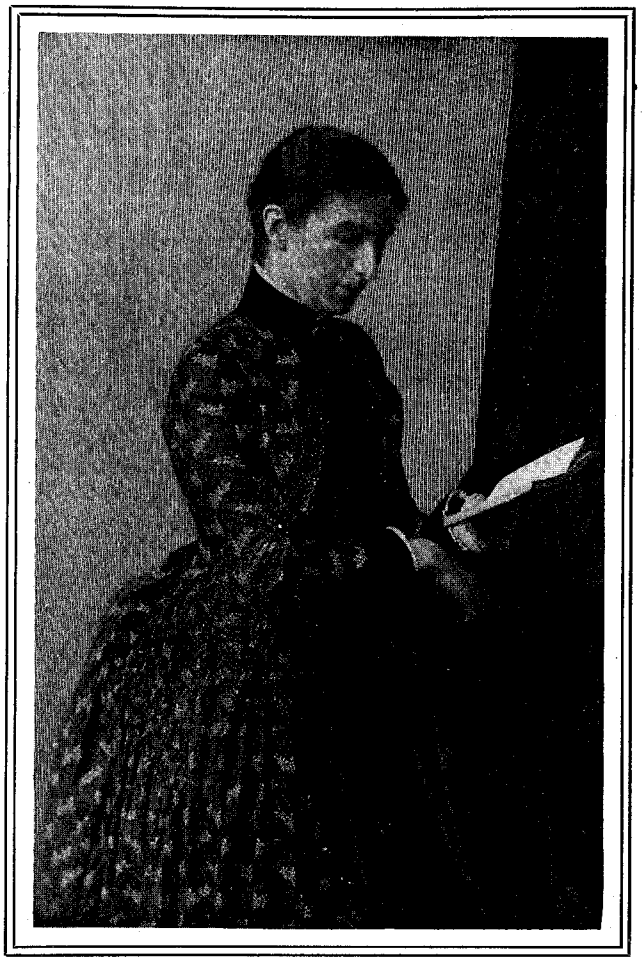

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

feeling for landscape which are the prime qualities of his verse. His recent story, "In the Heart of the Ancient Wood" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), might easily have taken on verse form. It is hardly to be judged as a piece of fiction; it is a romance of the forest, an idyl of woodland life, in which the gentleness of a beautiful girl bridges the chasm between man and the animals and becomes a kind of spiritual link between them. The tale has great atmospheric charm.

Mr. Maurice Thompson has written very pleasant sketches and has evidenced in many ways his careful observation of and sensitiveness to landscape and the poetic aspects of nature. He has done no piece of work, however, so complete as his latest story, "Alice of Old Vincennes" (The Bowen-Merrill Co.), a semi-historical story of the Middle West during the Revolutionary period, the chief figures being a young Virginia officer, the French habitants of Old Vincennes, the English troops who occupy the fort, the Indians who are their allies, and the vivacious and spontaneous girl who is the heroine of the romance. It is in no sense a great novel, and there are touches of crudity in its construction and occasionally in its expression, but it is singularly fresh in feeling, full of vivacity and atmosphere, catching and reflecting the picturesqueness of life in the early days of the Middle West.

The range of the interest of the American novelist and the ready receptivity which is characteristic of Americans as a people are brought out when one places together three such stories as Mr. Henry Harland's charming romance "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" (John Lane), published early last summer, a capital piece of delicate characterization, witty dialogue, and charmingly sketched background; Mr. Bacheller's "Eben Holden" (The Lothrop Company), a distinctly American tale of a homely, rustic type, notable for its unconventionality, its freshness, and its closeness to the soil which it describes—an unpretentious book with a genuine quality of interest and life in it; and Mr. Hamlin Garland's "The Eagle's Heart" (D. Appleton & Co.), the most elaborate and important presentation of the cowboy which has yet appeared in our fiction. The story has great merits; the epic note is sounded in it again and again; for Mr. Garland feels with poetic sensitiveness the ample spaces of the great West, the range of the prairies, the splendor of the hills, and that spatial quality which affects the imagination, and, in this case, inspires it. In these respects the book is strong. Mr. Garland demands admiration for his hero a little too often; and on the side of his relations to his fellow-

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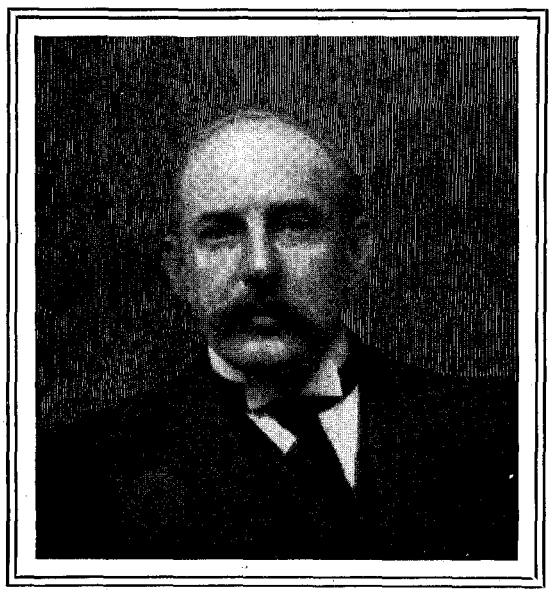
citizens the hero does not always convince us; his heroism has a distinct touch of willfulness and sullenness; he is not so strong as he thinks himself. The life of the herder and the cowboy has, however, never been more picturesquely and feelingly described than in the pages of this book.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

No English novel of the year has been followed with greater interest by American readers than Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" (Charles Scribner's Sons) as it appeared in the pages of "Scribner's Magazine." "Sentimental Tommy" was widely read and enjoyed in this country; its lightness of style, vivacity, humor, and intimate study of Scotch life gave it a touch of kinship with the American mind, which finds a good deal of English novel-writing sluggish and heavy. The sequel to this unusual and fascinating study of a boy's life has been in Mr. Barrie's mind for ten years or more, and much of it has been rewritten many times. Perhaps Mr. Barrie set his mark too high; perhaps he interested us in Tommy more than he intended; perhaps the work is on too great a scale for his talent, which is unquestionable; at any rate, Tommy has not turned out quite as we hoped. Everybody loves Grizel, who is a convincing and fascinating creature; but it is to be feared that most people detest Tommy, and are glad that he was hanged about the neck until he was dead. Of course this kind of a verdict is wholly emotional and uncritical. Tommy's misdoing has nothing to do with the excellence of Mr. Barrie's work. The trouble is that Tommy does not quite persuade us that he is real; he is too elusive; he is so much the creature of his imagination that we come to doubt whether he had any objective existence. This is perhaps Mr. Barrie's limitation—the explanation of the fact that, notwithstanding his charming genius, he never quite reaches his goal. There is a lack of elemental power, a defect in force. He reaches the very limits of greatness, but never quite passes them. It is proof of his extraordinary talent that his readers sorrowfully make this admission to themselves. He touches and charms them; he has done beautiful things; they long to see him do the final things. It is a tribute to his genius that he is summoned thus to give an account of himself at the bar where the greatest of his peers have been judged. After all has been said by way of criticism, it must be added that "Tommy and



F. MARION CRAWFORD
Photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf.

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Grizel" is full of insight, charm, beauty, freshness, originality. It has a wonderful lightness of touch.

There could not be a greater contrast than that which exists between this subtle, delicately sketched study of a temperament, and the bold, daring, wonderfully solid portraiture of one of the most picturesque and forceful of English kings in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay" (The Macmillan Co.), a story which stands by itself in English fiction. Mr. Hewlett has already put his mark on contemporary English literature; he is a man to be reckoned with in any attempt to deal with that literature; a writer who holds a place as distinct and, in a way, as isolated as that held by Walter Pater. He seems to be equally at home in the Mediæval and Renaissance periods; in this story he sketches the earlier age with a depth and splendor of style which stamp him as a man of letters quite as much as a contributor to contemporary fiction. The story has the richness of an old tapestry from which the color has not faded. The construction of the tale is extraordinarily solid and substantial; Mr. Hewlett builds as if for all time. The sense of the picturesque, which wrought marvels in "The Forest Lovers" and "Little Novels of Italy," reveals itself in the extraordinary beauty of the pictures which light up the narrative. Richard is drawn with superb skill; from the title, which is a characterization, to the last chapter, the contradiction which lay at the bottom of the King's nature and often defeated his generous purposes gains steadily in clearness of revelation. The book is distinctly not for younger readers; it is as frank as was the speech of Richard's time—too frank, in places, for our times.

MRS. FLORA A. STEEL

Mrs. Ward's work always reveals most scrupulous study. Everything she does is done with thoroughness and finish. The construction of her work is evidently carefully planned; the story is built up, stroke by stroke, with painstaking care. This is, indeed, Mrs. Ward's limitation. If she could take the final step into the region of freedom and bring to her work an atmosphere of freshness and spontaneity, she would take rank with great novelists; for she has great ability, ripe culture, and the most serious attitude toward her work. In "Eleanor" (Harper & Brothers) all these qualities reveal themselves with the utmost distinctness; the story is written with the greatest care; it is full of delicate studies of persons, fine shadings—modulations, so to speak, of social life; it is the work of a woman who knows her old world well, and has insight into its refinement, its vast experience, and the weariness which lies at its heart. The story has also that slight touch of superiority of which Mrs. Ward is unconscious, but from which she is apparently unable to free herself; it was this which some English critics had in mind when they charged her with patronizing Charlotte Brontë. Mrs. Ward has no air of patronage, but there is a touch of aloofness about her which is irritating and which constitutes a defect in her work as an artist.

Mrs. Steel knows Indian life at first hand, not only because she has breathed its atmosphere for many years, but because she has penetrated the mystery of the Oriental temperament by the insight of a sympathetic imagination. Her work in fiction has had from

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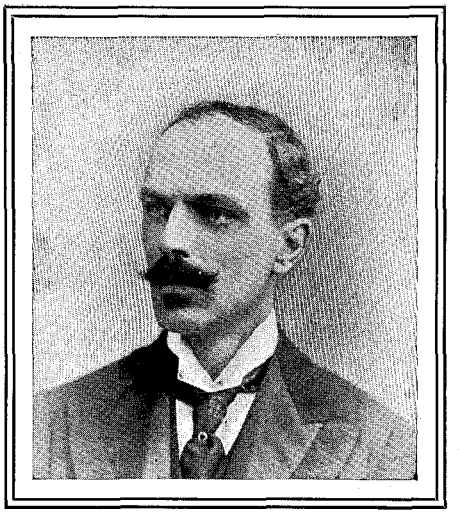
the beginning an unusual quality, but she has sometimes failed to co-ordinate her materials. The richness of the stuff of life accessible to her has embarrassed her, and her work has lacked artistic coherence and clearness. In "The Hosts of the Lord" (The Macmillan Company) she has taken a long step forward. The story is well constructed, it is coherent, and it moves on to a definite and adequate climax. It is a striking study of English efficiency and practical energy in contrast with Hindu mysticism, superstition, and sensitiveness to obscure currents of race feeling. The missionary usually fares ill at the hands of the novelist, and he does not appear to advantage in these pages. The type upon which the writer of fiction fastens is generally, for dramatic reasons, the narrow, rigid propagandist, whose hard conscientiousness is emphasized by the charm of Oriental manners and picturesqueness. The story is deeply interesting.



MAURICE HEWLETT

Among the English novelists who have earned a place in the first rank in the last year or two, Mr. Eden Phillpotts is conspicuous. "Children of the Mist" was not his first book, and of its predecessors one at least, "Some Everyday Neighbors," has such a "Cranford"-like charm that we advise readers now newly interested in Mr. Phillpotts's graver work to get and read the earlier, simpler, and more cheerful tale. But "Children of the Mist" was the author's first book to show large grasp, distinct individuality, marked power. His new novel, "Sons of the Morning" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), has less direct impact, but it is yet a serious study of life, a building up of individual characters, a return to solider, old-fashioned methods of fiction-writing. To make clear to us the heart of a woman who loves at once two men purely and nobly, but with intensity, was not an easy thing, and is not altogether satisfactorily accomplished; but we have, at all events, a large canvas, figures of strength and interest, humor and tragedy cheek by jowl, quaint rustic talk and tradition, a nature-lover's picture of Devonshire woods and hills—not mere "fine writing," but nature-portraits, accurate as well as full of feeling—and withal a genuine creative ability.

A strange medley of strength and weakness is found in Mr. Zangwill's "Elijah" (Harper & Brothers). The author is clever—too clever, constantly clever—but his novels' characters have, as a rule, no spontaneous life; they are types, dummies, caricatures of living people. In the short story Mr. Zangwill is in his right medium; the structure and proportions of a full-fledged novel are not easy for his hand. The subject here is, broadly speaking, English political life and its opposing trends in this very hour. Imperialism or democracy; force or thought; old methods or new—these are the questions over which Mr. Zangwill's prime ministers and journalists and society women struggle and aspire or break their hearts. That some of the characters are in part taken from real life cannot be questioned—Labouchere and Joseph Chamberlain and not a few other notables serve as models, but under physical disguises, and only as elements of composite portraits—and we very much fear that Mr. Zangwill's subconsciousness turned selfward when he depicted the ineffable Rafael. A worse-constructed novel one does not often see, nor a more unlifelike character than, for instance, Allegra's mother. Yet the bite of the epigrams is so sharp, the side-views into English politics and society are so entertaining and suggestive, that one reads to the end with frequently renewed though not continuous pleasure.

The accomplished writer who calls herself John Oliver Hobbes has given herself a long and thorough training as a writer of fiction. She has natural gifts of a high order: imagination, the constructive fac-

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ulty, intellectual force, and keen insight into character. Her latest story, "Robert Orange" (The F. A. Stokes Company), is a novel of distinct ability. It is serious in intention, carefully worked out, and rich in reflections on the various aspects of experience. Robert Orange is a very unusual type: a man of high purpose, large abilities, and commanding conscience, embarked on what promises to be a great public career, but a devout Roman Catholic of the ascetic type, and predestined, by temperament and the turn of his mind, to the ascetic life. The story is interesting and full of ability, but it lacks ease, spontaneity, and the captivating narrative quality which is the gift of the born novelist.

This is precisely the quality which gives Mr. H. Seton-Merriman's stories their absorbing interest. The purely intellectual element in his work is far less pronounced than in that of John Oliver Hobbes, but he is a master of the story-teller's art. He belongs in the long line of those magicians who, since the early days of Bagdad, have beguiled and refreshed men with romances and tales of wonder, adventure, and experience. His literary quality is not notable; his style lacks distinction; but he understands his business thoroughly, and his work is always deft, expert, and interesting. His latest story, "The Isle of Unrest" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is full of incident and adventure; gives a very distinct impression of some sides of the great war between France and Germany, and a capital picture of the peculiar social conditions in Corsica. No novel of the season is more readable.

We have made no attempt to characterize all of the season's novels, but only a few that seem of special note. Already we have spoken of many recent stories as they have appeared—such as Dr. Weir Mitchell's remarkable study of character and society, "Dr. North and His Friends," Mr. Hornung's powerful if gloomy "Peccavi," Mr. H. G. Wells's "Love and Mr. Lewisham," Mr. John Buchan's "The Half-Hearted," Mr. Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike," Mr. Pett-Ridge's "A Breaker of Laws," and others of sound present performance or promise for the future.

BOOKS OF BIOGRAPHY

OF the notable biographies published in 1900, the two which will attract the most attention are those of Oliver Cromwell, one by Theodore Roosevelt, the other by John Morley. The wide advertisement of these books by their previous publication in "Scribner's" and in the "Century" respectively, the fame of the authors, the dramatic character of the historic period of which they treat, its interesting relation to the political problems both of England and America at the present time, no less than the intrinsic literary merit of each of the volumes, combine to give to them peculiar value. Governor Roosevelt's book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Mr. Morley's by the Century Company.

The difference between the two volumes is characteristic and striking. Mr. Roosevelt is emphatically a man of action. The strong will, the "strenuous life," the resolute conscience, the warlike temper, of the great Puritan all appeal to him. His life of Cromwell will be the more popular of the two. It is little more than one-third the length of the other; it is more dramatic, more pictorial, more vivid, more rapid in its movement. It knows nothing of doubtful historical questions; if Mr. Roosevelt has acquainted himself with them, he does not impart his acquaintance to his readers; he gives simply his conclusions. The reader has no problems to perplex his mind; the story is told as though there were no doubts, and the judgment is pronounced upon the events definitely and decisively. The book has the defects of its qualities; its style is sometimes exuberant, its judgments sometimes dogmatic. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, is a scholar and a critic. He is thoroughly familiar with the era of which he treats, and sometimes assumes a knowledge in his reader which the reader may not possess. He comprehends all the questions which partisan debate *pro* and *con* have raised respecting the life and career of the two central figures in this drama, Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell,

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and is too conscientious, too careful, too scholarly, to pronounce a judgment upon them without giving his readers the opposing views. He is a historian rather than a biographer, and at times a critic as much as a historian. His inquisition is far more searching and his judgments are in general more qualified and cautious than those of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt describes the battle of Naseby in two pages, as though he were there watching it from a high tower, and tells what he saw and as he saw it. Mr. Morley takes ten pages, describes in detail, recognizes the difficulty of choosing, in describing the preliminary maneuvers, between "alternative hypotheses each as good as the other." The one picture is for the reader who has little time for details, and little patience to study them if he had the time; the other description is for the scholar who wishes to know not only what is known, but what are the bounds and definitions of exact knowledge, where certitude ends and hypothesis begins. Mr. Morley sometimes sacrifices vividness to exactness; Mr. Roosevelt often sacrifices exactness to vividness.

OLIVER CROMWELL
From a miniature by Cooper.

This difference between the intensity of the one author and the caution of the other is illustrated by the respective judgments they pass upon the hero of their narratives. It is perhaps characteristic that Mr. Roosevelt puts his characterization first and then writes his history, while Mr. Morley reserves his judgment till the history is finished. Even in the phraseology of their judgments the difference between the two histories is seen—the intense conviction of the one, the hesitating caution of the other. "The greatest soldier-statesman of the seventeenth century," Mr. Roosevelt designates Cromwell in the first page of his biography; Mr. Morley's soberer judgment at the end of his volume appears to us more accurate: "It is hard to resist the view that Cromwell's revolution was the end of the mediæval rather than the beginning of the modern era." We call this the more accurate; for the first result of the revolution was the establishment of Parliamentary government for England; but Cromwell as little as Charles I. believed in Parliamentary government; if we hold him, as probably we may, responsible for "Pride's Purge," which he certainly indorsed after it was accomplished, he four times broke in upon Parliament by military force. His toleration of the various Protestant sects was due, as Mr. Morley clearly shows, at least at first, rather to his political wisdom than to his religious principles. His treatment of the Irish was as impolitic as it was barbaric, and can be apologized for only on the ground of his fanaticism. Even in desiring equal liberty and advantage for different sects he showed himself out of sympathy with that sentiment of attachment to a State Establishment which is so characteristically English, and which the American finds it so difficult to understand. If a statesman is to be measured by his ability to construct what will bear the test of time—and we know no better test—Cromwell was not a great statesman. He was a great soldier at a time when

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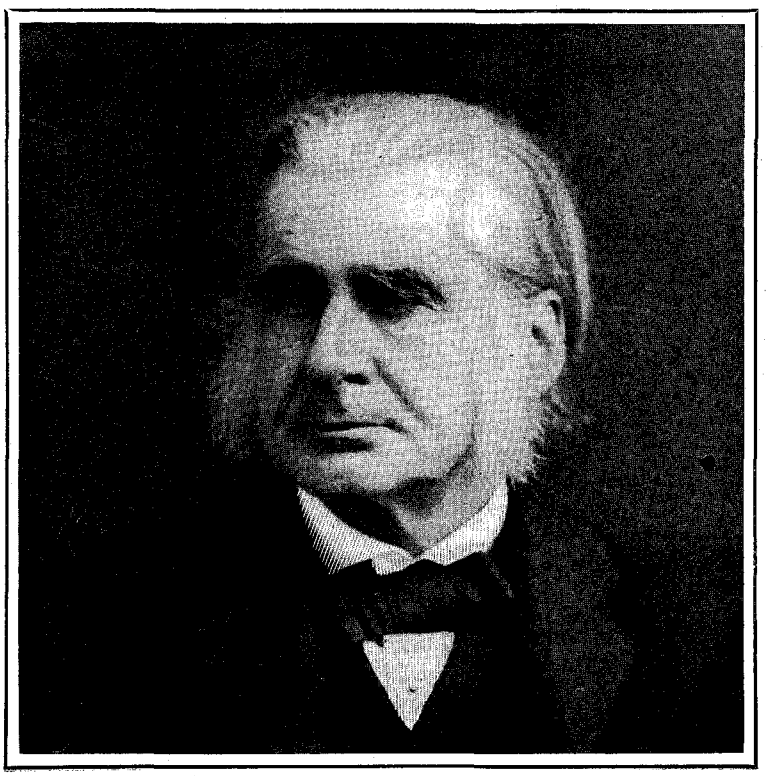
a great soldier was England's greatest need. In England, as subsequently in France, only a despot could destroy the old despotism; Cromwell did for Great Britain what Napoleon did for western Europe; and each left others to complete by constitutional construction the work for which they had prepared by a necessary iconoclasm.

And yet Mr. Morley's biography appears to us to have one very serious defect: he does not understand the Puritan conscience, and therefore does not understand the Puritan character. No English writer has interpreted the French Revolution and the French Revolutionists so sympathetically and therefore so truthfully as Mr. Morley. But his religious faith or unfaith, which peculiarly fits him to interpret the French Revolution, unfits him to be the interpreter of the English Revolution. The former rested on the apotheosis of man, the latter on the sovereignty of God; the one was humanitarian, the other was Calvinistic; the prophet of the one was Rousseau, of the other John Milton; the one attempted to found a theocracy on the laws of God, and failed because the builders imagined that it was practicable to follow literally the models furnished by the Old Testament; the other attempted to found a republic on universal suffrage, and failed because human passions, unrestrained by divine law, furnish no better foundation for a State than the tossing waves of a tempestuous sea would furnish for a great city. Mr. Roosevelt's sympathies are unmistakably with the religious conception of the State, and in so far with Puritanism; Mr. Morley's with the unreligious conception, and in so far with French Republicanism. "We could better afford," says Mr. Roosevelt, "to lose every line Hume ever wrote than the speeches of Cromwell." "The Declaration of Rights," says Mr. Morley, "and the Toleration Act issued from a stream of ideas and maxims, aims and methods, that were not Puritan. . . . The age of rationalism, with its bright lights and sobering shadows, had begun." These contrasted sentences may suffice to indicate the contrasted sympathies of the two biographers.



THOMAS H. HUXLEY

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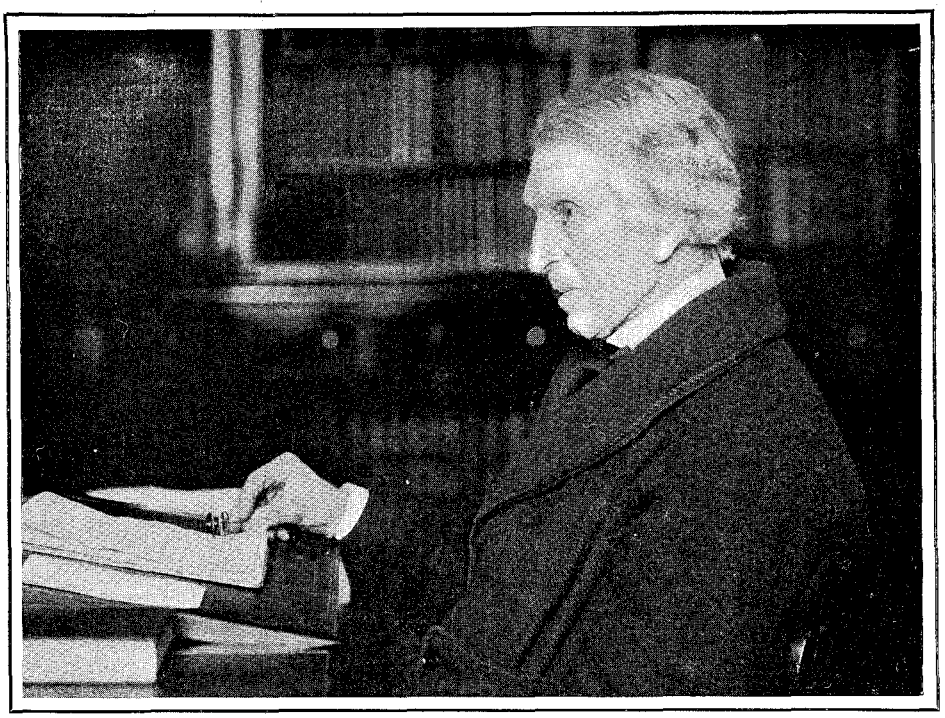

JAMES MARTINEAU

To sum up our comparison of these two volumes in a sentence: He who wishes to read a historical romance will find Mr. Roosevelt's "Life of Cromwell" as interesting as a novel, and in its general outlines historically accurate; he who wishes to make a study of that life will find no better book of equal size for his purpose than Morley's "Life of Cromwell," provided he will read in connection with it, as furnishing the true background, the chapters on Puritan England in Green's History of England, for no writer of our time has given a truer portraiture of Puritanism than has J. R. Green.

Not less interesting to a student of thought are the two biographies of two great leaders of religious thought in our time, James Martineau and Theodore Parker. Mr. A. W. Jackson's "Life of James Martineau" is described on the title-page as "a biography and a study," and it is rather a study than a biography. (Little, Brown & Co.) Less than one-third of the volume is devoted to the story of Mr. Martineau's life; the rest is occupied with a consideration of him as a Preacher, a Theologian, a Critic, and a Philosopher. Mr. Jackson is a follower of Mr. Martineau, is thoroughly imbued with his philosophy, and presents it as one might be expected to do who has possessed himself of it by life study and much meditation. The Rev. J. W. Chadwick is also an interpreter, though he combines his interpretation with his biography instead of setting it off apart therefrom. Though he cannot properly be called a follower of Theodore Parker, he belongs by temperament to the same school, understands the subject of his biography very thoroughly, and gives an appreciative and sympathetic portraiture of the man no less than of the "preacher and reformer." It is needless to say that he writes with literary skill, and is a defender of Theodore Parker from the assaults of his critics without seeming to defend; he does more, he enables the reader to enter Theodore Parker's home, and to trace the processes of his thought and his spiritual development. He comprehends Mr. Parker perfectly; but he does not appear to us in the least to comprehend that Evangelical faith which Theodore Parker was justly regarded as assailing, not always with the respect which every sincere believer owes to the sincere beliefs of those who differ from him. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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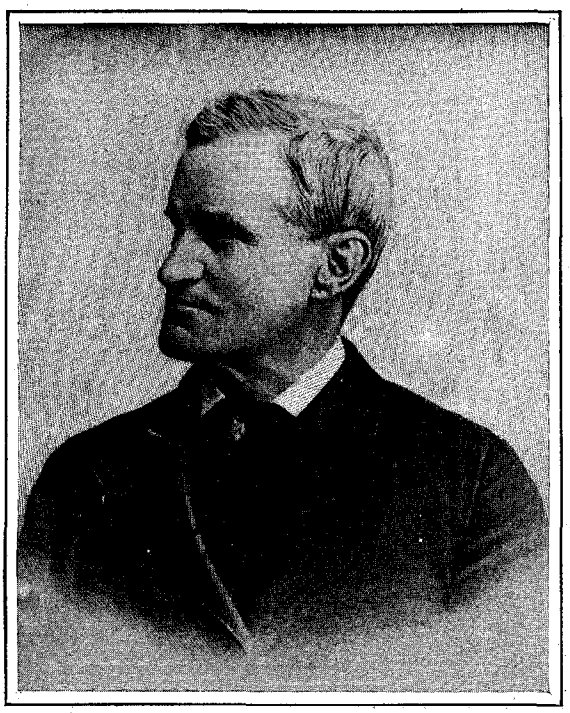

FRANCIS PARKMAN

The Evangelical faith may be epitomized in a sentence as something like the following: God has revealed himself to ancient prophets, through whose writings, preserved in the Bible, that revelation has been communicated to others; he has more perfectly revealed himself in the life of Jesus the Christ, in whom he dwelt, and through whose human life he manifested his own nature. This twofold revelation was accompanied by certain extraordinary events which serve to attest the divine messengers and messages; its object is to cure the world of sin, bring men back to their God, and fill them with divine life. This Evangelical faith is sometimes complicated, not to say encumbered, with other articles such as the doctrine of predestination (Calvinistic), of Apostolic Succession (Episcopal), of Immaculate Conception (Roman Catholic), of Trinity, defined as "three Persons in one God" (mediæval); but these are not essential to the Evangelical faith, and may be modified or dropped altogether without impairing it. This faith may be and has been doubted or denied on two really antagonistic grounds: one, that it affirms too little; the other, that it affirms too much. The first critic of this faith declares his belief in divine revelation, but denies that it is confined to the Biblical writers; in incarnation, but declares that God is in all men in varying degrees; in atonement, though he insists that its object is to bring man back to that unity with God which was intended in creation, and is its true and normal consummation; in the supernatural, though he refuses to confine the evidences of the supernatural to the so-called miracles, or perhaps even to lay any stress upon them as evidences of the supernatural. The second critic may believe that there is a Great First Cause from whom all things proceed, or even an Infinite and Ever Present Energy underlying all phenomena; but he doubts or denies that there is any other revelation of this Unknown God to man than such as is afforded by nature, or that there is any spiritual indwelling of this Spirit of Life in man of which man can be conscious, or that any true unity of conscious life between Him as one personality and man as another personality is possible, or that there is any supernatural which can be known or has ever been attested. The first critic denies or doubts or minifies the historic manifestation of God because he thinks that the current and continuous manifestation of God is all-sufficient; the second critic denies it because he sees no sufficient evidence that there is any definite and clear manifestation of God in history or experience. The reason why Evangelical Christians have welcomed James Martineau and dreaded Theodore Parker is that to them the teaching of Mr. Martineau appeared to lead in the first direction, and that of Theodore Parker in the second. This ground of Evangelical apprehension Mr. Chadwick does not even dimly perceive, because he does not apprehend what the Evangelical faith is; in this respect he resembles the subject of his sketch, who never comprehended the faith which he attacked. Doubtless there are many passages in Theodore Parker's writings which indicate in him a mystic quality; many which look rather toward pantheism than toward agnosticism; doubt-

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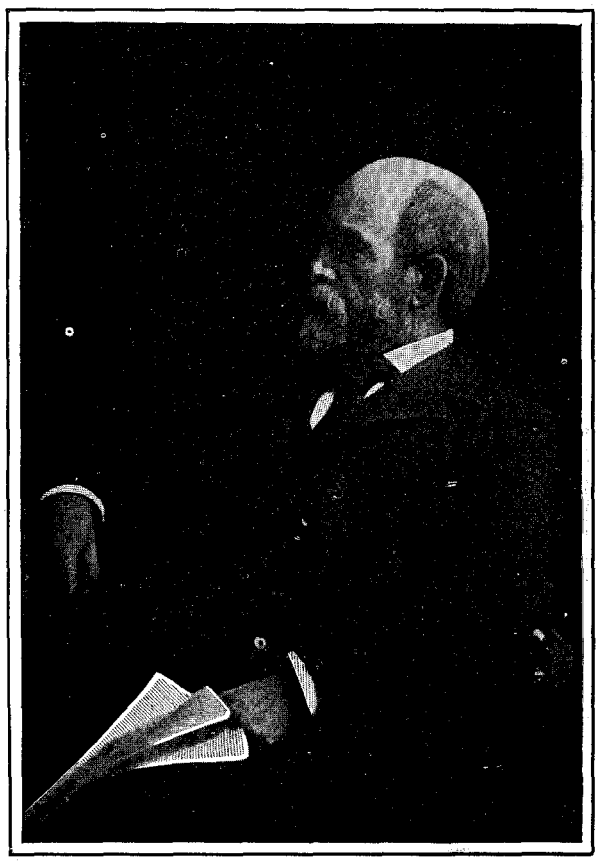
less he was always a reverent theist, and abundant evidence of that fact can be found in his writings. But a teacher is to be measured by his fundamental principles and the historic tendencies of his teaching. So measured, Theodore Parker's teachings practically eliminate any such historic manifestation of God as is able to elevate and inspire humanity. On the other hand, Mr. Martineau's teaching, though it may be criticised as spiritualizing that manifestation, and not according to it the *authority* which orthodoxy attributes to it, none the less recognizes, rejoices in, and truly magnifies it. On the whole, we know of no two writers who better represent these two tendencies, the spiritual and the rationalistic, than Mr. Martineau and Mr. Parker, nor any two volumes that better interpret them than these two biographies by Mr. Jackson and by Mr. Chadwick.

In the Biography of Henry George his son has successfully achieved a delicate and difficult task. He has written the story of his father's life in a spirit of filial loyalty, but without any effusiveness, any intrusion of his own personal affection. He writes neither as a critic nor as a eulogist, but as a sympathetic historian. The letters of his father are also made free use of in furnishing biographical material. Henry George is a most interesting figure. When he was eighteen years old, he wrote out, apparently for himself, a phrenological chart of his own character, though we judge it to have been based, not on craniology, but on introspection. At all events, it indicates in him a capacity of self-knowledge which is rare. In it he attributes to himself large combativeness, large destructiveness, large conscientiousness, and large firmness; he is, in our judgment, mistaken in also attributing to himself large caution. Certainly the incidents in the life do not indicate large caution, but quite the reverse. He married when he was not receiving a regular income sufficient even for his own support. He joined a filibustering expedition, which, happily for himself and his wife and child, never got away from San Francisco Harbor. He engaged in a heroic but hopeless fight against the Western Union Telegraph Company, without the backing of the principal whose agent he was. In short, throughout his life he followed his impulses, generally toward desirable ends, but without considering whether the means were adequate for their accomplishment. He had more genius than knowledge, more insight than education, a surplus of courage and a deficiency of caution. He accomplished what, so far as we know, had never before been accomplished—he made political economy interesting and popular. The doctrine of Single Tax was not, strictly speaking, original with him, yet he gave it such currency that it will be forever identified with his name. He was consecrated not so much to one idea as to the service of humanity through one idea. He gave himself to his fellow-men,



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HENRY GEORGE

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and fell at last a self-martyr to the cause of the common people, for which, however, he had not accomplished the results which equal heroism mated to greater practical wisdom might have accomplished. His life as told by his son is both interesting and inspiring. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley, by his son, are comprised in two volumes of over five hundred pages each. Its size will prevent it from being the popular Life of Huxley; its comprehensiveness will make it the authoritative Life. The son is rather an editor than an author, and has modestly and wisely confined himself to putting together original material, especially letters of and to Professor Huxley, chiefly the former, with little more in the accompanying comments than is necessary to make their significance clear. The scientist will find in these volumes much of special interest, because they contain a record of what we may call the evolution of the theory of evolution in the mind of an evolutionist. The student of human life, and especially of religious life, will find a rather sad interest because they show how an earnest, courageous, intelligent, but not broadly educated man was driven from sympathy with religious institutions and religious companionships, if not from sympathy with religion itself, by the narrowness of spirit which characterized certain self-constituted defenders of the Church and its theology. But he will also probably note the fact that in these books there is little indication—we have not come upon any indication at all—that Mr. Huxley had any interest in art, music, or general literature, that he cared for poetry, drama, fiction, or belles-lettres; in other words, that he possessed that quality of imagination and sentiment, the possession of which seems almost necessary to enable one to appreciate the writings of those prophetic souls who are the interpreters of the inner life. In this respect he somewhat resembled Darwin, and was different from Professor Tyndall. We can hardly conceive either Darwin or Huxley writing such an essay as that of Professor Tyndall "On the Scientific Uses of the Imagination." (D. Appleton & Co.)

American readers will turn with special interest to Mr. Charles H. Farnham's "Life of Francis Parkman" (Little, Brown & Co.), for the brilliant historian of the French settlement and development of Canada and the Great Lakes kept himself out of public view, and of no man of letters of his rank has been less known. Those who knew him reported a charming personality; a man of letters in the most dignified sense; accomplished, courtly, the soul of integrity in every relation of life. His biographer has suffered somewhat from the lack of an abundance of material, owing to this very shyness, but he has been able to tell the story of Mr. Parkman's life as fully as the public has a right to know it; and, above all, he has been able to draw Mr. Parkman's portrait with the utmost distinctness. He has performed this delicate duty with discrimination, frankness, and justice. He has not hesitated to bring into clear light the points at which Mr. Parkman differed from the democratic society about him and to indicate the limitations of his sympathy and interest; but these very limitations seem to accentuate the clear lines of Mr. Parkman's character. His story was told in The Outlook at some length not many years ago, and the greatness of his achievement, in view of the limitations of his sight and physical strength, was pointed out. This biography is the story of a heroic life; it is the story also of one of the most brilliant of American men of letters. In his fortitude, his serenity, his quiet and noble courage, no figure will appeal with more power to the imagination of American youth in the future than Mr. Parkman's.

Probably no biography of the year will surpass in interest for American readers "The Life of Phillips Brooks" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), upon which Professor A. V. G. Allen has been at work for many months, and which is shortly to appear in two large volumes. The first of these volumes will be devoted to a description of Bishop Brooks's boyhood, his life at college and in the theological seminary, and his early manhood; the second volume will be devoted to his life and work in Boston. One very interesting feature of this biography will be the large contribution which Phillips Brooks himself will make to it in the form of letters and extracts from journals and poems written in his early manhood.

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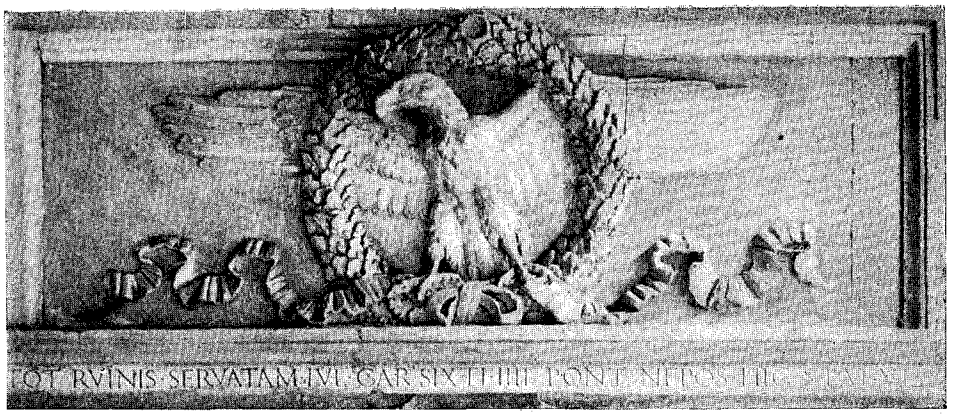

ART AND ARTISTIC BOOKS

OF this season's books on Art perhaps the most notable in æsthetic import is Mrs. Strong's translation of Professor Wickhoff's "Roman Art" (Macmillan). She is already well known as the translator of Dr. Furtwängler's great work, "The Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," and her latest translation shows the same accuracy and sympathy in putting before the English-speaking world the thoughts of an eminent archæologist. With Roman art in general, and with early Christian art in particular, many scholars have occupied themselves, but they have neglected to observe the development of style. They have explained the various subjects represented without too much reference to the æsthetic questions involved. Professor Wickhoff endeavors to make good this lack; his book might be more exactly entitled "A Description of Style in Roman Painting and Sculpture from Augustus to Constantine."

Roman art has long suffered from the imputation of being nothing but a last chapter in the history of Greek art—a kind of decadent anticlimax, at least an episode of unequal value in one and the same development. Even such a savant as Courband insists on the internal dependence of Roman art on Greek. Riegl, however, showed such an assumption to be impossible, from the fact that a new architectural style arose during the Roman Empire. Dr. Wickhoff confirms this in declaring that every product of Egyptian, Oriental, and of Greek architecture appears as child's play by the side of the fully developed Roman architecture. In proof of this he instances the Pantheon, the Baths, and, above all, the Basilica of Constantine.

Sculpture offers parallel phenomena. Roman in their native strength are the reliefs from the Arches of Titus and Trajan, for example, and Roman is this virile force, making itself felt as part of the beginnings of early Christian art, and even maintaining an obscure identity until the Renaissance. Professor Wickhoff traces the rise of this Roman school in sculpture, and especially the nature of its narrative reliefs. Then he reviews the indications of the parallel development in painting. Finally he describes the circumstances by which sculpture and painting were adopted by Christianity, especially tracing the rise of illustrated manuscripts.

Most people seem to think that art should always occupy an ancillary position, and be a mere means for imparting religious instruction, for telling a story, or for recording a fact, scientific, historical, political, social. This traditional view has ever been to the fore in the judgments of Fra Angelico's life and work. For the first time a biography of the great painter now comes to hand based upon a scientific examination of the best sources of our knowledge of his personality. Hence the second book of the season in the history of art to attract

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attention is certainly Mr. Langton Douglas's "Life of Fra Angelico" (Macmillan). The popular conception of the great Dominican is that he was a saint first and an artist afterwards. Mr. Douglas says—and with considerable justification—that he was an artist first and a saint afterwards.

Hitherto, for information concerning Fra Angelico we have relied upon Vasari, first of all, and then upon the lives by Supino, Tumiati, Dobbert, and Wingenroth, not to mention the information found in Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Burckhardt, and others. Vasari has impressed his own opinion not only upon twelve generations of readers of his "Lives," but even upon nineteenth-century biographers and critics. Not that Vasari was inaccurate, rather was he inadequate. By no means, protests Mr. Douglas, was Fra Angelico merely a painter of pious pictographs. His latest biographer thereupon proceeds to reconstruct the painter's personality.

Mr. Douglas examines one by one the works of the great painter, places them in their chronological order, and, in rather overmuch detail, traces the development of those peculiar qualities in them which give us specific satisfaction. When he considers Fra Angelico's personality, we are struck, first, as has been hinted, by the prominence given to the monk's artistic rather than to his pietistic impulse—even though this painter was mystic beyond most men, and beyond most men succeeded in giving material form to mystical visions as sacred and as sublime as any ever dreamed by a St. Francis. Secondly, however, we are impressed by Mr. Douglas's desire to point out Fra Angelico's dependence upon the antique in the sense of being, not the last of the Giottesque, but the first of Renaissance painters; we may remember that in architecture the use of the Ionic capital had been revived, and Brunelleschi was even then copying medallions from the temple of Vesta at Tivoli. These classical forms find place in Fra Angelico's paintings, and their appearance was almost simultaneous with that in the sister art. Masolino has been regarded as the first child of Renaissance painting, and yet, after reading this biography, though still unconvinced as to the claim that Fra Angelico was not the last of the Giottesques, we must be convinced that he played a more important part than did his less sensitive, less subtle, and less spiritual contemporary. What every one has not been ready to admit, however, is asserted with emphasis by Mr. Douglas, namely, that in his time Fra Angelico was without a rival in instinct for character; and this instinct is of course brought out most impressively by his portraits. Finally, Mr. Douglas does an important service in pointing out two departments in which Fra Angelico was an innovator. He was the first of the painters to follow Donatello's lead in sculpture and to depict the Holy Child entirely naked. He was also the first Italian to represent an actual landscape from nature.

A real art-book as well as a real book on art has been prepared by the author of well-known and well-liked appreciations of Tennyson and Browning—Elisabeth Luther Cary. This year she publishes a superbly printed and illustrated volume on "The Rossettis, Dante and Christina" (Putnam). In the present volume ten chapters are devoted to Dante Rossetti and two to Christina, the two chapters perhaps bearing to the preceding text something like the proportion borne by Christina's product to her brother's. Whether concerning brother or sister, interest will be centered upon the stress laid by the biographer on elements of character and features of career not emphasized by previous writers. This is, of course, particularly true with regard to Dante Rossetti, a character variously sided yet strongly marked, a man who received both enthusiastic eulogy and severe criticism, one whose ideas elicited contradictory opinions even from his intimate friends. The work is of greatest value, however, to the student of art. In a different way from any other book, it illustrates the rise and power of the pre-Raphaelites, American as well as English. The illustrations in the present volume call for special notice, as some of the reproductions from Rossetti's pictures appear for the first time here; for instance, the "Ruth Herbert" and the wonderful "Mary Magdalen with the Alabaster Box." Many Americans may be surprised to learn that these and others of Rossetti's pictures are owned in this country; of such the "Found," the

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"Lilith," and the "Joan of Arc" find reproduction here. It seems strange, however, that in any such collection the glorious "Ecce Ancilla Domini" (London, National Gallery) should have been omitted. To many it is Rossetti's masterpiece.

A noteworthy appearance this season is that of an enlarged edition of Mr. Willard's "History of Modern Italian Art" (Longmans). Mr. Willard is well known from his admirable monograph on the painter Morelli. In the two years which have elapsed since the first edition of the "History of Modern Italian Art" was published, many interesting additions have been made to the list of contemporary Italian painters, sculptors, and architects, well justifying a supplement of over a hundred pages. For instance, we note in this edition an account of Roberto Ferruzzi, the Venetian artist, whose masterpiece, the Madonnina, was published as an illustration in The Outlook two and a half years ago. Signor Ferruzzi is but one of many who have bravely struggled to redeem the contemporary art of Italy from the reproach often cast upon it. Mr. Willard's book is of distinct value, since he has been able to obtain much of his information from face-to-face conversations.

At first, in taking up the "Four Evangelists," by Rachel Lafontaine (Whittaker), it would seem as if it reflected something of the work done by Mrs. Jameson in "The History of Our Lord," by Dean Farrar in "The Life of Christ in Art," and by Dr. Henry van Dyke in "The Christ Child in Art." It does not take long, however, to discover that, as to text, the work is not one of art criticism. Instead, we have narrations of the lives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with a description of their gospels, the text being written in such a manner as to make the work almost oppressively homiletic. Hence, however interesting as a book of devotion, its value to the student of art lies wholly in the extremely remarkable and valuable collection of illustrations, ranging from works by Giotto to those by Holman Hunt and his contemporaries. An occasional misprint is noted—for instance, Wyden for Weyden—and an occasional slip, "From the Church of S.M. Rome:" one wonders which church this may be. Some of the pictures are good; many, however, seem indifferently executed.

A year ago The Outlook expressed the wish that Mr. Malan's "Famous Homes of Great Britain" (Putnams) might be followed by a supplementary volume. That wish has now been fulfilled. In the volume just at hand are many famous homes and examples of architecture which could not be included in the limits set to the first volume. As in that first volume, the text has often been written by the owners of the places or by persons living in them. For instance, Wilton House is described by the Countess of Pembroke, Mount Edgcumbe by Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, etc. The student of architecture as well as the lover of England will find profitable browsing in the fields into which Mr. Malan leads. This volume and its predecessor furnish many an illustration of domestic architecture, whether Norman or Gothic (or even pseudo-Gothic) or Tudor or Jacobean or Elizabethan or that modified Palladian style represented in the brickwork of Queen Anne's time. The second volume is uniform with the sumptuousness of the first in paper, print, pictures, and binding.

Mr. Whiteing's long-expected "Paris of To-day" (The Century Company) is illustrated by Mr. Castaigne. We may open the volume expecting to find Parisian architecture particularly well pictured by the famous illustrator; instead, for the most part, he has pictured what is more interesting than streets and buildings, namely, the life lived in those streets and buildings. The illustrations are so realistically clever that we find ourselves admiring their acuteness long before we settle down to the enjoyment of the text. They are full of life, vivacity, atmosphere. They do illustrate architecture, too, and are specially valuable as showing some of the decadent architecture into which Paris of to-day has fallen. Mr. Castaigne's illustrations would have a more direct appeal but for the publishers' very inconvenient fashion of printing titles and legends on the back of the page instead of directly under the pictures. In general, it may be said that the pictures explain the text, but they

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do not always explain; for instance, on the same page where Mr. Whiteing describes a distant faubourg we have a view of the Exhibition Gate opposite the Invalides, a scene in the heart of Paris.

Mr. Castaigne certainly had a notable text to illustrate. We may have put the late Theodore Child's "Praise of Paris," or Signor de Amicis's "Ricordi di Parigi," or some scenes in Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris" at the head of the descriptions of life in the "Ville Lumière," but henceforth Mr. Richard Whiteing will take his place alongside more famous writers. Mr. Whiteing is a past-master in the art of dipping beneath the surface. He knows his Paris well; its poor quarters as well as its central boulevards, its bureaucracy as well as its army, its curious mediævalisms as well as its latest fads in the fashions for the twentieth century. A fifth of his volume is taken up by a description of "Artistic Paris," and this description is of value to the observer of comparative conditions in the progress of art.

Mr. Will H. Low has treated Shakespeare's "As You Like It" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) largely from the decorative point of view, as he treated Mr. Mabie's "Forest of Arden," and with equal success. The book is charmingly made, every page having its ornamental border printed in color, the text beautifully large and clear, and a few full-page figure pictures being introduced to bring the persons of the play before the eye. In all these pictures, save possibly one, Mr. Low has been successful in making Rosalind, Orlando, Jacques, and their companions picturesque and interesting, if not convincing. The book is distinctly one of the most attractive of the season.

The Life of Shakespeare, which has been appearing in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook, has been issued in quarto form by The Macmillan Company, of this city. The scope of the work need not be explained to the readers of The Outlook. Biographies of Shakespeare have hitherto dealt very largely with the innumerable questions connected with his career, and have come, for the most part, from the pens of scholars, who have been necessarily occupied chiefly with the Shakespearean problems. The biography which has been appearing in The Outlook has been prepared from another point of view. Mr. Mabie has endeavored to touch the Shakespearean questions only so far as they affect the career and art of Shakespeare; to deal with the poet as a poet from the literary standpoint and in the spirit in which a contemporary would write the life of Tennyson or Browning; to reproduce, if possible, the atmosphere of the time; to bring into mind the conditions of the stage at the period when Shakespeare wrote; to enumerate, so far as possible, the tools with which he worked, the books to which he had access, and the materials at his command; and so to bring clearly before the eye the figure and bearing of the dramatist. This endeavor has been reinforced by a series of illustrations of portraits, places, and other interesting objects, selected, not for the purpose of pictorial effect, but in order to elucidate the text. These illustrations, with others, are presented in a volume which is one of unusual elegance and beauty. It is printed from a large, clear type, with numerous illustrations let into the page, with ten photogravures of the most memorable places and beautiful localities connected with Shakespeare, and it is bound in green calf suede, with gilt stamping.

Mr. Crawford's "Rulers of the South" deals with Sicily, Calabria, and Malta, but chiefly with Sicily, that marvelous island which has been the arena of countless race dramas, and which Mr. Crawford describes as "the undying heroine of an unending romance." The method followed is that which was so successfully pursued in "Ave Roma Immortalis," but the material does not so readily yield itself to orderly treatment. History, biography, architecture, and description are blended in the narrative, which has much of the interest of fiction. The story is full of striking episodes, chief among them being the great and tragic story of the overwhelming defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, which gives Mr. Crawford the opportunity of describing again those terrible quarries, and suggesting the awful tragedy which Symonds touched with so skillful a hand years ago. The volumes are richly illustrated, largely from drawings by Mr. Brokman, with the aid of many photographs. (The Macmillan Company.)

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UP FROM SLAVERY[1]

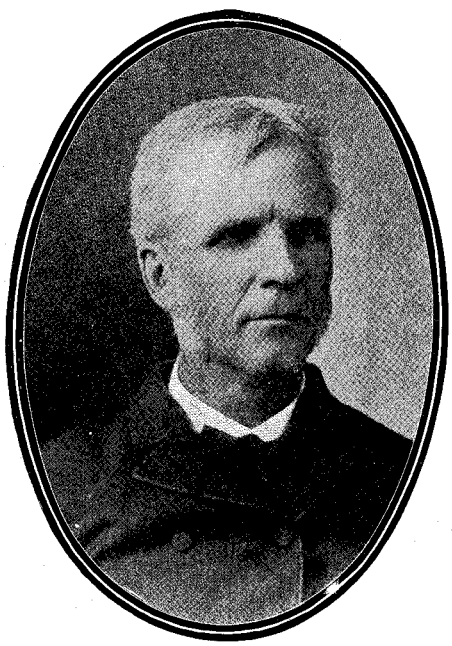
An Autobiography

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Chapter V.—The Reconstruction Period

THE years from 1867 to 1878 I think may be called the period of Reconstruction. This included the time that I spent as a student at Hampton and as a teacher in West Virginia. During the whole of the Reconstruction period two ideas were constantly agitating the minds of the colored people, or at least the minds of a large part of the race. One of these was the craze for Greek and Latin learning, and the other was a desire to hold office.

It could not have been expected that a people who had spent generations in slavery, and before that generations in the darkest heathenism, could at first form any proper conception of what an education meant. In every part of the South, during the Reconstruction period, schools, both day and night, were filled to overflowing with people of all ages and conditions, some being as far along in age as sixty and seventy years. The ambition to secure an education was most praiseworthy and encouraging. The idea, however, was too prevalent that, as soon as one secured a little education, in some unexplainable way he would be free from most of the hardships of the world, and, at any rate, could live without manual labor. There was a further feeling that a knowledge, however little, of the Greek and Latin languages would make one a very superior human being, something bordering almost on the supernatural. I remember that the first colored man whom I saw who knew something about foreign languages impressed me at that time as being a man of all others to be envied.



GENERAL SAMUEL C. ARMSTRONG
The well-known Principal of Hampton Institute, where Mr. Washington received his education.

Naturally, most of our people who received some little education became teachers or preachers. While among these two classes there were many capable, earnest, godly men and women, still a large proportion took up teaching or preaching as an easy way to make a living. Many became teachers who could do little more than write their names. I remember there came into our neighborhood one of this class, who was in search of a school to teach, and the question arose while he was there as to the shape of the earth and how he would teach the children concerning this subject. He explained his position in the matter by saying that he was prepared to teach that the earth was either flat or round, according to the preference of a majority of his patrons.

The ministry was the profession that suffered most—and still suffers, though there has been great improvement—on account of not only ignorant but in many

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cases immoral men who claimed that they were "called to preach." In the earlier days of freedom almost every colored man who learned to read would receive "a call to preach" within a few days after he began reading. At my home in West Virginia the process of being called to the ministry was a very interesting one. Usually the "call" came when the individual was sitting in church. Without warning the one called would fall upon the floor as if struck by a bullet, and would lie there for hours, speechless and motionless. Then the news would spread all through the neighborhood that this individual had received a "call." If he were inclined to resist the summons, he would fall or be made to fall a second or third time. In the end he always yielded to the call. While I wanted an education badly, I confess that in my youth I had a fear that when I had learned to read and write well I would receive one of these "calls;" but, for some reason, my call never came.

When we add the number of wholly ignorant men who preached or "exhorted" to that of those who possessed something of an education, it can be seen at a glance that the supply of ministers was large. In fact, some time ago I knew a certain church that had a total membership of about two hundred, and eighteen of that number were ministers. But, I repeat, in many communities in the South the character of the ministry is being improved, and I believe that within the next two or three decades a very large proportion of the unworthy ones will have disappeared. The "calls" to preach, I am glad to say, are not nearly so numerous now as they were formerly, and the calls to some industrial occupation are growing more numerous. The improvement that has taken place in the character of the teachers is even more marked than in the case of the ministers.

During the whole of the Reconstruction period our people throughout the South looked to the Federal Government for everything, very much as a child looks to its mother. This was not unnatural. The central government gave them freedom, and the whole Nation had been enriched for more than two centuries by the labor of the negro. Even as a youth, and later in manhood, I had the feeling that it was cruelly wrong in the central government, at the beginning of our freedom, to fail to make some provision for the general education of our people in addition to what the States might do, so that the people would be the better prepared for the duties of citizenship.

It is easy to find fault, to remark what might have been done, and perhaps, after all, and under all the circumstances, those in charge of the conduct of affairs did the only thing that could be done at the time. Still, as I look back now over the entire period of our freedom, I cannot help feeling that it would have been wiser if some plan could have been put in operation which would have made the possession of a certain amount of education or property, or both, a test for the exercise of the franchise, and a way provided by which this test should be made to apply honestly and squarely to both the white and black races.

Though I was but little more than a youth during the period of Reconstruction, I had the feeling that mistakes were being made, and that things could not remain in the condition that they were in then very long. I felt that the reconstruction policy, so far as it related to my race, was in a large measure on a false foundation, was artificial and forced. In many cases it seemed to me that the ignorance of my race was being used as a tool with which to help white men into office, and that there was an element in the North which wanted to punish the Southern white men by forcing the negro into positions over the heads of the Southern whites. I felt that the negro would be the one to suffer for this in the end. Besides, the general political agitation drew the attention of our people away from the more fundamental matters of perfecting themselves in the industries at their doors and in securing property.

The temptations to enter political life were so alluring that I came very near yielding to them at one time, but I was kept from doing so by the feeling that I would be helping in a more substantial way by assisting in the laying of the foundation of the race through a generous education of the hand, head, and heart. I saw colored men who were members of the State Legislatures, and county officers, who, in some cases, could not read or write, and whose morals were as weak

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as their education. Not long ago, when passing through the streets of a certain city in the South, I heard some brick-masons calling out, from the top of a two-story brick building on which they were working, for the "Governor" to "hurry up and bring up some more bricks." Several times I heard the command, "Hurry up, Governor!" "Hurry up, Governor!" My curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I made inquiry as to who the "Governor" was, and soon found that he was a colored man who at one time had held the position of Lieutenant-Governor of his State.

But not all the colored people who were in office during Reconstruction were unworthy of their positions, by any means. Some of them, like the late Senator B. K. Bruce, Governor Pinchback, and many others, were strong, upright, useful men. Neither were all the class designated as carpetbaggers dishonorable men. Some of them, like ex-Governor Bullock, of Georgia, were men of high character and usefulness.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
An early portrait.

Of course the colored people, so largely without education, and wholly without experience in government, made tremendous mistakes, just as any people similarly situated would have done. Many of the Southern whites have a feeling that, if the

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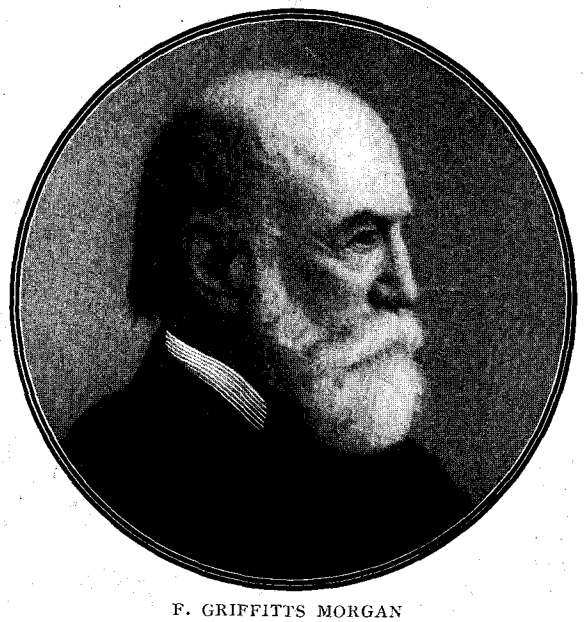
negro is permitted to exercise his political rights now to any degree, the mistakes of the Reconstruction period will repeat themselves. I do not think this would be true, because the negro is a much stronger and wiser man than he was thirty-five years ago, and he is fast learning the lesson that he cannot afford to act in a manner that will alienate his Southern white neighbors from him. More and more I am convinced that the final solution of the political end of our race problem will be for each State that finds it necessary to change the law bearing upon the franchise to make the law apply with absolute honesty, and without opportunity for double dealing or evasion, to both races alike. Any other course, my daily observation in the South convinces me, will be unjust to the negro, unjust to the white man, and unfair to the rest of the States in the Union, and will be, like slavery, a sin that at some time we shall have to pay for.



F. GRIFFITTS MORGAN
Who paid Booker Washington's tuition while he was at Hampton.

In the fall of 1878, after having taught school in Malden for two years, and after I had succeeded in preparing several of the young men and women, besides my two brothers, to enter the Hampton Institute, I decided to spend some months in study at Washington, D. C. I remained there for eight months. I derived a great deal of benefit from the studies which I pursued, and I came into contact with some strong men and women. At the institution I attended there was no industrial training given to the students, and I had an opportunity of comparing the influence of an institution with no industrial training with that of one like the Hampton Institute, that emphasized the industries. At this school I found the students, in most cases, had more money, were better dressed, wore the latest style of all manner of clothing, and in some cases were more brilliant mentally. At Hampton it was a standing rule that, while the institution would be responsible for securing some one to pay the tuition for the students, the men and women themselves must provide for their own board, books, clothing, and room wholly by work, or partly by work and partly in cash. At the institution at which I now was, I found that a large proportion of the students by some means had their personal expenses paid for them. At Hampton the student was constantly making the effort through the industries to help himself, and that very effort was of immense value in character-building. The students at the other school seemed to be less self-dependent. They seemed to give more attention to mere outward appearances. In a word, they did not appear to me to be beginning at the bottom, on a real, solid foundation, to the extent that they were at Hampton. They knew more about Latin and Greek when they left school, but they seemed to know less about life and its conditions as they would meet it at their homes. Having lived for a number of years in the midst of comfortable surroundings, they were not as much inclined as the Hampton students to go into the country districts of the South, where there was little of comfort, to take up work for our people, and they were more inclined to yield to the temptation to become hotel waiters and Pullman-car porters as their life-work.

During the time I was a student in Washington the city was crowded with colored people, many of whom had re-

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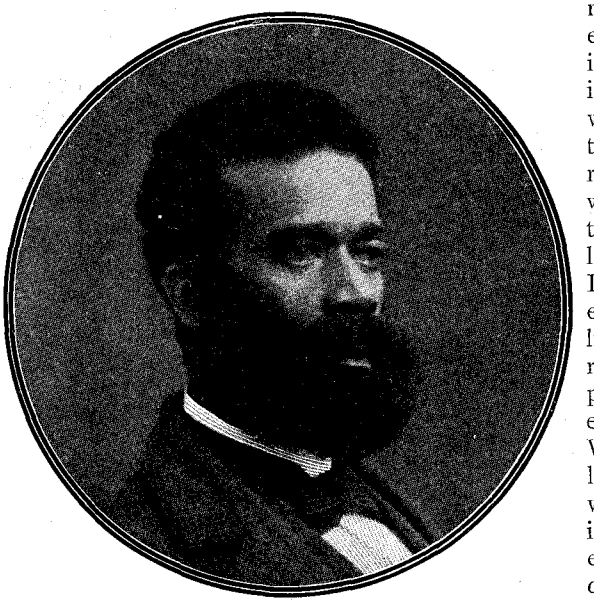
cently come from the South. A large proportion of these people had been drawn to Washington because they felt that they could lead a life of ease there. Others had secured minor government positions, and still another large class was there in the hope of securing Federal positions. A number of colored men—some of them very strong and brilliant—were in the House of Representatives at that time, and one, the Hon. B. K. Bruce, was in the Senate. All this tended to make Washington an attractive place for members of the colored race. Then, too, they knew that at all times they could have the protection of the law in the District of Columbia. The public schools in Washington for colored people were better then than they were elsewhere. I took great interest in studying the life of our people there closely at that time. I found that while among them there was a large element of substantial, worthy citizens, there was also a superficiality about the life of a large class that greatly alarmed me. I saw young colored men who were not earning more than four dollars a week spend two dollars or more for a buggy on Sunday to ride up and down Pennsylvania Avenue in, in order that they might try to convince the world that they were worth thousands. I saw other young men who received seventy-five or one hundred dollars per month from the Government, who were in debt at the end of every month. I saw men who but a few months previous were members of Congress, then without employment and in poverty. Among a large class there seemed to be a dependence upon the Government for every conceivable thing. The members of this class had little ambition to create a position for themselves, but wanted the Federal officials to create one for them. How many times I wished then, and have often wished since, that by some power of magic I might remove the great bulk of these people into the country districts and plant them upon the soil, upon the solid and never deceptive foundation of Mother Nature, where all nations and races that have ever succeeded have gotten their start, a start that at first may be slow and toilsome, but one that nevertheless is real.



JOHN H. WASHINGTON

Booker Washington's brother, who worked in a West Virginia coal-mine to keep his brother in school at Hampton.

In Washington I saw girls whose mothers were earning their living by laundrying. These girls were taught by their mothers, in rather a crude way it is true, the industry of laundrying. Later, these girls entered the public schools and remained there perhaps six or eight years. When the public-school course was finally finished, they wanted more costly dresses, more costly hats and shoes. In a word, while their wants had been increased, their ability to supply their wants had not been increased in the same degree. On the other hand, their six or eight years of book education had weaned them away from the occupation of their mothers. The result of this was in too many cases that the girls went to the bad. I often thought how much wiser it would have been to give these girls the same amount of mental training—and I favor any kind of training, whether in the languages or mathematics, that gives strength and culture to the mind—but at the same time to give them the most thorough training in the latest and best methods of laundrying and other kindred occupations.

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COUNT LYOF NIKOLAIVITCH TOLSTOÏ

An Interview with Count Tolstoï

By Edward A. Steiner

WITHIN the Kremlin of Tula, the Russian Sheffield, stand hundreds of Russian laborers with saw or pickax, mason's or locksmith's tools, waiting a chance to earn their daily bread. I stepped among these men, who live but some ten miles from Count Tolstoï's residence at Yasna Polyana, and asked one after the other if he knew Count Tolstoï and what he knew about him. One said, "Yes; I see him walking in Tula many a time. He is a nice old man. They say he writes books, but I have never read any of them, and I do not know what they are about." Another, who scarcely knew his name, was very much astonished when I told him that I came from America to visit this man whose name had gone all over the world. Another threw up his hands in astonishment when I told him that Count Tolstoï lives the life of a poor man, though he might be rich, and that he could earn countless rubles by his pen, but that, instead, he prefers to let his books go out into the world without money and without price. One man, who seemed more intelligent than the rest, after being assured, by careful scrutiny of me, that I was not a Russian spy, told me that he and his comrades, who had read something of the Social Democratic movement, and had secretly organized themselves into a society, had gone out to see Count Tolstoï because they considered him one of their own. When they laid before him their programme and asked his advice, he said to them, as he says to all: "The first thing for you to do is to sacrifice; to ask nothing and give everything." "And, of course," continued the workingman, "we went away disappointed."

The advice one receives in Tula as to the best way to reach Count Tolstoï's home varies with the persons you ask about him. The police will tell you that you must not go at all; the hack-drivers will tell you that it is an endless distance out in the

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country; and Baedeker, faultless Baedeker, will lead you astray. The best way to go is to take the train to Yasna, where dozens of drivers are ready to take you to Yasna Polyana, and who instinctively know that you are an American and that you wish to see the Count. I was fortunate enough to be recognized by the driver who took me the selfsame way five years ago—the same burly, good-natured Istvornick, whose telega had seemingly not been dusted or oiled since I last used it, and certainly not washed, which last thing might be said of the driver also.

The nearer you come to the village, which lies asleep behind beech woods, the more you feel how sacred each spot has become to any one who has kept in touch with the life and literature of the Count. The village showed some improvement. There were a number of brick houses in course of erection, and the inhabitants seemed to me a little more washed than they did five years ago. The residence of the Count lies at the foot of the village, buried within the park where giant oaks hide it completely.

I hardly had jumped from my telega when the Count, surrounded by his family, appeared, and, after a hearty greeting, asked me immediately to accompany him upon his evening walk. I gladly acquiesced, and side by side we walked through the park, across fields and pastures, accompanied by the Count's favorite dog—"his only sin," as he calls it, whose welcome to the stranger was no less hearty than that of the master. Peace, which is more than happiness, was everywhere. The village laborers were coming from their fields, and, with happy, smiling faces, gave us their evening greetings. These strong children of the soil seemed to revere their master who called himself their brother, but before whom, nevertheless, they bowed respectfully and reverently. Every word they spoke to him in answer to his questions seemed freighted by love, and each man and woman seemed to be anxious about his health. Although the Count is now seventy-three years of age, his step is still elastic and firm, and he showed no traces of his recent illness.

I gave him greetings from friends in America, and expressed my delight at his recovery. "Oh, why are you glad? Life is a passing away, and my time will come too." He said this with no sadness

LABOR MARKET IN TULA
Tula is the "Russian Sheffield" and is near Tolstoï's residence.

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TOLSTOÏ AT WORK IN HIS DEN

From "The Academy."

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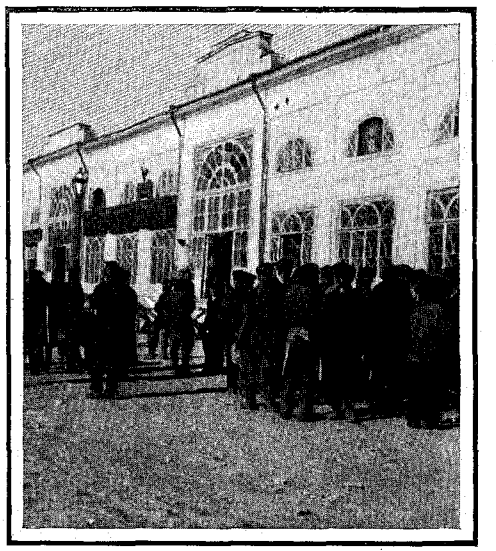
in his tone, and with a look toward the sinking sun, which look revealed no fear of the future and some longing for it. "Did you say," he continued, "that some of my friends want to know what I think about the future life? True life is immortal, and I have no fear of the grave."

When I told him a great many complimentary things regarding his books and his influence upon men, he seemed pleased, but anxious to change the subject of our conversation. To the question in regard to his present literary activity he answered that he had just finished a book which will be called "The New Slavery," and which will deal with industrial and social problems. It will be a direct attack upon the German Social Democratic movement, and he will try to prove that if they succeed in carrying out their programme they will fall into a worse slavery. The Count thinks Socialists great enemies of the kingdom of God, and after I expressed my astonishment at this assertion he replied: "Socialism differs from the slavery of the past only in this: the priests and masters of the past said, 'You are slaves now and must remain slaves; but there is a future life; there you will be free and happy regardless of what kind of life you live here.' The Socialist also promises a heaven for the future, and Bellamy's apocalyptic vision is his promise to his followers. The Socialist says in substance, 'It doesn't matter what you do now and how you live now; some day in the future, when we make laws enough, you will have a heaven upon earth, streets of gold and gates of pearl.' That, certainly, is no solution of the social problem," he continued. "It is not what a man will get out of society now, or in the future. It is what will he sacrifice now for the future." He then narrated to me the story I had heard from the lips of the Tula workingmen, and these are his words: "I just parted from a number of workers from Tula who have been impregnated by Marxism, and they came to me with a question akin to that asked of Christ, 'Master, what shall we do to inherit freedom and property?' and I could say nothing to them but what Christ said, 'Sacrifice.' There is the only solution; not laws, not organizations, not force of any kind—only sacrifice. Just as soon as a man is working for himself only, he is working for this new slavery. Socialism is organized selfishness. The future belongs, not to what you call Christian Socialism, but to what I call Christian Anarchy." He saw a look of disapproval on my face, and quickly said, "Oh, no; not terrorism—that is not Christian, certainly; but anarchy. The word," he said, "sounds terrible, but we will get used to it, as we have gotten used to the just as terrible word socialism. In future years there will be no king, no president, no soldiers, no force of any kind, and that is anarchy: where a man does everything because he wants to, and nothing because he has to. At the root of all evil is the use of force. It begets strikes and wars, it makes prisons and gallows necessary, and just as soon as you obey the commandment of Jesus we will have no war, no prisons, no police, and the perfect Christian society. Just as if you should say, 'There shall be no interest on money,' all the banks would disappear; just so soon will all social evil disappear when you say, and mean all you say, 'Thou shalt not kill.' It is a pity," he continued, "that Moses gave ten commandments. It would have been much better if he had given only these three, 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' and then the seventh commandment—what is that seventh commandment?"—he said, and beat himself upon the forehead, saying, "Oh,



LABOR BUREAU IN TULA

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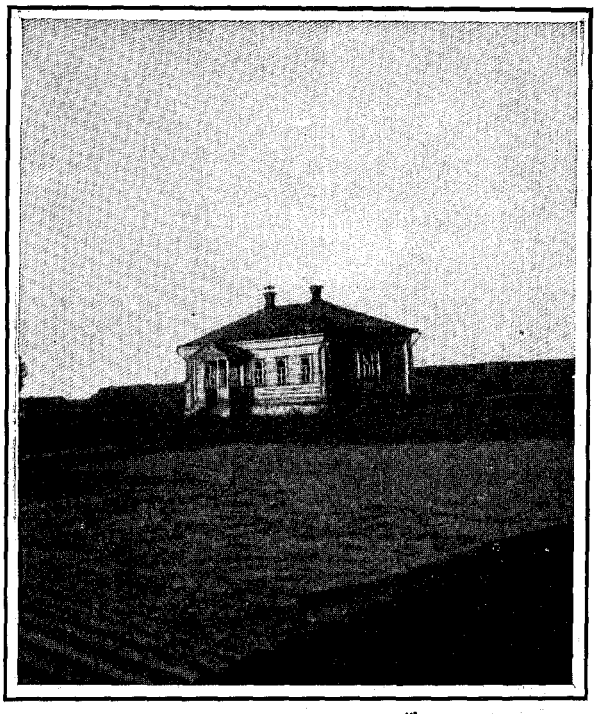
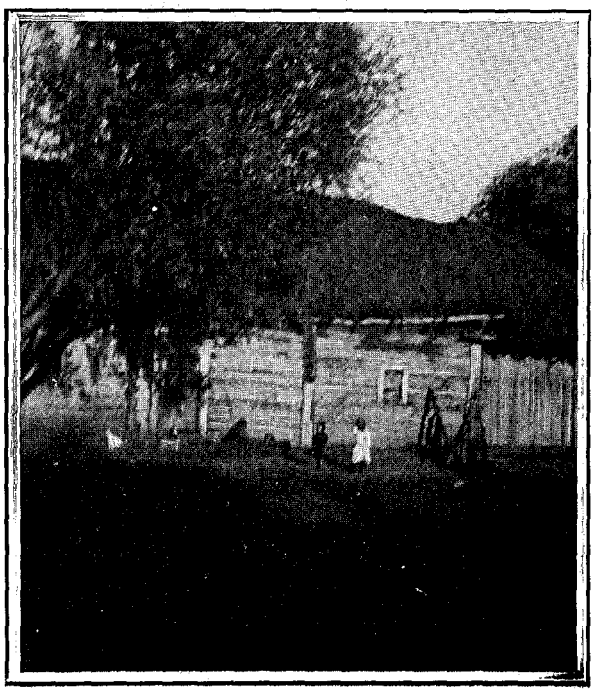


THE SCHOOL-HOUSE ON TOLSTOÏ'S ESTATE

that memory! that memory! Yes, I have it: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Out of the ten commandments," he continued, "you keep one or two; pick out the easiest, and make believe that you obey God.

"And you have entered the ministry?" he said abruptly, and fixed his gray eyes upon me, which searched me in a disapproving way. "That is bad," and he shook his head. "That is not Christian; you disobey Christ's commandment. He said, 'Call no man teacher.'"

Of course he is no friend of priests and churches; in fact, they are outspoken enemies; but his condemnation is much too sweeping, and he seems to have no idea of the churches and the ministers that are working and struggling to obey Christ, and to lead their flocks toward the Christian ideal. I told him that I could mention the names of many Christian leaders with whom he seemed well acquainted, but he replied, "There is no struggle necessary. It is all so easy. It is simply obedience to the words of Christ. Your first business," he said, "is to yourself. You must obey even if others will not obey. You are not here, first of all, to reform society, but first of all to reform yourself. The fact is," he continued, "you have no right to teach Christianity until you are a Christian yourself; and from what you told me, you are only struggling to be one. You people in America organize societies and appoint committees to reform the world, and you leave yourselves, your leaders, unreformed. You can have no Christian society until you have Christian individuals, and then no organization is necessary." I ventured to say that it is easy to teach such a theory but hard to practice it, and he answered: "You are mistaken; it is just the opposite. It is hard to teach it, as I have found. Just as soon as you announce such a theory, then all will come, saying, 'You say you don't



PEASANT HOUSE ON TOLSTOÏ'S ESTATE

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want any property: give it to me.'" "And what then?" I asked. Then the Count answered slowly, "You must persuade them not to want your property. You must teach them to work, to sacrifice, to give and not to take." "And then?" I continued, querying. "Then, if he will not be persuaded, you give it to him. There is the easiest part of it. The hardest part is the teaching of Christianity. The easiest part is the practicing." "But what about my own? In how far may I give away all I have without regard to my wife and children?" And quickly and sharply he replied, "Why your wife and children more than another man's wife and children? Are you not under the same obligations to all men? You say," he said, rather urgently, "you are a Christian minister, and that you keep property. You help your Government to kill the Filipinos. If you do that, you are not a Christian, and you teach your people a lie. Christ," said he, "came to bear witness to the truth, and you must, regardless of your own welfare, witness for the truth. Of course," he went on, "we may be inconsistent in our practice, and must be perhaps, but in our teaching we have no right to be inconsistent. For instance, if you should ask me, 'Where is Tula?' and I answered that Tula is south of here, I would tell you a lie, for it is north of here; but if I would lead you to Tula, I should first have to go a little south, then perhaps turn west, and at last north, and finally, in spite of my wrong leading, lead you right to Tula. The great trouble," he said, "with men like Dr. Herron and others of the same class," and he seemed to know them thoroughly, "is that they are willing to teach things which are not absolutely true, in order ultimately to reach the truth, but that is an impossibility. They have no right to teach thus, and they are like the blind men who led the blind." The Count seemed thoroughly acquainted with our social conditions in America, and he said that our millionaires will bring about a revolution in America much more quickly than kings and armies will in Europe. He thinks our position at the present time very grave and delicate, and deplores very much the lack of thoroughly consecrated leaders among the laboring men.

AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN TULA

How thoroughly acquainted with us he is, is proved by the fact that he knows of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, and his platform, that he has followed the development of the single-tax idea, and, strangest of all, understands the political platforms of both great parties and is acquainted with the

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personalities of the leaders. He asked me a torrent of questions in regard to everything of importance in America, in regard to everybody, and I wondered all the time who was the interviewed and who the interviewer. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice, for he knows our prominent sects and societies, the Quakers, Shakers, Mormons, and the Social Settlements, University Extension courses, and Cooper Institute lectures, and I had to describe in detail every new agency which I mentioned which was put forth to help the masses. His sympathies, politically, are with the Prohibition party, which he says "is a paradox, but," he adds, "liquor is such a curse that, if I voted at all, I would vote it out of existence."

It is not difficult to judge where he stands upon the question of so-called imperialism, and he gave me the following peppery sentence: "You Americans are worse than the Mohammedans. They preach war, and they fight. You preach liberty and peace, and you go out to conquer through war." The world's politics, the struggle for supremacy, have no interest for him, for to him there is neither Russian nor Anglo-Saxon. To him there is only one nation, Christian people. What we call patriotism is a very abhorrent word to him.

From the discussion of politics, which stirred us both in an uncomfortable way, we turned to literature.

"You had a wonderful pleiad in literature," said the Count, "about the time of the war of secession. What wonderful men they were! Emerson, whom I love and to whom I owe very much, Lowell and Whittier, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, Longfellow. Now," he said, "whom have you? Nothing and nobody. I have sent to me your magazines. They are beautiful picture-books, but they are not literature. Oh, yes," he said, "there is Howells; and I suppose there are others, whom I do not know," and then followed a general discussion upon our modern literature.

We then drifted again into the subject of theology, and dwelt especially upon the person of Christ; and as we walked into the thick forest, which grew gloomy and pathless, "I fear I have lost the way," said the Count. "Yes," I said, "we are in the woods;" and he understood me, and said, "Not I, but you. I know the path, and I will find it again. Sometimes I lose it, for I am only a man. The path out of the woods is the commandment of Christ. Get on to it, young man, just as fast as you can." It took the Count a long time to find that path, and as Bialok, his Siberian dog, was dancing anxiously about us, the Count called my attention to him. "This dog," he said, "was once a slave. He pulled sleds over the plains of Siberia. But now he is free. I like to look at him, and think of his people, who now are slaves, and whom I long to make free."

We entered the Count's study, a plain, narrow room in which a crowded table, a chair, and a narrow bed are the only pieces of furniture except the bookcases, which are full to overflowing. The literature of the world seems to have poured all its output into this little chamber, and the old friends from America shine out conspicuously from the rest. Emerson's Essays is a well-nigh worn-out book; Miss Willard's Life, Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Herron's "Larger Christ," are among the many books which have seen hard usage. The Count showed me the manuscript of his new book, which in Russian bears the name "The New Slavery," and also an article which had just been returned from Moscow, called "Thou Shalt Not Kill," which had not passed the censor, and will have to be sent to England to see the light of day.

The Count told me of his method of work. He begins his literary labors at ten o'clock in the morning, and remains undisturbed until two o'clock, while his mighty pen moves swiftly over the pages. The manuscript is then copied by any one who happens to be enjoying the hospitality of this city of refuge, which person at the present time is called Mr. Alexandrov. I was told by Mr. Alexandrov that some $17,000, which were the profits from the Count's book, "The Resurrection," had been turned over to the account of the Duchobors, and that he felt grateful to the American publishers, and especially to Mr. Ernest Crosby, of New York, who had this matter in charge.

We were soon shaken out of our rather solemn conversation by a crowd of gay young people, and in their chatter about tennis and gathering mushrooms we for-

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got the world's woe and its great problems.

At nine o'clock, regularly, dinner was served; around the table gathered the Count's numerous household, among whom there were men and women with faces which spoke of much suffering and hardship. There was no formal introduction to these nameless guests, and that careless sort of informality characterized every meal. Dinner was served in the large dining-room upstairs, where signs of comfort and even of luxury are not wanting. There are a large piano, handsome lamps, well-bound books, and other such luxuries which we have not been in the habit of associating with the Count and his family.

The Countess sat at the head of the table; at her right the Count, and the rest of the family was scattered among the strangers. Before the Count stood a brass kettle of "kascha," an oatmeal mush. From that he helped himself liberally, while a few of us ate meat and potatoes and were served with delicious kwass. Besides his kascha the Count had some poached eggs; he displayed a good appetite, sparkled with good humor, and was a royal host.

Of the crudities and oddities which are ascribed to him and his family I noticed none at all, and the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere which permeates everything makes one forget certain luxuries on other men's tables, and the lack of a certain kind of table etiquette which we think essential to good breeding.

The conversation at the table was very animated, and the young people behaved as any young people might. There were unrestrained laughter and good-natured joking and banter, and the Count's gray eyes danced joyfully in the common merriment; it was an atmosphere of health which permeated everything, and the Count's strong personality seemed to have nothing abnormal about it. The fact is that he so carries you with him into his thought and life that dissent seems almost impossible, and criticism is out of the question. His voice is soft and still resonant. He grows eloquent but never angry, and his arguments never arouse antagonism. He listens to his guest's most insignificant remark with seeming pleasure; never interrupts, and does not seem bored.

One of the agreeable things one discovers in associating with him is the man's humility and patience. He plays no rôle, does not assume the office of a prophet, does not talk of himself as an apostle, is not flattered by praise nor displeased by censure. His face is much more delicate than his pictures show, and though he is distinctly homely, there is a strange fascination about him. He is not essentially a Slav, as one might think from his strong features. It has often been said that he lacks the sense of humor, which is perilous for a reformer; but this cannot be proven from his writings, and is contradicted by his sparkling conversation. He never talks nonsense, but he does see the funny side of things. His greatest lack, it seems to me, is that he does not see the past, its developments and its lessons; that his supreme individualism has separated him from the wholesome lessons which other men have taught. He is, of course, a strong rationalist, but also a man of deep feeling. The common labor which he performs, which now in his old age must be very arduous, is the link which holds him to the common people. It is his "mortification of the flesh." There is nothing assumed, nothing false, about him, whether you meet him as an author, count, or farmer. The fact is, he does not want to preach, but simply to help men to be happy, for he thinks it is easy to be happy through reason and sacrifice. In his presence one feels the burning desire to be better, to do better. There is a spiritual atmosphere around this rationalistic man. There is a shining halo about him, though he despises church saintliness. Asking him for a message for his many friends in the States, he said, somewhat reluctantly, "Tell them to be true, to be loving, to be simple;" and that, I believe, is the message of Tolstoï to the world.

Reluctantly, I left Yasna Polyana. There was another strong grasp of the hand, a long, searching, warm, and tender look into the face of the stranger, one among the many who incessantly come and go, and then the last farewell, which lingers like the sound of evening bells upon my ears. We spoke about dying just before we parted. "Dying!" he said; "what about born again? I am ready to be born again."

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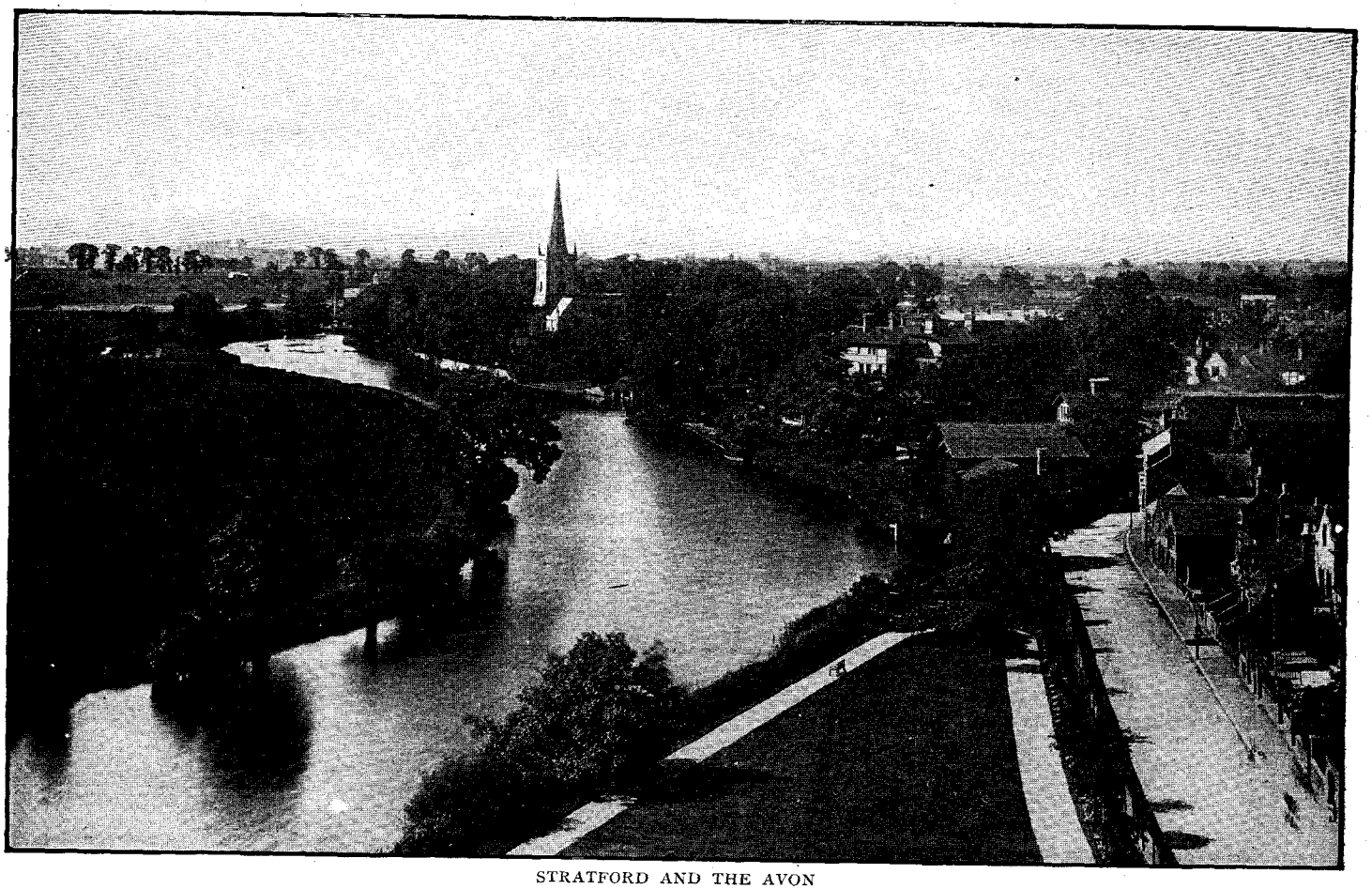

STRATFORD AND THE AVON

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Chapter XV.—The Last Years at Stratford

IT is impossible to overlook the recurrence of certain incidents and the reappearance of certain figures in the Romances. "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and the "Tempest" are all dramas of reconciliation; tragic events occur in each of these plays and tragic forces are set in motion, but the tragic movement is arrested by confession and repentance and the tragic forces are dissipated or turned to peaceful ends by mediation and reconciliation. Coming close upon the long-sustained absorption in tragic motives, the singular unity of the Romances in organizing conception, in serenity of mood, and in faith in purity and goodness and love as solvents of the problems of life, make it impossible to escape the conclusion that the later plays record and express the final attitude of the poet towards the ultimate questions of life.

The chief figures in the Romances are men and women who have borne heavy sorrows—Prospero, Hermione, Imogen, Pericles, and the fair young creatures whose purity and sweetness typify the immortal qualities of youth—Marina, Miranda, Perdita, Florizel, Ferdinand, and the brothers of Imogen. Behind these suffering or radiant figures there is, in each play, a pastoral background of exquisite loveliness; a landscape so noble and serene that it throws the corruption of courts and of society into striking relief. In each play there is a trace of the old fairy story—the story of the lost prince or princess, condemned to exile, disguise, or servitude; and in the end the lost are found, disguises are thrown off, evil plots are exposed and evil plotters brought to repentance; suffering is recognized and finds its sweet reward in the rebuilding of its shattered world on a sure foundation, and youth finds eager expectation merged in present happiness. Prospero does not break his magic staff or drown his book until he has reknit the order of life shattered in the Tragedies, and reunited the wisdom of long observation and mature knowledge with the fresh heart and the noble idealism of youth.

In such a mood Shakespeare returned to Stratford about 1611. He was forty-seven years of age, and therefore at the full maturity of his great powers. From the standpoint of to-day he was still a young man; but men grew old much earlier three centuries ago. The poet had been in London twenty-five years, and had written thirty-six or thirty-seven plays, and a group of lyric poems. He was still in his prime, but he had lived through the whole range of experience, he was a man of considerable fortune, and he had a wholesome ambition to become a country gentleman, with the independence, ease, and respect with which landed proprietorship has always been regarded in England.

His sources of income had been his

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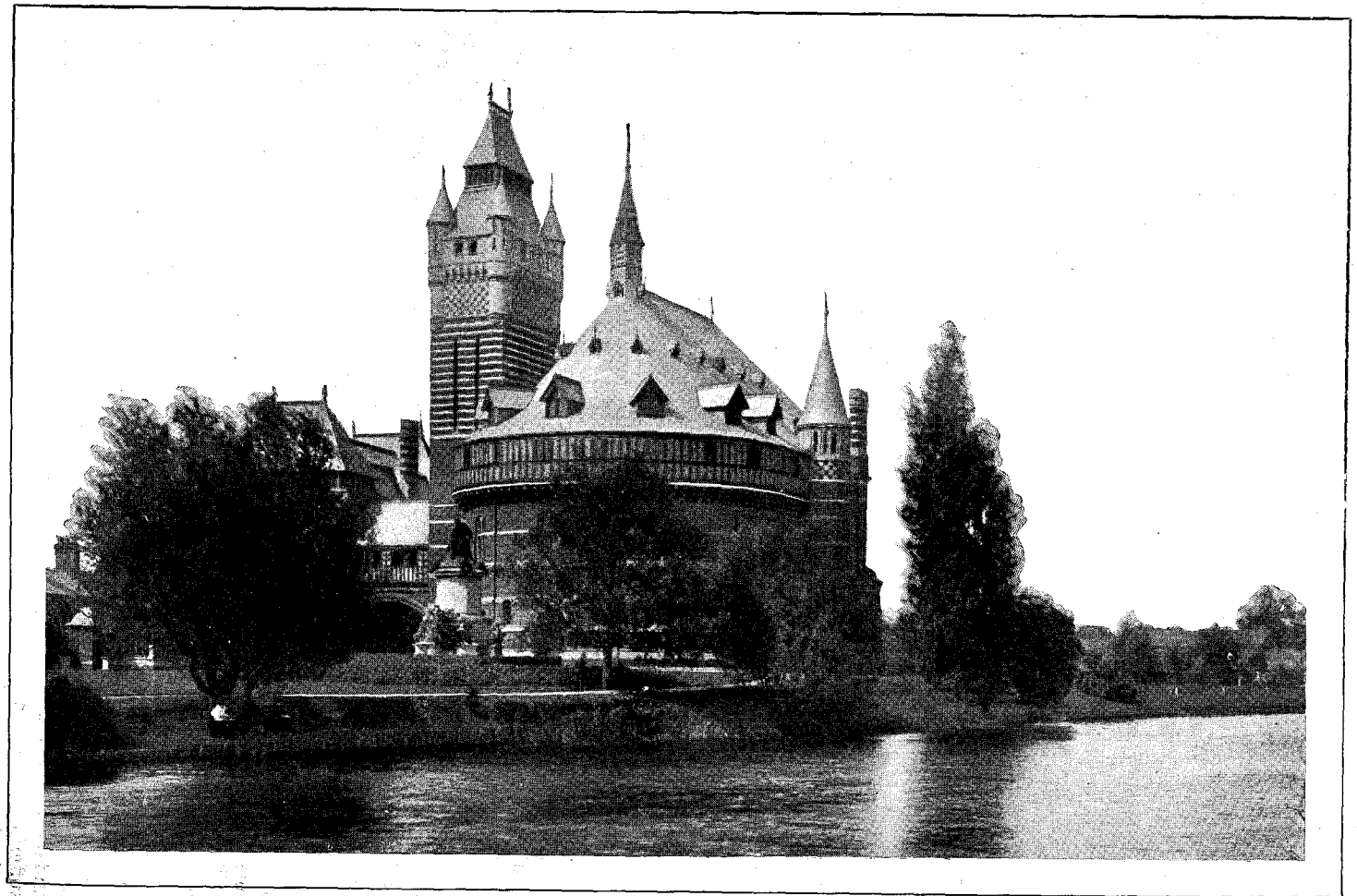

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER AT STRATFORD
Gower Monument in foreground.

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plays, which were paid for, in his earlier years, at rates varying from twenty-five to sixty dollars—equivalent in present values to two hundred and fifty and six hundred dollars; his salary as an actor, which was probably not less than five hundred dollars a year, or about three thousand dollars in present values; the returns from the sale of his poems, which ran through many editions, and the profits of which his publisher undoubtedly shared with him on some acceptable basis; and, most important of all, his revenue from his shares in the Blackfriars and Globe Theaters.

The Globe Theater provided room for an audience of about two thousand people, and for a number of years before its destruction by fire in 1613 was almost continuously prosperous. The transference of public interest to the boy actors, though long enough to send Shakespeare's company into the provinces, was comparatively short-lived. It is estimated that the annual receipts of the Globe Theater did not fall below the very considerable sum of two hundred thousand dollars in current values. After providing for the maintenance of the theater there must have remained a substantial profit. This profit was divided among the shareholders, among whom were Shakespeare, Burbage, Condell, Heminge, and Philips; all were actors and members of the company, and combined personal interest and practical knowledge in theatrical management. The profits of the Blackfriars Theater were smaller. Shakespeare's great popularity after 1598 or 1600 probably enabled him to secure much larger returns from the sale of new plays than were paid to the majority of playwrights; while the fees always distributed at Court performances must have amounted, in his case, to a very considerable sum. From these various sources Shakespeare probably received, during the later years of his life, not less than fifteen thousand dollars a year in current values. Mr. Lee, who has made a thorough investigation of the subject, thinks there is no inherent improbability in the tradition, reported by a vicar of Stratford in the following century, that Shakespeare "spent at the rate of a thousand a year."

The poet had become the owner of various properties at Stratford or in its neighborhood. The houses in Henley Street had come into his possession. The house at New Place, in which he took up his residence, was a commodious and substantial building; and the grounds, with the exception of a thin wedge of land on Chapel Lane, extended to the Avon. His circumstances were those of a country gentleman of ample income.

When Shakespeare left London, he probably withdrew from participation in the management of the two theaters in which he was a shareholder, but his plays continued to be presented. His popularity suffered no eclipse until the fortunes of the stage began to yield to the rising tide of Puritan sentiment. During the festivities attending the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth seven of his plays were presented at Whitehall. That he made the three days' journey to London at short intervals and kept up his old associations is practically certain.

His son Hamnet had died in the summer of 1596; his father died in the early autumn of 1601, and his mother in September, 1608. When he took up his residence in Stratford in 1611, his wife and two daughters constituted his family. The eldest daughter, Susannah, had married, in June, 1607, Dr. John Hall, a physician of unusual promise, who became at a later day a man of very high standing and wide acquaintance in Warwickshire. The house in which he lived is one of the most picturesque buildings which have survived from the Stratford of Shakespeare's time. Dr. Hall's daughter, Elizabeth, the only granddaughter of the poet, was born in 1608. Mrs. Hall made her home in her later years at New Place; there, in 1643, she entertained Queen Henrietta Maria; and there, in 1649, she died. In the inscription on her grave in the churchyard of Holy Trinity both her father and husband are described as "gentlemen." Of her it was written:

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.

Her daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Nashe, a Stratford man of education, and, after his death, John Barnard, who was knighted by Charles II. soon after the Restoration. Lady Barnard, who was the

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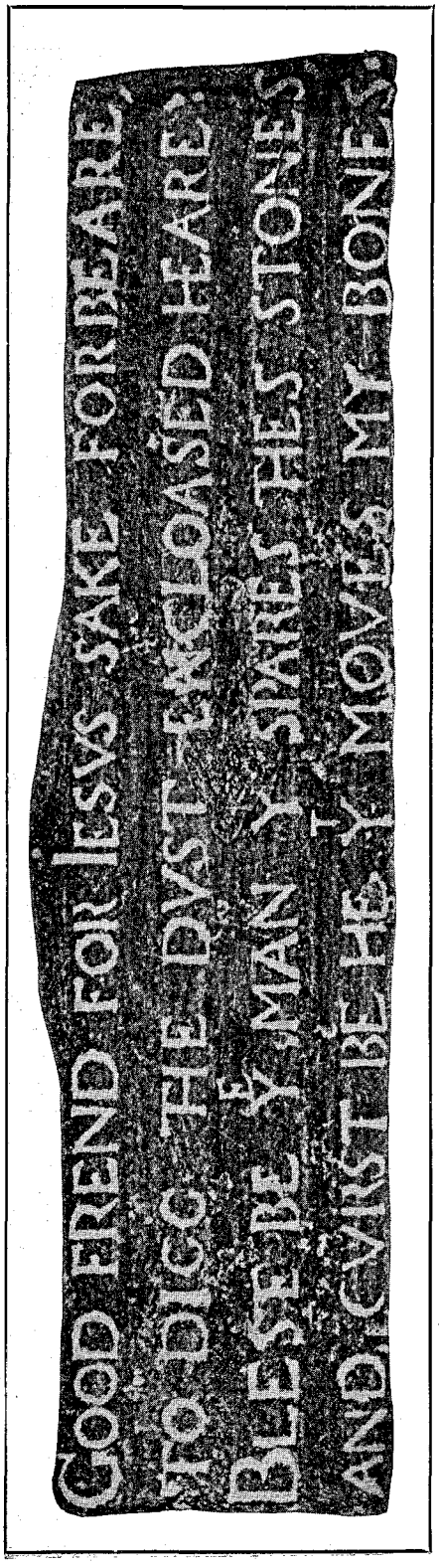

INSCRIPTION ON SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD

last direct descendant of the poet, died in 1670. She had come into possession, by various bequests, of New Place, the Henley Street houses, the land in the neighborhood of Stratford, and a house in Blackfriars purchased by Shakespeare in 1613. The houses in Henley Street passed at her death into the possession of the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and remained in the family, as reported in a previous chapter, until the present century. New Place was sold after Lady Barnard's death, and subsequently came again into the hands of the Clopton family.

Judith Shakespeare married, shortly before her father's death in 1616, Thomas Quiney, a wine-dealer of Stratford, and lived for thirty-six years in a house still standing at the southeast corner of High and Bridge Streets in Stratford. It was known at that time as The Cage, because it had been used at an earlier period as a prison. The foundation walls of this ancient house are four feet in thickness; books and Shakespearean souvenirs of every kind are now sold in the shop on the ground floor. Judith Shakespeare had three sons, all of whom died in infancy or early youth. She survived her family and her sister Susannah, and died in 1661, at the age of seventy-six.

The records show that after his retirement to Stratford Shakespeare continued to give careful attention to his affairs and to take part in local movements. In 1613 he bought the house in Blackfriars, not far from the theater, which subsequently passed into the possession of Lady Barnard. The deeds of conveyance, bearing Shakespeare's signature, are still in existence. Comment has sometimes been made on the fact that the poet spelled his name in two ways, and that other people spelled it with complete disregard of consistency, and it has been inferred that he must have been, therefore, an ignorant person. A little investigation would have shown that in the poet's time there was great variation in the spelling of proper names. Men of the eminence of Sidney, Spenser, Jonson, and Dekker were guilty of the same latitude of practice in this matter, and even Bacon, on one occasion at least, spelled his name Bakon.

Shakespeare's friend John Combe, at his death in 1614, left the poet a small bequest of money and a legal entangle-

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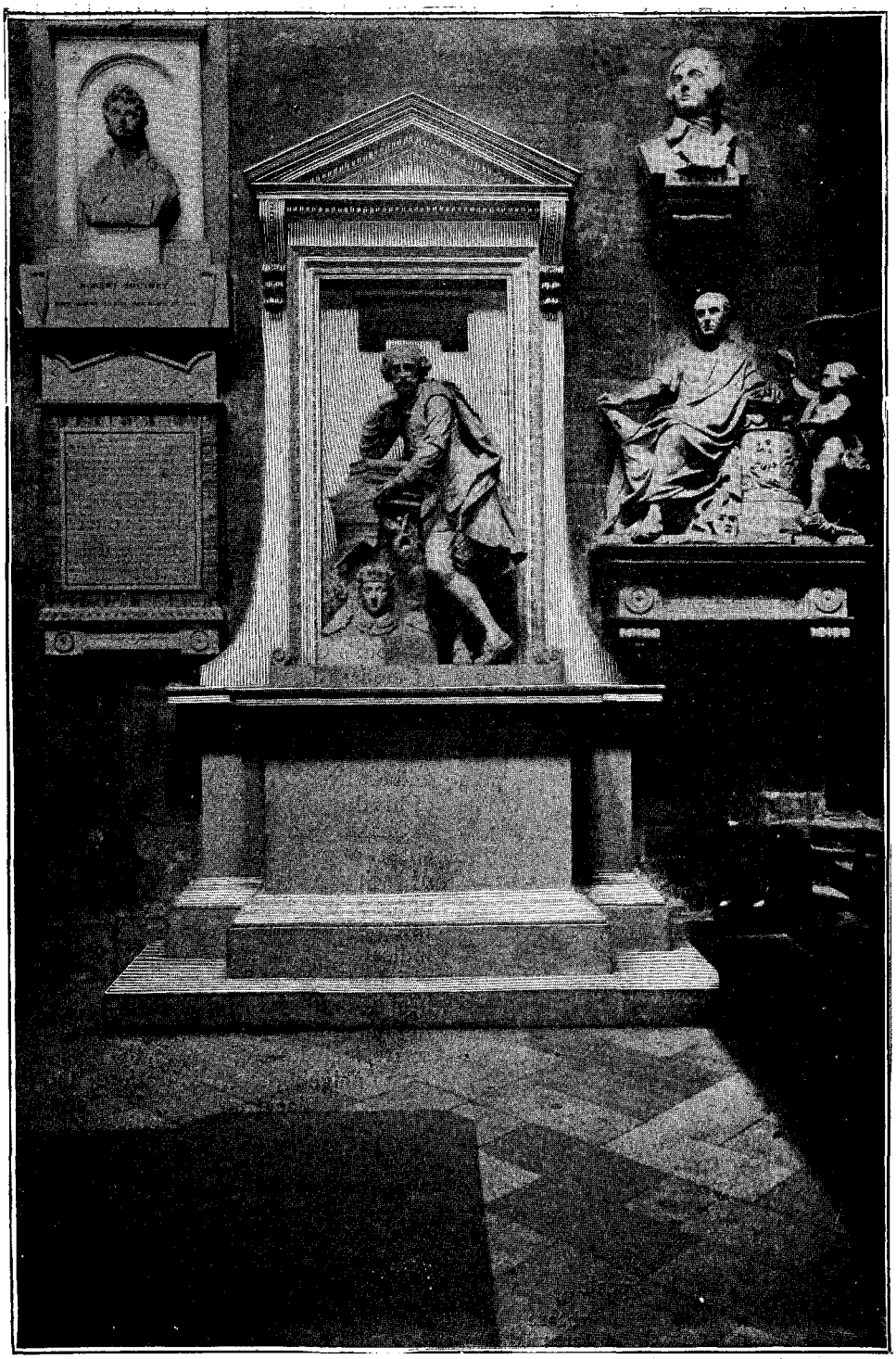

THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT
Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey

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ment. The attempt of Combe's son to inclose certain fields at Welcombe which had long been common was vigorously opposed by the corporation of Stratford. Both as the owner of neighboring property and as joint owner of the tithes of old Stratford, Welcombe, and Bishopton, Shakespeare had an interest in the matter which arrayed him at the start in active opposition to the plan to inclose the property. A record in the diary of Thomas Greene, the town clerk of Stratford, shows that Shakespeare was an influential person in the dispute, and that he was in London in the autumn of 1614.

There is reason to believe that Puritanism had gained many adherents in Stratford, and that the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, was in sympathy with the movement. The town records indicate that in 1614 a clergyman was entertained at New Place; the entry is suggestive of hospitality: "Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of clarett wine geven to a preacher at New Place, xxd." It is probable that the preacher was a Puritan, but the fact furnishes no clue to Shakespeare's ecclesiastical leanings. Aside from the bent of his mind and his view of life, so clearly disclosed in the plays, he could hardly have been in sympathy with the Puritan attitude towards his own profession. The temper of Stratford had changed greatly since the days when, as a boy, he saw the companies of players receive open-handed hospitality at the hands of the town officials. Two years earlier, in 1612, the town council had passed a resolution declaring that plays were unlawful and "against the example of other well-governed cities and boroughs," and imposing a penalty on players.

Early in 1616 Shakespeare had a draft of his will prepared, and this document, after revision, was signed in March. On Tuesday, April 23, he died; and two days later he was buried inside the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, near the northern wall. Over his grave were cut in the stone lines that have become familiar throughout the English-speaking world:

> Good frend for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare;
> Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

William Hall, who visited Stratford in 1694, declared that these words were written by the poet to protect his dust from clerks and sextons, "for the most part a very ignorant set of people," who might otherwise have consigned that dust to the charnel-house which was close at hand. The verse, by whomever written, has accomplished its purpose, and the sacred dust has never been disturbed. With a single exception, the line of graves which extends across the chancel pavement is given up to members of the poet's family. His wife, his daughter Susannah and her husband, and his granddaughter Elizabeth's first husband, Thomas Nashe, lie together behind the chancel rail in the venerable church which has become, to the English-speaking world, the mausoleum of its greatest poet. Shakespeare's father and mother were buried within the church, but their graves have not been located. His daughter Judith and his son Hamnet undoubtedly lie within the walls of the church or of the ancient burying-ground which surrounds it. His brother Edmund, who was a player, was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, in the heart of modern London. His brother Richard, who died in his early prime at Stratford in 1613, was probably buried in the churchyard of Holy Trinity. His brother Gilbert lived to a good age, and no record of his death or burial has been discovered.

Shakespeare's will, written on three sheets of paper, and signed at the bottom of each page, begins with the conventional phrases, bears a number of erasures and interlineations, and the three signatures indicate great weakness. Under its provisions the poet's wife received his second-best bed with its furnishings; his daughter Susannah inherited the greater part of the estate, including New Place, the properties in the neighborhood of Stratford, and the house in Blackfriars, London; and she and her husband were made executors and residuary legatees. To his younger daughter Judith, who married Thomas Quiney earlier in the same year, he left a small property on Chapel Lane and money to an amount equal to about eight thousand dollars in current values, and certain pieces of plate. Bequests were made to his sister Joan and her three sons. To several of his Stratford friends, and to his old associates or "fellows" in London, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, small sums of money were bequeathed for

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THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

BOte-swaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast, yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague ——

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou might'st lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it.
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

(Who

TITLE-PAGE OF "THE TEMPEST," FIRST FOLIO EDITION

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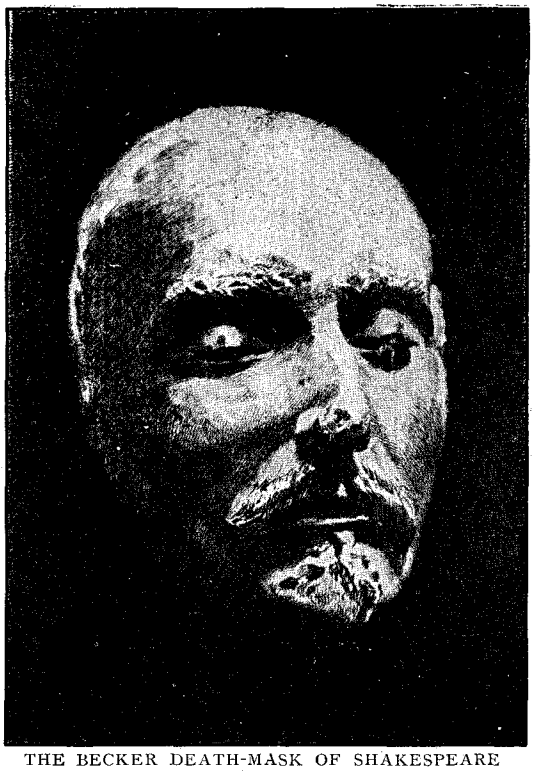
the purchase of memorial rings. His godson, William Walker, was remembered; and a sum of money equivalent to about three hundred dollars in present values was left to the poor of Stratford. The omission of Shakespeare's wife from the distribution of his estate under the terms of his will has been accepted by some writers as evidence of the poet's waning regard; the most reasonable inference from his action is that Dr. Hall, who was a man of unusual capacity, could be trusted to care for his wife's mother with more assurance than she could be left to manage her own affairs. She survived her husband seven years, dying on August 6, 1623. The Latin verses inscribed upon her tomb are affectionate in tone, and were probably written by Dr. Hall.



THE BECKER DEATH-MASK OF SHAKESPEARE

On the north wall of the chancel of Holy Trinity, at some time prior to 1623, the half-length bust of Shakespeare by Gerard Johnson, to which reference has been made, was erected. The poet is represented in the act of writing, and the inscription reads as follows:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument: Shakspeare: with whome
Quick Nature dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23. Ap.

The bust was originally colored, and was probably copied from a masque taken after death. The dress includes a scarlet doublet under a loose, sleeveless black gown. As a work of art the bust has no merit; its interest lies in the fact that, despite its crude workmanship, it was accepted and placed in position by Shakespeare's children. It was whitewashed at the close of the last century, but the colors have been restored as far as possible.

The most important of the various portraits of the poet is that made by Martin Droeshout, and printed on the title-page of the First Folio in 1623. The engraver was a man of Flemish blood, born in London, and still in his boyhood when Shakespeare died. It is not probable that he ever saw the poet. This representation, crude as it is, was accepted by Shakespeare's friends and received the commendation of Ben Jonson. When Droeshout executed the engraving, he probably had before him a painting, and there is reason to believe that this painting was recently brought to light and now hangs in the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford. It is almost a facsimile of the Droeshout engraving, but shows some artistic skill and feeling.

A much more attractive portrait is that known as the "Ely House" portrait, which now hangs in the Birthplace at Stratford, and was formerly the property of a Bishop of Ely. It was probably painted early in the seventeenth century. The well-known Chandos portrait, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London, shows important variations from the bust and the Droeshout engraving, and was probably painted not many years after the poet's death from descriptions furnished by his friends and more or less imaginative in their details. Its origin is

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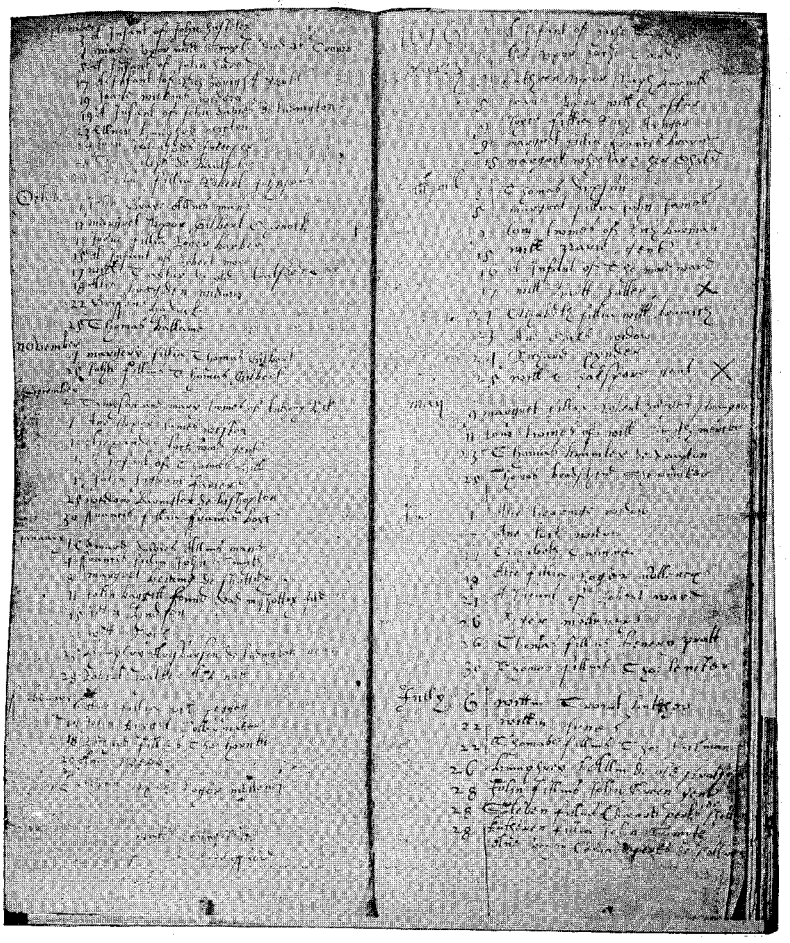
unknown, but its history has been traced. It was at one time the property of D'Avenant, whose father was landlord of the Crown Inn at Oxford in Shakespeare's time, and, later, of Betterton, Mrs. Barry, and the Duke of Chandos, becoming the property of the nation about the middle of the present century. The Jonson portrait came to light about 1770, the Zoust portrait about 1725, and the Felton portrait about 1792; all show radical variations from the authenticated portraits. The portrait bust of terra-cotta now in the possession of the Garrick Club was found in 1845 in a wall which was put up on the site of the Duke's Theater built by D'Avenant. Its general resemblance to other portraits furnishes the only basis for the claim that it reproduces the features of Shakespeare. The Kesselstadt death-mask, found in a junk-shop in Mayence in 1849, resembles a portrait in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but neither the portrait nor the mask has been satisfactorily identified as a representation of the poet. The monument in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey was placed in position by popular subscription in 1741.

The most enduring memorial of Shakespeare was the complete edition of his works, known as the First Folio, published in 1623, seven years after his death. His early narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," were published under his direction and with his revision; the Sonnets were printed without his sanction; the "Passionate Pilgrim" was fraudulently issued as from his hand; while of the sixteen plays which were published in quarto form before his death, it is believed that none was issued



SHAKESPEARE'S DEATH RECORD

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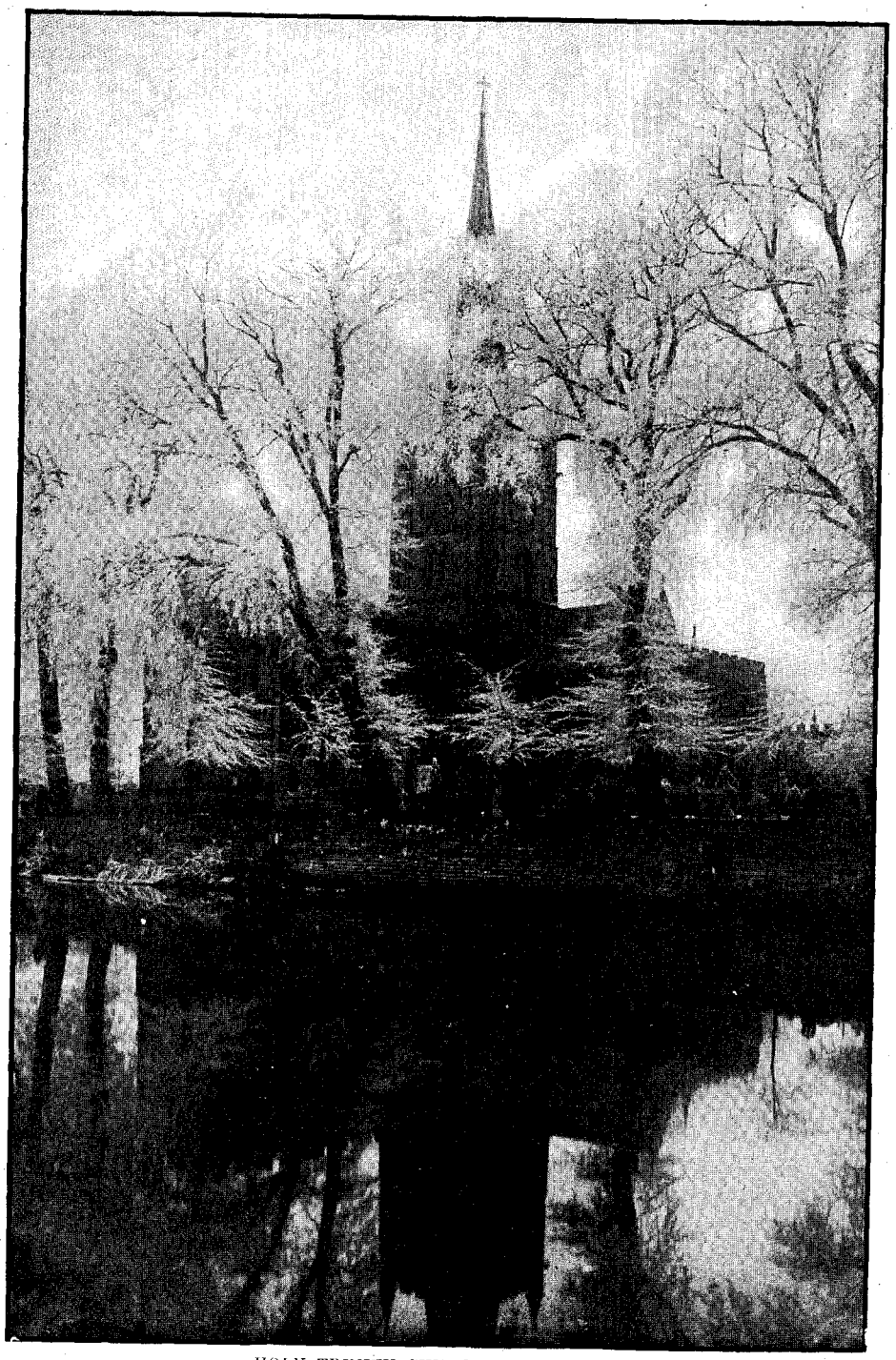

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD

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with his consent or revision. These publications were speculative ventures, and the text presented was made up either from reports of plays taken down in shorthand in the theaters, or from separate parts or complete plays surreptitiously secured and hurried through the press without correction. Under these conditions the opportunities for errors of all kinds were practically without number; and a further and prolific source of error was found in the custom which prevailed in the old printing-houses of reading the matter to be set up to the printers instead of placing it before them. The surprising fact about the text of the Shakespearean plays, when these circumstances are taken into consideration, is not that the difficulties, obscurities, and uncertainties are so many, but that they are so few relatively to the magnitude of the work.

In 1623 the poet's friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, at the suggestion of a small group of printers and publishers, brought together thirty-six plays under the three divisions of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. "Pericles" was omitted. The title-page declared that the plays were printed "according to the true originall copies;" the text was probably that of the acting versions in the possession of the company with which Shakespeare had been associated, in which there were great variations from the dramatist's original work. For this reason the text of the First Folio is in many places inferior to that of the sixteen quartos, which, although surreptitiously issued, gave the text of acting versions in use at an earlier date. The Droeshout portrait was engraved on the title-page of the First Folio, and the edition was dedicated to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and to his brother Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery. The editors declared that their object in issuing the plays in this form was to "keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." "I doubt," writes Mr. Lowell, "if posterity owes a greater debt to any two men living in 1623 than to the two obscure actors who in that year published the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. But for them it is more than likely that such of his works as had remained to that time unprinted would have been irrevocably lost, and among them were 'Julius Cæsar,' 'The Tempest,' and 'Macbeth.'"

The noble eulogy with which Ben Jonson enriched the First Folio was in the key of the entire body of contemporary comment on Shakespeare's nature and character. The adjective "sweet" was commonly applied to him; he was described as "friendly," as having "a civil demeanour" and "an open and free nature;" and tradition later affirmed that he was "very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." The two or three vague traditions of irregularity of life may be dismissed as unsubstantiated. The standards of his time, the habits of his profession, the circumstances of his early life, and the autobiographic note in the Sonnets make it probable that in his youth, at least, he was not impeccable. That he was essentially a sound man, living a normal, wholesome life, is rendered practically certain by his success in dealing with practical affairs, and by his long-sustained power of producing great works of art on the highest levels of thought and workmanship. Such industry, sagacity, and thrift as Shakespeare showed are never associated with disorderly living; while the consistent objectivity of his attitude towards life is impossible to any man whose moral or intellectual sanity is seriously impaired.

Shakespeare's resources, both material and spiritual, were harvested with a steady hand. While many men of his profession wasted their means and their strength in disorderly living, he invested the money earned in London in building up the fortunes of his family in Stratford. Generous in nature and richly endowed with imagination and passion, he was never prodigal either of his genius or his estate. Early in his career he laid the foundations of a solid prosperity, and when he had secured independence he retired from active work to enjoy the harvest of a diligent and well-ordered life.

Among the many great qualities which combined to make him a master of life and of art, sanity must be given a first place; and sanity is as much a matter of character as of mind. When one takes into account the power of passion which was in him, and the license and extravagance of his time, his poise and balance become as marvelous as his genius. He

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avoided as if by instinct those eccentricities of taste, interest, subject, and manner to which many of his contemporaries fell victims, and which men of sensitive imagination often mistake for evidences and manifestations of genius.

Shakespeare kept resolutely to the main highways of life, where the interest of the great human movement is always deepest and richest if one has adequate range of vision. He dealt with the elemental and universal experiences in broad, simple, vital forms, and in a language which was familiar and yet of the largest compass. There was nothing esoteric in his thought or his method; he was too great to depend upon secret processes, or to content himself with any degree of knowledge short of that which has the highest power of diffusion. Although the keenest of practical psychologists, he did not concern himself with curious questions of mental condition, nor with spiritual problems which are elusive and subtle rather than vital and profound. He was too great an artist to mistake psychological analysis, however skillful and interesting, for literature.

As he studied life and passed through its experiences he saw with increasing clearness the moral order of the world, the ethical relation of the individual to society and to his environment, the significance of character as the product of will, and the gradation of qualities in a scale of spiritual values. His work as an artist deepened and widened as he grew in the wisdom of life. Such wisdom, and its expression in work of sustained power, come to those only whose natures are harmonious with the fundamental law of life, and who keep themselves in wholesome relations with their kind.

Too great in himself to become a cynic, and of a vision too broad and penetrating to rest in any kind of pessimism, Shakespeare grew in charity as he increased in knowledge. He loved much because he knew men so well. A deep and tender pity was distilled out of his vast experience, and his last work was the ripe fruit of the beautiful humanization of his genius accomplished in him by the discipline and the revelation of life in his personal history. "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale," coming at the end of a long and arduous career, are the convincing witnesses of the harmony of life and art in which resides the secret of Shakespeare's noble fertility and sustained power. The path which led from "Titus Andronicus" to "The Tempest" must have been one of gradual but unbroken ascent. To keep in one's soul the freshness of perception and imagination which touches "The Tempest" with the light that never fades, one must be great in heart and in life as well as in creative power. When Prometheus brought the arts of life to men, he did not leave them skill without inspiration; he brought them hope also. Shakespeare's genius, shining on the darkest ways, seems to touch the sky beyond the horizon with light.

Buried Thoughts

By Alfred L. Donaldson

How often does the chopper of some stone,
While toiling at his task of heave and shock,
Find in the heart-space of a severed rock
The impress of some fern that once had grown,
Full of aspiring life and color-tone,
Deep in the forest where the shadows flock,
Till, caught within the adamantine block,
It lay for ages hidden and unknown!
So many a beauteous thought blooms in the mind,
But, unexpressed, droops down into the soul
And lies unuttered in the silence there
Until some opener of the soul shall find
The fern-like, fossiled dream, complete and whole,
And marvel at its beauty past compare!

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Major John

By Frank H. Spearman

Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "From the Cab Window," etc., etc.

FROM Antietam to Appomattox I do not believe he lost a day; and his wife, a mere slip of a girl, mother said—dead in love with the big cavalryman—fairly wore her life out waiting and worrying three years for her soldier lover.

It was barely a twelvemonth after he came home that she sank away one night in his arms, and left Major John with a tiny baby boy to swathe in cotton batting.

After that—and after Sunday visits (all alone) to the graveyard up the river—furrows that were plowed in the Wilderness campaign began to open in Major John's face. It didn't bend him; but it seamed his cheeks and whitened his short, stubby mustache and his odd little goatee. He wore one like McClellan's, for Little Mac was Major John's idol until his own little George could walk from cradle to chair. And then the tow-headed youngster (he looked his mother, Grace, the Major said) walked not only to the chair but past, and into the Major's heart, and dislodged even the redoubtable Mac.

When I knew George, he had passed fifteen; I was thirteen. He could do anything. The day that Dan Rice's circus set up in town, the tackle got tangled at the top of the big center pole. The head canvasman, a stalwart mulatto, offered a circus ticket to the boy that would climb the pole and lower the block. Half a dozen tried. I got up as high as the gasolene tank, but I got dizzy and caught a whopping sliver in my foot sliding down. Then George Allen happened along. He laughed when I told him, took off his coat, and ran up the pole like a sailor. I held his vest for him while he went up.

When he came down, we all crowded around to see if he wasn't dizzy; but he just laughed, and when the mulatto gave him the ticket, he turned and gave it to me: was it any wonder I loved him?

After he graduated, Major John took him in as a partner, and George married the little girl that I myself had been in love with for ten years. Very, very young she was, Rena Sawyer; and I had to be his best man. Wouldn't that kill you? It was always that way with George; everything came to him. What didn't come he went after—and usually got.

My mother and father were Major John's oldest friends; but after George and Rena were married he built them a pretty cottage near his own, and regularly, every evening, we could hear through the maples the click of the Major's gate; he on his way over to sit on their porch, smoke his cob pipe, and hear George laugh.

Secrets in small towns are hard kept, and, after Rena's eyes grew heavy and careworn, everybody except Major John knew that all was not right in the new cottage. In the very beginning of the whisperings came a baby boy to the cottage; and, for a time, he hushed the ugly rumors. They christened him John, after his soldier grandfather—splendidly gray now, but straight as a church spire.

After that I left Hillsdale to study law, and when I came back it was to see them—Rena and George, and Major John and little Jack—in a court-room crowded to suffocation and reeking with foul air. Rena, closely veiled, and her baby at one table; George Allen, laughing, with his lawyers at another; Major John, face drawn, head bent, sitting behind. Poor Rena, broken-hearted, asking for the shame of a divorce and the custody of Jack. The pity of it—the disgrace—sank into my heart, sank into hers, sank into Major John's, growing daily whiter again, coming again to smoke in stern silence on our porch, grateful if only my father would lead the talk, that he might be with us and yet alone.

"I was willing to go without money and without clothes, Mrs. Wheat," said Rena, sobbing her grief into my mother's arms, "but when I found his money was going to buy luxuries for some one else, I couldn't stand it. And when I fell on my knees and begged him to think of our baby, if he had no respect or love for me, he would just laugh."

Had he no heart, then, this handsome,

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clever, polished George Allen? I could hardly credit it; but when, one evening, Major John, breaking silence, took George's part and accused Rena of being headstrong and extravagant, I roused. And I gave George such a scoring that poor Major John was put as much aback as when Stonewall Jackson fell on his right at Cold Harbor. But when, after my hot rejoinder, I saw the old man silently retreat down the walk (different from '62, that), I felt like a villain. He would not contend; only marched silently back, pipe out, to his lonely home; George at Springfield now, most of the time, in politics, and Rena teaching away down in the south end of the county, to support herself and Jack.

Even after the decree of divorce, the story of the record, George Allen had lots of friends, lots of sympathy. Much came through his laugh, much through his father. He ran for county treasurer and was elected by a tremendous majority. It heartened the Major—the big vote. He began to come over to the house again evenings. And I, carefully avoiding the subject of discord (as he did), tendered him matches in a friendly way, and he took them, soldierly, as courtesies from a foe whom he could respect if not accord with. George was nominated for a second term, and this time I opposed him openly. He came to my office and tried to win me over. I was stubborn, and expected a scene, but he only laughed and left me—and was elected by a bigger majority than ever. A third time he made the run for treasurership. That time I knew I had him beaten. He came to me again, and again I refused to support him; but there was no laughing this time; it was a storm.

"You're sore, Wheat," he sneered at last, "because I married your girl. I know you like a book."

"No, I'm sore because you struck her, you coward!" I exclaimed.

"You can have her now, you know, yourself."

I went white and sickish all in a flash and struck him down. They parted us, but I swore I would kill him—and that night I meant it.

A week later Major John came in to plead with me. I tried to put it easy, but I knew too much about George's habits. I dared not tell the Major. When I even hinted, he rose. Heavens! how angrily he towered!

"Edward Wheat! it's a mean, cowardly—"

"Hold on, Major John."

"Yes, sir! I said cowardly, sir!"

"Don't say that."

"Cowardly, sir!"

"Don't say it, Major John; let's quit, now. See here" (I studied a minute), "tell George to come and see me."

"Ed, will you do something for the boy?"

How it cut me to see him grasp at the straw! "Only on certain conditions, Major."

"You wouldn't ask ungenerous conditions, Ed? Your father and I were boys together in the big woods."

"I won't ask anything he ought not to concede. I want to see his books."

But George never dared the test. Election came on. The first ten precincts told the story; George Allen was hopelessly beaten. The next morning he shot himself.

Again, after twenty-nine years, Major John followed his dead.

The tow-headed youngster whom Grace had left him—a big man now, a gaping wound under his curling hair—lay again beside his little mother—God be merciful to us all!

Straight, leafless as the winter larch, Major John silently watched the clay cover his last earthly hope. He met it as the soldier meets disaster—uncomplainingly, stronger in the first moment of it than ever afterward. The shock—any brave man can breast the shock; but who can withstand the despair which eats every day a little, every night a little, into the heart, that ceases not with sleep, nor goes with waking?

I was not at George's grave that day; I was at his office, hoping against the conviction that what I should find in his books would be worse for Major John than what they had found that other morning lying in the vault. It was more rotten than I feared; George's accounts were short nearly forty thousand dollars.

"Call his bondsmen to meet me," said Major John to my father. "Ask Edward if he will act as my counsel."

So it came to pass that I drew the

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papers to convey Major John's bank shares, his stock of coal, his accounts, and his farm to his son's bondsmen. It was all he had except the old home on Maple Street.

"You haven't made them a deed for the—house, Eddie," said the Major to me, looking carefully over the conveyances.

"No."

"The other property without my house doesn't schedule enough—?"

"It schedules thirty-six thousand dollars, Major. Not one of the bondsmen has said a word about the house. You must have a roof."

"Not while I owe any man a dollar."

"You don't owe this. It is a gift, pure and simple. Remember, these men have made thousands out of George's deposits; they are rich men. I tell you, Major," for I saw he was restless, "they don't ask it.'

"But I do."

"I am your legal adviser. I say it isn't right."

"Edward, the deed must be drawn."

"Well, frankly, I will never in the world draw it, Major."

He said no more; only put on his spectacles and signed the papers, left my office, and asked the bondsmen themselves to have the deed drawn for his old home, where he had kissed Grace good-by in '61, when the house was new; where he had held her in his arms after Appomattox, when she gave up her life for his child; where little George had toddled from cradle to chair; where his father had stood alone over his coffin, bearing alone in old age all the shame and all the sorrow of his boy's disgrace. To the credit of manhood be it recorded, they refused to have it done. But the Major, obdurate, found a starveling political attorney, Gus Kroter by name, who did what no one else would do, and, for a fee, drew the paper which bared the old soldier's head to poverty.

Major John set about to earn a living. The mere statement is enough without recounting the uncertain efforts of age. He boarded with us and slept across in the old home—rent free to him for life; that was the one condition George's bondsmen finally took it on.

One autumn evening he was sitting with us on the porch, in the dusk, smoking his cob pipe. While we chatted, I heard the gate close. I saw a woman coming up the walk; in front of her toddled a boy. My heart jumped; it always did when she drew near. Rena and Major John had never met since the divorcement; she rarely came up to Hillsdale. I was confounded, but mother met the situation with a woman's tact. "Why, Rena, my dear, I'm so glad to see you," kissing her fondly. "Major John" (such a silken voice mother had), "here is Rena and little Jack. Kiss Major John, Rena," and she marched Rena, trembling, straight up to the cannon's mouth. The Major rose to his feet. For an instant our hearts stopped. There was just a hesitation as he drew himself up, then a lighting, a quivering of his eyes, and he put out both his hands. Oh, the sweet cry she gave as she ran in and cuddled against his heart! But I, with a great fuss, picked up Master Jack, and mother, turning quickly to Jack and me, marveled, with many words, how big the boy was grown—and only seven. And when, after a whispered moment, Major John, cob pipe, and Rena, marched stately towards us, mother cried: "Run, Jack, now, and kiss your grandpa, quick!" And Jack, running, bunted his head right into his grandpa's long, slim legs. He was a sturdy, chunky boy, and did at seven years what Jeb Stuart's cavalry had repeatedly tried to do and failed—fairly upset Major John with his sudden onslaught. But the veteran rallied, caught the enemy up in his arms, held him fast prisoner, and covered his curly head with kisses, while Jack squirmed and twisted to repel the prickly mustache.

What a night that was on Maple Street!

Rena's friends got a school for her in Hillsdale, and on her scanty wages she kept the house and the table, and clothed herself and Jack. She saved even enough for an occasional suit for Major John. What a miracle a woman is!

But it was working her to death, and I, planning always to lighten her work (in more ways than set forth here), bethought myself of the Hillsdale post-office for Major John. Why not? It caught like wildfire among the people. Only the machine opposed it—George's old machine, Gus Kroter running it now. Major John was too old for the machine, too straight.

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We began with a petition. I got every old soldier on it—all that were left. But age and infirmity had gotten so many of them ahead of me! If only the boys from old Sagamore who slept down on the James could have signed for their Major! The only other candidate in the field was the notorious Gus Kroter, backed by the county machine; but he had very little local support, and when the campaign for the appointment closed our assurances from Senator Shammon justified our confidence in the result. Yet, a week later, a despatch came saying that Gus Kroter had been chosen; I was stunned. Major John didn't complain, but every week after that he failed somewhat. By spring he looked ten years older.

One evening in May I hurried home with good news for him. "Major John!" I cried, "what do you think? George's bondsmen have realized the full amount of the shortage, and are ready to deed the old house back to you, clear." He was sitting on our porch in his shirt-sleeves smoking his cob, Jack perched on his knee teasing for a war story. I was gabbling happily on of the good news when Major John put out signals of distress.

"Run, Jack; run, now, quick, over to mammie," said he, tremulously. "Eddie," he added, turning to me as Jack made off, "if you can help it, never let the boy know—if you can help it; will you? Keep the—shame out of his life, if you can; will you?"

And I promised.

"To-morrow, Major," said I, getting back to my good report, "I am going to draw the deed."

He thought a moment, looking across at the old roof and the old maples. "Not to me, Eddie. No; make the deed to Jack. It will please Rena; she's worked so hard all winter. Well, they'll have a roof over 'em."

Whether it was the reaction or what, I don't know, but that very night he had a stroke. When Rena sent for me next morning, Major John, lying on his narrow iron bed, looked up at me helpless. Tried to speak; to put his hand on Jack's head. It was useless; he couldn't move, and he lay that way all day. Only, his eyes looked so peaceful; and, when he closed them, towards sunset, I thought at first it was just a weariness; but it was taps.

The Wood's First Snow

By Francis Sterne Palmer

Piercing the sky, a wood-hawk flew
And found it poised in the upper blue;
An osprey perched on the pine-tree's crown
Watched the flake that first came down;
Even the grouse on the moss below
Felt the chill and knew it meant snow.

As soon as the wild geese see it fall,
They seem to hear the southlands call;
The ducks desert the sprucewood springs;
The woodcock feel it and spread their wings;
The squirrel heaps his hidden store,
Working harder than ever before;
Back to a valley the gray grouse whirs—
A valley so shielded by thick-set firs
No frosty blast embitters its air,
Disturbing the autumn that lingers there;
The tall buck leads his herd across
Beechy hills to stretches of moss
Where slender hoofs that paw the snow
Can find the green moose-moss below:

The wood is astir, and wild life wakes
At the warning brought by first snow-flakes.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Adventures of Odysseus (The). Retold in English by F. S. Marvin, R. J. C. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 227 pages. $2.

On the whole, the collaborators have succeeded very well in reproducing for children in modern English the ever-fascinating fairy and adventure tales of the Odyssey. The illustrations are in most cases too mannered or too much in the Aubrey Beardsley effect to please children, who rightly like simplicity. The colored frontispiece, "The Sirens," however, is a capital piece of design and color-printing.

Baby Goose: His Adventures. By Fannie E. Ostrander. Illustrated. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 10½×9½ in. 96 pages. $1.25.

With its large, full-page illustrations, its bright, joyous coloring, and its rollicking, funny text, the little folk have in this baby book a rare treat. It will keep baby eyes widely open from the first to the last of its ninety-six pages of continued story.

Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts (The). By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 226 pages. $1.25.

Few of us are as well acquainted with the lives of the saints as the inspiration and suggestiveness they contain deserves. This book gives most charmingly the stories of saints in connection with the creatures wno have been their friends; such as that of Saint Keneth, who as a baby was rescued and brought up by the gulls; that of Saint Bridget, who tamed a wild white wolf; and that of Saint Gerasimus and his attendant lion.

Boy's Book of Explorations (The). By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 441 pages. $2.

No real boy should be without this real "boy's book." In the first place, he will find that it opens, and can even be sat on, without breaking its back; it is therefore a fit physical companion. In the second place, he will find that the stories told are not of the rather patronizing "when-I-was-a-boy" sort, nor are they Sunday-schoolish. They do not even contain an irritating moral, but only such comforting morals as that a good physique and bravery are not even half the battle, and that discipline and obedience to just authority are really worth while. These are straight, simple stories—true stories, too—of travel and discovery in Africa, Asia, Australia, and the two Americas, Africa naturally taking more space than does any other continent. The book will have a double worth. First, through it boys will learn better to persevere in their own small explorations, to be self-reliant and even heroic, because they have had a chance to read accounts of what Mungo Park and Livingstone and the rest did. Secondly, the book is valuable to old as well as to young boys, inducing, as it does, higher appreciation of those who have freed millions from superstition, slavery, cannibalism, and tyranny. While the chapters in the table of contents are fully described, such a work deserves an index; and when the publishers supply this in another edition, they might call their proof-reader's attention to the orthography of the Italian motto with which the book closes.

Child's Christ-Tales. By Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. Illustrated. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago. 5¼×7½ in. 90 pages.

Commerce and Christianity. By the Author of "Life in Our Villages," "The Social Horizon," etc. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 205 pages. $1.50.

The writer, a London journalist, contends that the strict application of religious principles to commercial affairs is the great need of our times. He easily demonstrates the dissatisfaction of church leaders with the results of the private capitalist system, and particularly criticises Mr. Sheldon as having missed a splendid opportunity by incapacity for leadership. The reason why we are so painfully working our way to a more Christian system by strikes and lockouts, rings and trusts, is that "we are morally incapable" of a higher method than such warfare, whose wounds goad us along to the goal much easier to reach but for blind perversity. The way out is indicated in the line of municipal socialism. The author writes forcibly, but without any bitterness of class-feeling.

Complete Works of Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. (Popular Edition.) 12 vols. 5¼×8¼ in. Sold only in sets. $12.

An excellent edition in twelve volumes, presenting practically the whole of Tolstoï's work, both in literature and in the exposition of his opinions in religion, art, social and industrial life. The volumes contain thirty-two illustrations, including a number of portraits which show Tolstoï at the different stages of his career. There are also pictures of his various homes. The books are printed from new plates and published at a very reasonable price.

Crittenden: A Kentucky Story of Love and War. By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.25.

A characteristic story from the hand of one of the Kentucky writers of fiction who knows his section at first hand and interprets it in a spirit of sympathy. This story differs in essential particulars from the earlier novels from the same hand; it is a story of the Blue Grass country instead of the mountain region with which Mr. Fox has familiarized his readers. It deals chiefly with the war in Cuba, and gives a graphic account of what that war

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meant to the men who were engaged in it; no more picturesque and vivid description of the battles in Cuba has appeared anywhere than in this volume. It is a Kentucky love story, with the war as its chief episode, and also as the element of reconciliation between the lovers.

Daisy Miller. By Henry James, Jr. Illustrated from Drawings by Harry W. McVickar. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8¼ in. 134 pages. $1.25.

An ornamental and illustrated edition of Mr. James's much-discussed story—one of the earliest of the international studies, and still one of the most typical of Mr. James's books. The volume is issued as a small quarto, with a large, attractive page, broad margins, a generous use of marginal illustrations, and a few full-page pictures.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 410 pages. $2.

If there is any one in the world who has not read "David Harum," that person would do well to secure this edition, which has many pictures by Mr. Clinedinst, who stands high in the list of those American illustrators who really depict character and faithfully render their author's meaning. A biographical sketch and portrait of Mr. Westcott add to the completeness of the edition.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Complete Works. (Coxhoe Edition.) Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 6 vols. Sold only in sets. 4×6 in. $4.50.

This edition, in six small volumes, resembles very closely in appearance, in typography, and in general editorial plan the edition of the works of Robert Browning issued by the same publishers some time ago, which has taken its place as the very best edition of Browning for the student which has yet been published. The work of Mrs. Browning has been arranged and presented with kindred thoroughness and intelligence by Miss Porter and Miss Clarke, the editors of the edition of Robert Browning; each volume contains not only the notes necessary to the full elucidation of the text, but also a critical introduction which relates the work in the volume to the life and circumstances of the poet; and between this introduction, the notes, and the biographical introduction, the student is furnished with a complete critical apparatus. The volumes are very daintily made and attractive to the hand. The edition leaves nothing to be desired.

Ephesian Studies. By Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8 in. 340 pages.

In these expository lessons on the Epistle to the Ephesians, by a well-known scholar of Cambridge and eminent clergyman of the Church of England, the critical element is relegated to foot-notes: the reader is provided with a careful paraphrase, bringing out the main spiritual and practical teaching of a letter that such a literary critic as S. T. Coleridge pronounced "one of the divinest compositions of man." Dr. Moule contends for the Epistle as all Paul's own; he yields nothing to the view of some of his brethren that it is composite of practical portions that are Pauline with doctrinal parts non-Pauline and of later date. The author's characteristic warmth of devout feeling, glowing with love to Christ, pervades the entire work.

Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall of Francis Bacon, Lo: Verulam, Viscount St. Alban. Edited by Walter Worrall. Introduction by Oliphant Smeaton. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 291 pages. $3.

A beautiful edition in small quarto form, edited by Mr. Walter Worrall, with an introduction by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, and with a number of illustrations, including the portraits of Bacon and his father, of Bacon's friend Bishop Andrewes, and of two or three localities intimately associated with Bacon's life. The essays are printed on a broad, clear page, from large type, with rubricated titles and initial letters, and the whole bound in white with gilt stamping—a dignified and elegant volume.

Fairy Night's Dream; or, The Horn of Oberon. By Katharine Elise Chapman. Illustrated by Gwynne Price. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 7¼×10 in. 95 pages.

Fireside Battles. By Annie G. Brown. Illustrated. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 6×8½ in. 327 pages. $1.25.

This story is well named. Southern in setting and in tone, it pictures the struggles of a once opulent family shortly after the Civil War. Jean, a girl of fifteen, becomes head of the family, soon gets a public school to teach, and supports the others. Her contrivances and self-sacrifice, pitted against the blindness of all the others as to all that she is really doing, make the burden of a story which is admirably told. It is at once noble, pathetic, humorous, and tenderly true to life. The make-up of the book and its illustrations are artistic to a degree.

Fun and Frolic. By Louis Wain and Clifton Bingham. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. 8¼×10¼ in. 144 pages. $1.50.

Heart of a Boy (The) (Cuore). By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the 224th Italian Edition by Prof. G. Mantellini. Illustrated. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 6×8½ in. 290 pages. $1.25.

A real classic of boy character and life, a book of singular charm and lasting value, of which we have spoken appreciatively more than once. This is an "edition de luxe," with many pictures—half-tones and pen-and-ink sketches; the cover color is too brilliant, we think, for this particular book. The translation is from the 224th Italian edition, a remarkable evidence of the book's deserved popularity.

Hundred Anecdotes of Animals (A). With Pictures by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, New York. 6½×9½ in. 202 pages. $1.50.

Ancient and modern stories of the heroism and sagacity of our four-footed friends.

Idyls of El Dorado. By Charles Keeler. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. 4½×7 in. 95 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Keeler's verses have the real swing and rush indicating a fullness and richness of thought sometimes difficult to limit and condense by the rules of rhyme.

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In Storyland: A Volume of Original Pictures, Stories, and Verses. Written by G. A. Henty, L. T. Meade, and Others. Edited and Arranged by Alfred J. Fuller. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×9½ in. 144 pages. $2.

In the Sweetness of Childhood. Selected by Grace Hartshorne. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 172 pages. $1.50.

Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. **The Newcomes.** By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Arthur Pendennis. (The New Century Library.) Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. $1.50 each.

These volumes are the forerunners of the new Century Library of the works of Thackeray in fourteen volumes, and of Dickens in twelve volumes; the special characteristics of the edition being that, like the admirable Temple Editions, the books are of pocket size, printed on India paper from a very large, clear type, and are really marvelous combinations of legibility, diminutiveness, elegance, and cheapness. Both these editions are published in cloth, limp leather, and in leather boards. Although the paper is thin, the type is so large that the most exacting requirements of the eye are met.

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. By his Son Leonard Huxley. Illustrated. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $5.

We speak of this book elsewhere in this issue in our review of important biographical works of the season.

Lord Linlithgow. By Morley Roberts. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages. $1.50.

When an indignant moralist recently ventured to point out Mr. Cecil Rhodes's deficiencies, Mr. Kipling rejoined: "Why, man, but he is building an empire!" With the excuse of such a fact Mr. Morley Roberts also agrees. However the reader may differ with this, there can be but one judgment as to the capital characterization found in Mr. Roberts's "Colossus," published last year. Hence its readers have a ready welcome for the author's new novel. Like "The Colossus," "Lord Linlithgow," though perhaps it does not prove that the end justifies the means, certainly suggests that the "means" may be excused if sufficiently prominent men sanction them. In his desire to serve his party, and incidentally himself, the hero of this tale blackmails a man, but, when the party chief rewards the blackmailer by a seat in Parliament, it seems reasonable, according to Mr. Roberts, that the hero should once more hold up his head in society as one who had quite regained a possibly lost self-esteem. Again, to the perplexed and unsophisticated heroine, such a hope as this is offered: "If it is not easy to be quite good, it is impossible to be wholly bad." While the character-drawing is not so incisive as in "The Colossus," "Lord Linlithgow" is notably readable, and has value in giving an up-to-date glimpse of political life in England.

Lucid Intervals. By Edward Sandford Martin. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. $1.50.

There are few living writers of light social essays—talks is really the better word—who have a gentler or more amiable touch than the author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," and of innumerable pleasant paragraphs about the fads and follies and happenings of the week in the "This Busy World" page of "Harper's Weekly." Here his mild satire is just the opposite of that defined in the famous description of a pessimist as one who of two evils always believed in both. Mr. Martin has broad sympathy as well as a keen humorous sense. His philosophy is essentially sunny, and his school is that of George William Curtis and Charles Dudley Warner. "Children," "Swains and Maidens," "Husbands and Wives," "Some Human Cravings," such are the titles of a few of his gracefully written discourses on life.

Lullabies and Baby Songs: A Posy for Mothers. Collected by Adelaide L. J. Gosset. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. 117 pages. $1.50.

A collection of cradle songs, gathered from many quarters, a few of them old folk songs, others the verses of modern poets, with some charming illustrations.

Man with the Hoe (The). By Edwin Markham. Illustrated by Porter Garnett. Doxey's At the Sign of the Lark, New York. 4½×7½ in. 30 pages. 75c.

Memories of Vacation Days. By Frank Presbrey. The Redfield Brothers, New York. 4½×6¾ in. 122 pages.

Notes of travel and observation and bits of historic knowledge thrown together by an experienced "globe-trotter" and genial onlooker who talks pleasantly and optimistically of men, places, and affairs. The make-up and cover design of the little volume are original and eminently tasteful.

Mother Nature's Children. By Allen Walton Gould. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 261 pages. 70c.

All children should possess a book of this kind, which tells them simply and charmingly how the seeds learn to fly, how the plants are clothed and fed, and how nests are built by bird and fish. The numerous illustrations, such as of the "Grandparents of the Sponge" and of the "Thistle Family at Night and by Day," are excellent.

National Worthies: Being a Selection from the National Portrait Gallery. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 186 pages. $15.

Reserved for later notice.

Ned, the Son of Web: What He Did. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 333 pages.

While it is somewhat improbable that the average boy would take a heavy old folio out with him for reading in a sailboat, this story is certainly an entertaining jumble of the eleventh and present centuries.

Novels, Romances, and Memoirs of Alphonse Daudet. The Immortal, and The Struggle for Life; Little What's-His-Name, and La Belle Nivernaise; Thirty Years in Paris, and La Fédor; and Arlatan's Treasure. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. $1.50 per volume.

On to Pekin. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.25.

A book for boys, telling in a readable way, through the adventures of young Lieutenant Pennington, ordered from the Philippines to China in the summer of 1900, the exciting

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events in China during the last few months, and the engagements of the allied forces.

Parlous Times. By David Dwight Wells. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 439 pages. $1.50.

A lively story of the diplomatic service, by the author of "Her Ladyship's Elephant."

Peace Conference at The Hague (The). By Frederick W. Holls, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 572 pages. $3.

This is a book of reference which the student of international law must put in the first rank. Mr. Holls writes so interestingly, however, that the book is not too technical for the general reader. Since the beginning of the Boer war much has been said pessimistically about the results of the Peace Conference at The Hague. It is now well to emphasize what the Conference did accomplish—in the codification of the laws of war, in the building up of the body of international law, above all, in the binding together of the nations into a federation for justice. The establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration is the great monument which will commemorate the Hague Conference. It will dissipate many prevalent misconceptions. After narrating the history of the Conference and describing its work, Mr. Holls sums up the bearing upon international law and policy, showing that the treaty which pacifically adjusts so many international differences may really be called the Magna Charta of international law. As with the Magna Charta of England, so the significance of the Hague Conference lies not so much in what it contains as in what it signifies.

Pearl of the Orient (The). By G. Waldo Browne. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5¾×8 in. 152 pages. $1.50.

This volume comprises a popular summary of facts concerning the Philippine Islands and the Filipinos. In narrating their history, Mr. Browne dwells especially on Spanish discovery and dominion, on rivalry between Church and State, on colonial wars, and on struggles for liberty. The description of the Aguinaldian revolt of 1896–97 is the most interesting part of the work. The chapter on America in the Orient is regrettably not up to date.

Power Through Repose. By Annie Payson Call. (New Edition with Additions.) Little, Brown & Co. 4½×7 in. 201 pages. $1.

A new edition of a book which on its first appearance received high commendation from the press. In "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," Professor William James said, "It ought to be in the hands of every teacher in America of either sex." The present volume contains three new chapters, entitled respectively, The Rational Care of Self, Our Relations with Others, and The Use of the Will. It is a book the value of which is self-evident on every page, and yet so simple in its presentation that the intelligent reader may pause to wonder why such palpable truths need to be insisted upon in print.

Political Parties in the United States, 1846-1861. By Jesse Macy, A.M., LL.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 333 pages. $1.25.

A remarkably suggestive essay upon the development of our political system. It is not so much a history of our political parties as the philosophy of our political history. It is, however, pre-eminently "philosophy teaching by example," and few larger treatises on American history bring out into strong light so many significant public events or so many significant incidents in private life illustrative of public thought and feeling. Although the whole of our political history is made contributory to the philosophy of the volume, the work centers in the period marked by the dissolution of the Whig party and the emergence of the Republican. This period is reviewed in a way to make the reader comprehend the undercurrents of political life, as well as know the political events which come to the surface. The volume is heartily to be commended.

Prodigal (The). By Mary Hallock Foote. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 99 pages. $1.25.

There is a certain direct vigor of character-sketching here that reminds one of Stevenson. The story is that of a young man who is an irresponsible moral waif but has cheerfulness, independence of mind, and a potentiality of honesty and usefulness, all of which are called into play by the right woman's influence to make him a sturdy and useful man. All this sounds rather didactic, but the story, although it has purpose, is a story first of all and is quite free from moralizing.

Proverbs Improved. In Twenty-four Colored Pictures by Grace A. May. Verses by Frederic Chapman. John Lane, New York. 7¾×5½ in. 103 pages. 75c.

A happy device for the entertainment of children has here been hit upon. In rhymes of Eric Chapman and pictures by Grace A. May, twenty-four of the most time-honored of old saws, beginning with "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds," and ending with "It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel," are worked out in story-telling verse and brilliantly illustrated in pictures that carry their own moral.

Representative Painters of the XIXth Century. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×12 in. 200 pages. $12.

Reserved for later notice.

Rulers of the South (The): Sicily, Calabria, Malta. By Francis Marion Crawford. Illustrated. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. $6.

Reserved for notice later.

Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs. By Thomas J. Vivian. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 195 pages. $1.

Snow-White; or, The House in the Wood. By Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 93 pages. 50c.

A beautiful story of a little girl who runs away into a fairy world and finds a new fairy tale which she makes a true one.

Songs of the Old South. By Howard Weeden. Illustrated by the Author. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6½×8¾ in. 96 pages. $1.50.

Miss Weeden's "Bandanna Ballads" had a wide reading. This volume is as good or better. It has a couple of dozen humorously philosophical or simply pathetic poems of negro life, with as many really capital drawings (some printed in color), all the work of the

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author-artist. "Dancing in the Sun" is perhaps the best, but the average is high.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 449 pages. $2.50.

An inviting title, a handsomely made book, quaint and abundant illustration, and an altogether racy and entertaining literary treatment of a subject replete with the interest of reminiscence, anecdote, and historic charm. Mrs. Earle has found here a topic precisely adapted to her semi-antiquarian taste, and she has added another capital book to the list of those in which she has amused and instructed a large body of American readers in distinctively American subjects.

Story of the Soldier (The). By Brevet Brigadier-General George A. Forsyth, U. S. A. (Retired). Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 389 pages. $1.50.

Very fittingly in the Story of the West series comes "The Story of the Soldier," whose work in the West has been by no means confined to fighting Indians, bravely as that necessary service has been performed. When one remembers that within the present century Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Detroit, and Chicago were only small hamlets grouped around a little frontier army post for protection, one realizes that to the regular army of the United States was partly due the possibility of the ever-widening frontier line. The army escorted the emigrant trains, protected the settlements, made roads out of Indian trails, guarded the surveyors and builders of the first railway. Besides its account of the building up of the West and the encounters with Sioux and Apaches, the book describes in an extremely interesting way the routine life of enlisted men in times of peace. General Forsyth knows whereof he writes, and his book should be read by all who wish to acquaint themselves with the constructive work of the American army, or who are interested in its character and history.

Things Beyond the Tomb (The): In a Catholic Light. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 136 pages. $1.

"Very simple or uninstructed people" are here made acquainted in simple language with those doctrines concerning the hereafter which are held by the Anglo-Catholic party in the Church of England. We learn that even holy souls pass at death into a purgatorial state, where they may be benefited through the prayers of the Church; that the germ of the resurrection-body sleeps in the grave till raised and reunited with the soul at the end of the world; that the body of Christ received in the Eucharist supplies "the material" of this resurrection body; that Enoch and Elijah will return to earth as witnesses for divine truth, but will be slain by Antichrist, convulsions in the universe ensuing and issuing in the conflagration of the earth, the general resurrection, and the judgment of all mankind.

Through Old-Rose Glasses and Other Stories. By Mary Tracy Earle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 209 pages. $1.50.

Our readers have often had the opportunity of recognizing Miss Earle's skill in handling short-story themes. The tales here combined seem to us to show a positive advance in clearness and directness of narrative, while they retain the literary delicacy and broad human sympathy common in this author's work.

Tulipe Noire (La). By Alexandre Dumas. Edited by Edwin S. Lewis, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 402 pages. 70c.

Valics, or the Science of Value. By George Reed. Published by the Author, San Francisco, Cal. 5¼×8 in. 249 pages. $1.

Verbeck of Japan: A Citizen of No Country. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 376 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Griffis is a prolific author. This is his sixteenth book, and, like all the others, it has distinct merit. The late Dr. Verbeck was one of the greatest of the makers of Christian Japan, and this story of his life is not only the story of a marked missionary career; it is also an emphatic answer to those who doubt whether missions pay. The Japanese were accustomed to call Dr. Verbeck "Hakasé"—professor, or most learned man—for he knew how to turn the Hebrew and Greek of the Bible into a clear and dignified Japanese; his work was like Tyndale's and Luther's. It is small wonder, then, that Japanese of all classes, including the Mikado himself, have acknowledged their obligations to one who for forty years, with the Dutch doggedness of his native land and with an American adaptability learned in his adopted country, went to a third region and helped to regenerate it.

Winsome Womanhood: Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct. By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 260 pages. $1.25.

A group of short essays divided into four parts. The first depicts all the relations to home and outside life of a young girl from fifteen years of age up to her wedding-day. The other portions deal with High Noon, Eventide, The Rounded Life. The whole book is morally sound and thoroughly wholesome. The girl who reads it will be awakened to many of the minor ethics of life which engrossment in herself may have caused her to overlook. The mother, too, may be reminded of mistakes on her side, even if they be no worse faults than those of too much self-effacement before her children.

With Ring of Shield. By Knox Magee. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.50.

A tale of court life and adventure in the reign of Richard III. of England, told in the first person by a knight of the court of the lately deceased king, Edward IV. The story deals with the treachery of the usurper Richard, the grief and indignation of the widowed queen, the beheading of her brother, Lord Rivers, and the murder of the young princes in the Tower—surely a period rich in dramatic material. The book gives information rather than vitalizes the life it depicts.

World a Department Store (The): A Story of Life Under a Co-operative System. By Bradford Peck. Illustrated. Bradford Peck, Lewiston, Me. 5×7¾ in. 311 pages.

This volume is written by the head of a de-

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partment store in Lewiston, Me. It is modeled after "Looking Backward," both in its plot and its economics. The author, however, does not show Mr. Bellamy's care in his statistics, and reckons, for example, that the co-operative commonwealth could economize the wasted energy of 1,000,000 insurance agents! The fact that the author calls this "a low estimate" of the insurance agents in this country would suggest that a large part of the people in his locality "earn an honest but precarious living insuring each other's lives." There is, however, much good thought and good feeling in the volume.

World's Discoverers (The). By William Henry Johnson. With Maps and Illustrations. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 416 pages. $1.50.

Compared with many of the stories of adventure put forth just now, this looms up as a really valuable book for young readers—and old ones, too. In concise and compact manner it describes the voyages of Marco Polo, Magellan, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Drake, Sir John Franklin, Nordenskiold, and many others. The tone of the book is fine and sane in its freedom from boasting or stirring up of race feuds. Following the achievements of these brave men must teach how nations rise and fall in rotation with their earlier or later development intellectually. Italy being the first in modern Europe to develop knowledge, she first had her Columbuses, Cabots, etc. Next followed little Portugal with her brave Magellan. Then Spain, France, and last England with her daring Drake sailing over strange waters. What if the old Norse Vikings did stumble into some of these places before them!—they lacked the knowledge to properly record it.

Yesterdays with Authors. By James T. Fields. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 419 pages. $3.50.

Nearly thirty years have passed since the first edition of this work appeared, yet it keeps its freshness. The world of readers is as much interested as ever in Hawthorne, Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Mitford, and Mr. Fields's other famous friends. The book is one of delightful intimate views, free from scandal, jealousy, and uncharitableness, always readable, always friendly. The new edition is of fine make, well suited for a holiday present to any man or woman of taste and refinement, well provided with photogravure portraits and facsimiles, admirably printed.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

I see references in The Outlook to the "New Psychology." 1. Kindly explain the chief difference between the Old and the New. 2. Name some books on the New. 3. Where is the best work in experimental psychology being done? D. H. R.

1. Briefly, the old was subjective and metaphysical, the new is objective and empirical; the old was analytic, separating the mind into compartments of faculty, separately acting; the new is synthetic, regarding the mind as wholly present in every mental act, but functioning differently according to the case before it; the old studied the mind detached from its nervous mechanism; the new, as physiological psychology, studies the mind in its mechanism, and the mechanism of the mind. 2. In this country the works of Professor James, of Harvard, Ladd, of Yale, and Baldwin, of Princeton, are representative of the new school; also those of Dr. Carus, of Chicago, who, however, dissents from them in his denying, with some French and German writers, that there is any permanent self which survives when the mental mechanism is destroyed. 3. Our best universities are rivals in this point.

In studying the International Sunday-School Lesson for November 4 I was at a loss to give an intelligent interpretation of the 8th verse. A writer in one of my helps says that we are taught a lesson of prudence in the conduct of the unjust steward, but why it was necessary to choose such a character to teach a lesson on practical morals I cannot understand. Kindly give me your interpretation. J. R. P.

The prudence in this case was simply in the righting of a wrong for prudential reasons. The man had been issuing leases to tenants at higher figures than those of his ledger and pocketing the difference. Expecting dismissal, he voluntarily reduced the figures of the leases (called "bills" or "bonds" in the English versions) so as to correspond with the ledger in view of the approaching account.

Please give a list of books treating on monks—especially on their influence on literature and education. L. P.

See Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," Putnam's "Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages," Hughes's "Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits," and Wishart's "Monks and Monasticism," with the bibliography therein.

Be kind enough to give me the name and author of a good book of Bible stories for children. I saw such a one mentioned in The Outlook quite recently, but I can't seem to find it now. H. H. W.

The book you refer to is "The Little Bible," noticed in our book columns October 6, the latest addition to a list frequently referred to in this column (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York, $1).

What works would you suggest for an inductive study of the Teaching of Christ, fair and free from theological bias, practical as well as theoretical? J. M. L.

Besides the Four Gospels, see Gilbert's "Student's Life of Jesus" and "Revelation of Jesus," Mathews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" and "History of New Testament Times in Palestine" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.25 to $1.50).

In Shairp's "Life of Burns" a story is told of how the song "Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast," was written to the music of the song "The Robin came to the Wren's Nest." Mendelssohn has composed a beautiful air to Burns's words, which is the only one I have ever heard. Can any one tell me the name of the music that inspired Burns to write this poem? B. C. A.

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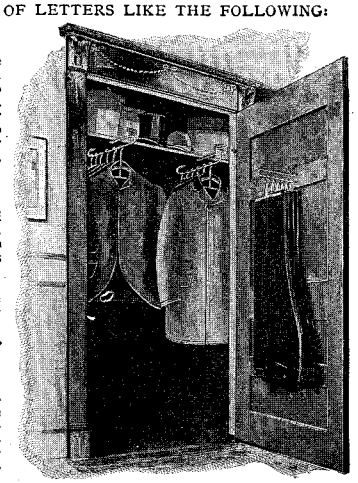

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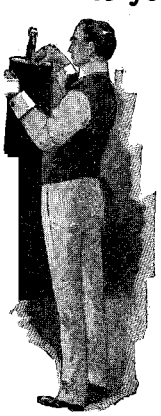

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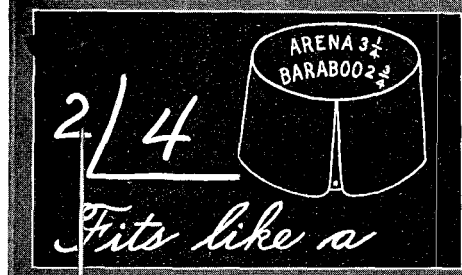

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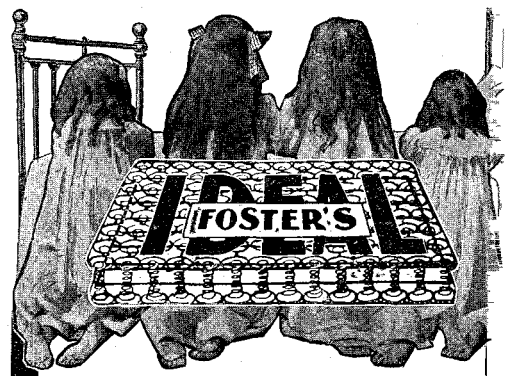

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Scientific American. SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

:c Cooking at Paris Exposition.

› most extensive applications of electric at which has been made at the restau- ment of the h has be tages of U the r the of g blishme ndition used, on a stem was uite an u as over th the c restaura Company The ou ers, two er, and a consis ased c wder refract ure and pieces of dled, and thout deter nt forms, ired resist energy i onable t takit hich me consis are raised pport a te ng. Four of the fireplaces cons 0 to 110 volts, and the other four 20 amperes. not utilized by direct radiation is used to es of intermediate plates by which the cook- ished. The temperature is adjusted to any gree by means of a regulator, and ance-br

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Combines the most approved form of high-class medicinal electric apparatus, with muscular exercise.

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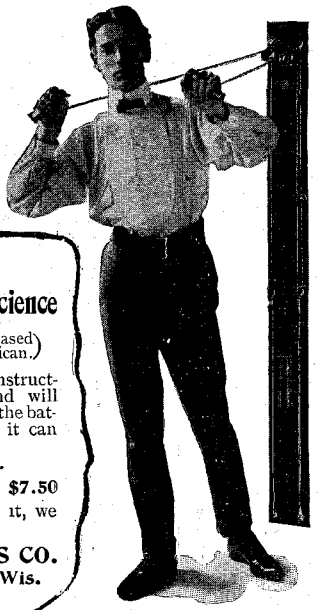
Anthony St., Kenosha, Wis.



ELECTRIC EXERCISER.

bodied in the apparatus. Each tower is 75 feet in height, and the transporter beams which carry the are each with an incline of 1 in reporting

THE "FORTIS" ELECTRIC EXERCISER.

For the purpose of combining with the benefits to be derived from an exerciser the hygienic effect of electricity, the Badger Brass Company, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, have recently introduced the apparatus pictured in our illustration.

In appearance the machine resembles the ordinary exerciser with elastic cords passing over pulleys; but the cords here serve as conductors, and the handles as electrodes. Somewhat below the middle portion of the board a cell is held in a recess and wired to an induction-coil, secured to the upper part of the board, so that the current strength can be increased. The induced current is conducted through the elastic cords to the handle and back again. In order to interrupt the battery current and incite a secondary current in the coil, one of the pulleys is provided with an interrupter, which, in turning with the pulley, automatically makes and breaks the circuit as it passes a contact secured on the pulley-block and wired to the secondary coil. The pulley is suspended from a hook forming part of a movable plate which constitutes a circuit-controller. When the cord is pulled, the hook-plate is drawn forward against a stop to complete the circuit. When the handle is released, the hook-plate is automatically retracted to break the circuit.

A metallic foot-plate furnished with the apparatus can be placed in the circuit, so that the current can be passed through the body By means of a conveniently located switch, the current can be directed from either hand through the body to the other hand, or by means of the foot-plate through the body to the feet, or vice-versa. By drawing out the slide of the induction coil, the current can be regulated in strength to meet the requirements of all persons.

The stimulating effect of electricity has long been recognized by medical men. The physical development resulting from the use of exercisers has earned for the elastic cord machine a wide popularity. The benefits to be derived from an electric exerciser in which muscular exercise is combined with electrical stimulus are, therefore, so obvious that further comment is hardly necessary.

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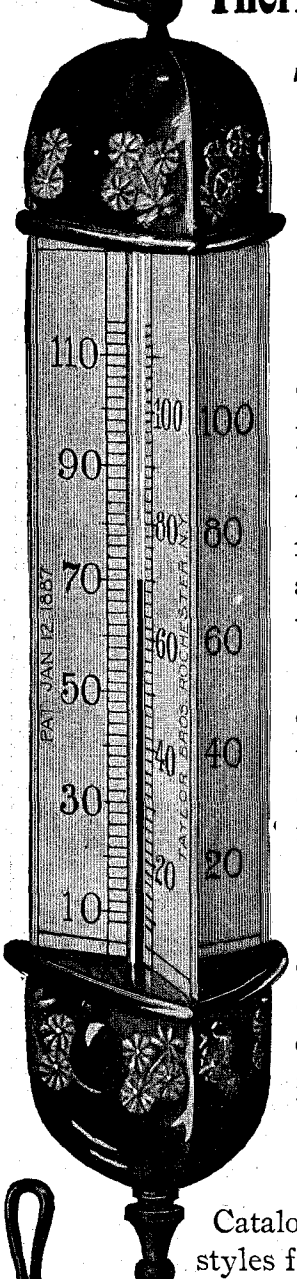

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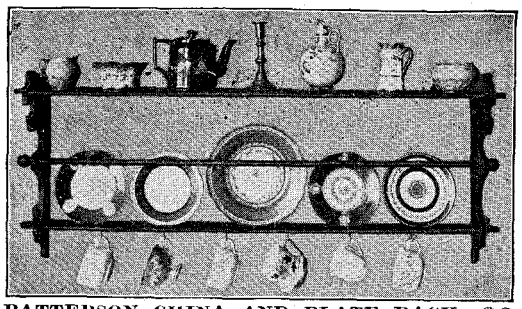

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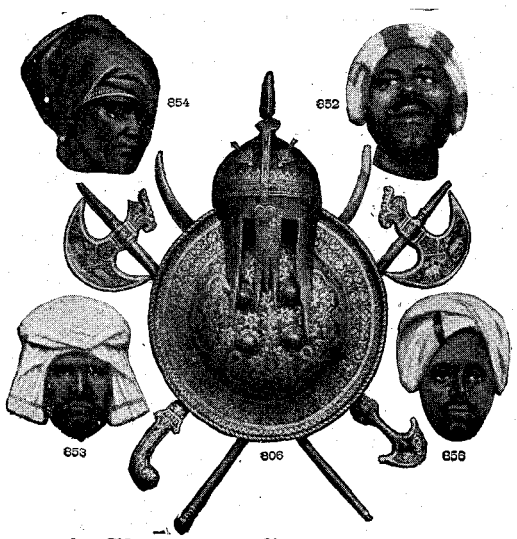

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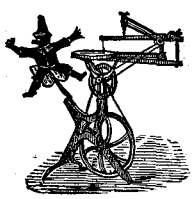

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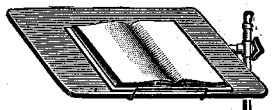

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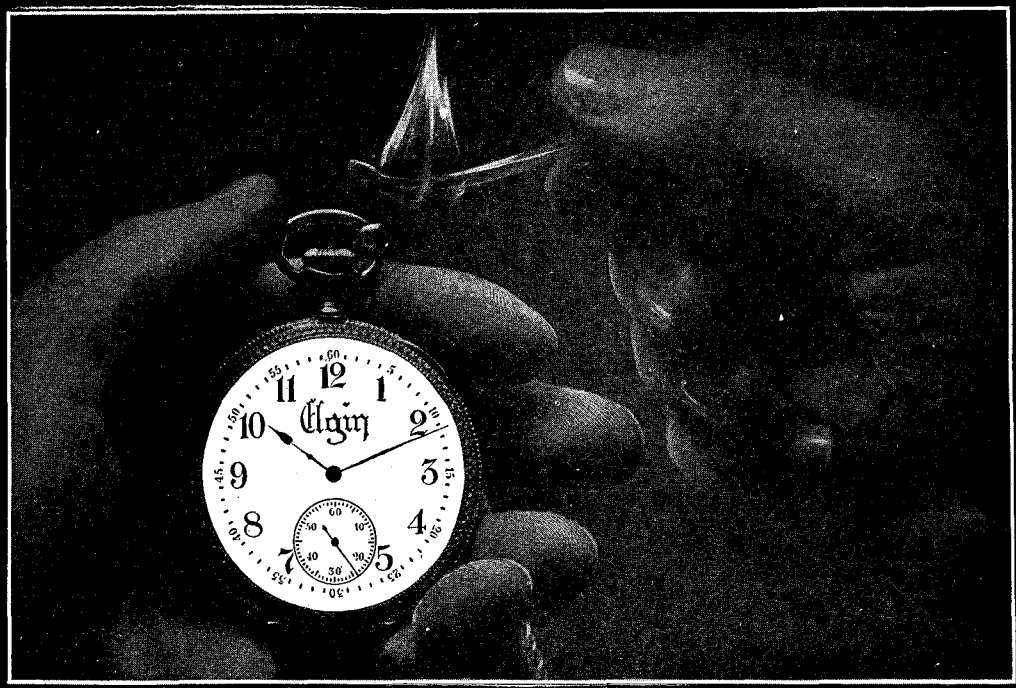

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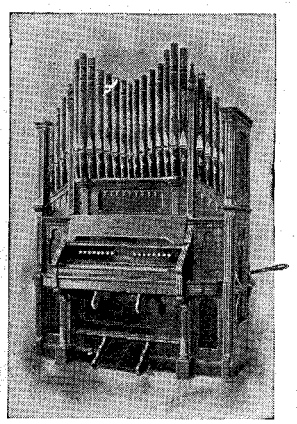

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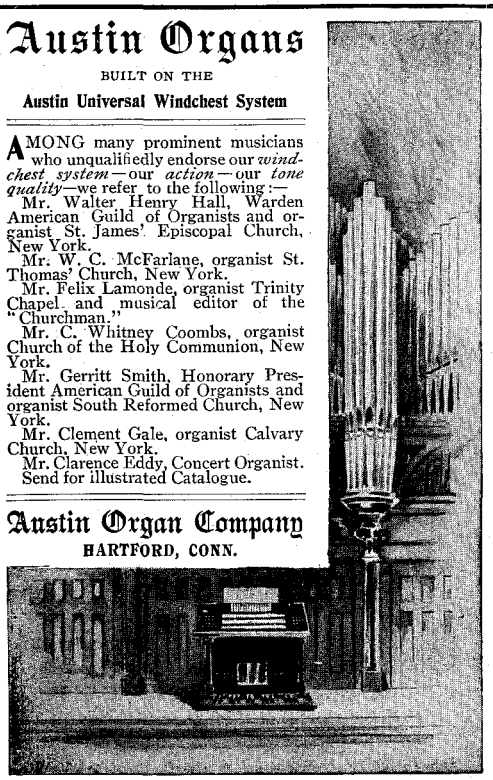

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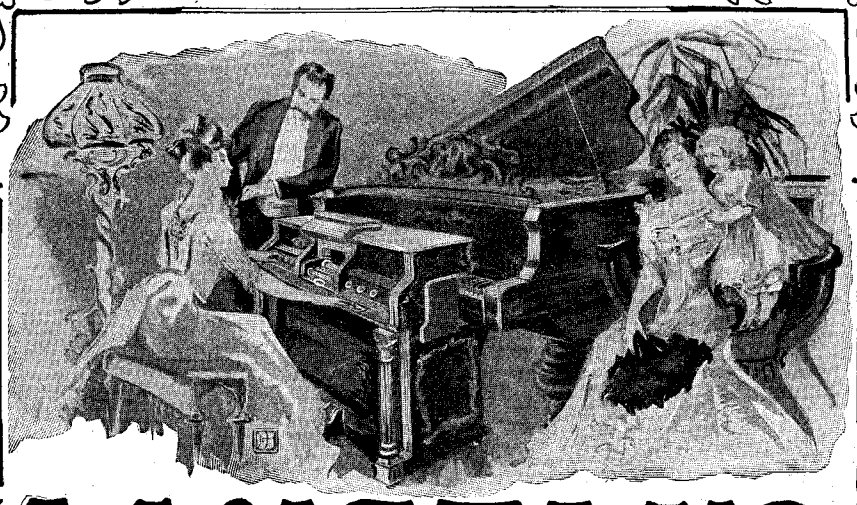

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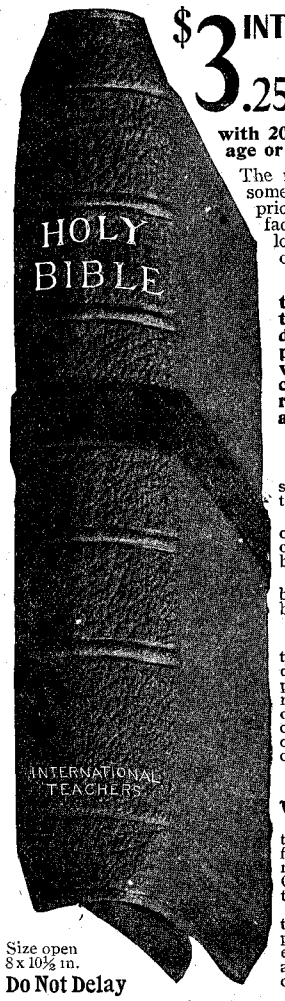

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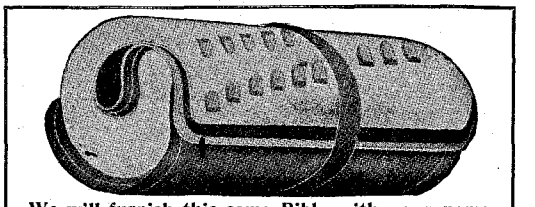

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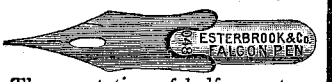

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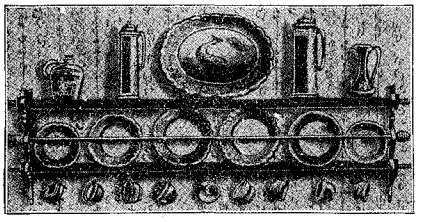

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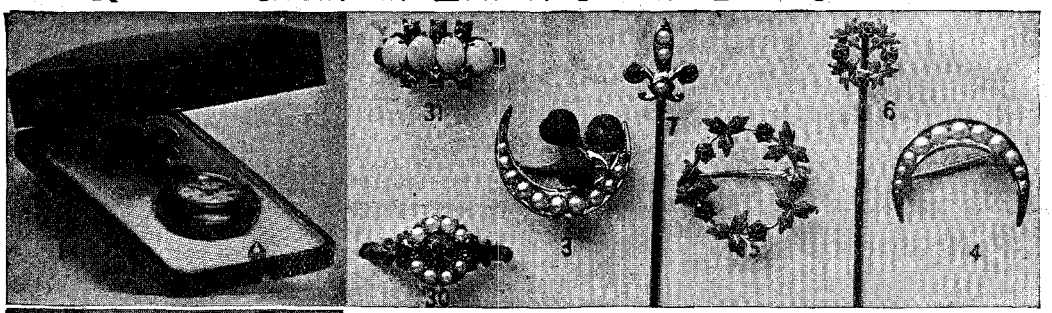

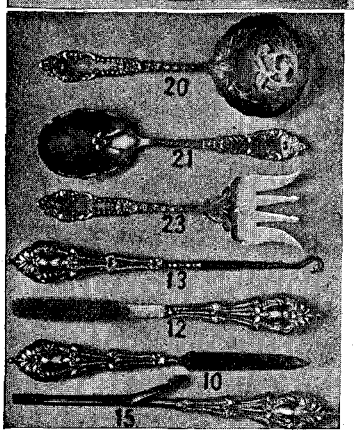

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